Collier's

APRIL 15, 1944 TEN CENTS

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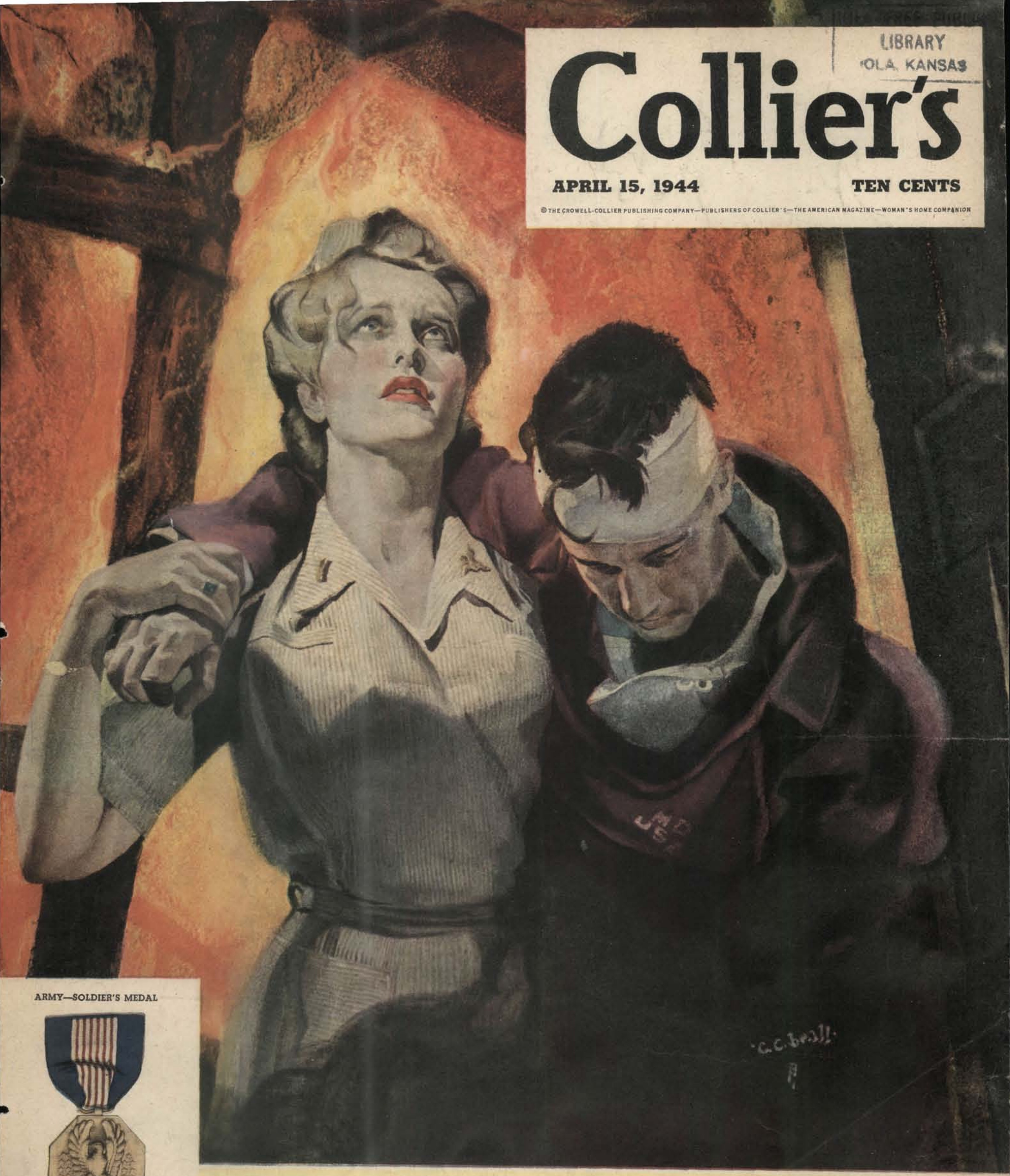

ARMY—SOLDIER'S MEDAL

AWARDED TO
LIEUTENANT
EDITH E. GREENWOOD
Heroic Action in Arizona Hospital
April 17, 1943
See page 65

-pril 15, 44

The RISEN SO

By ARCHBISHOP FRANCIS

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Always eager to serve... yet so few Parker 51's can be produced

NEVER in the history of the fountain pen has there been a writing instrument like the Parker "51".

So nimble . . . so alert. The "torpedo" point starts instantly—responds as your slightest touch dictates. Add the miracle of *true dry writing* and you have a fountain pen no one wants to be without.

Unfortunately, many will have to be just now. For, even more vital than "51" pens are the shell fuzes, submarine and aircraft parts and other war goods Parker has been creating since before Pearl Harbor.

Furthermore, production of *all* "first choice" fountain pens is now sharply curtailed by order of the War Production Board.

If you really *need* a new pen—for essential work or to keep warm, cheerful thoughts of home flowing to a loved one in service—order a Parker "51".

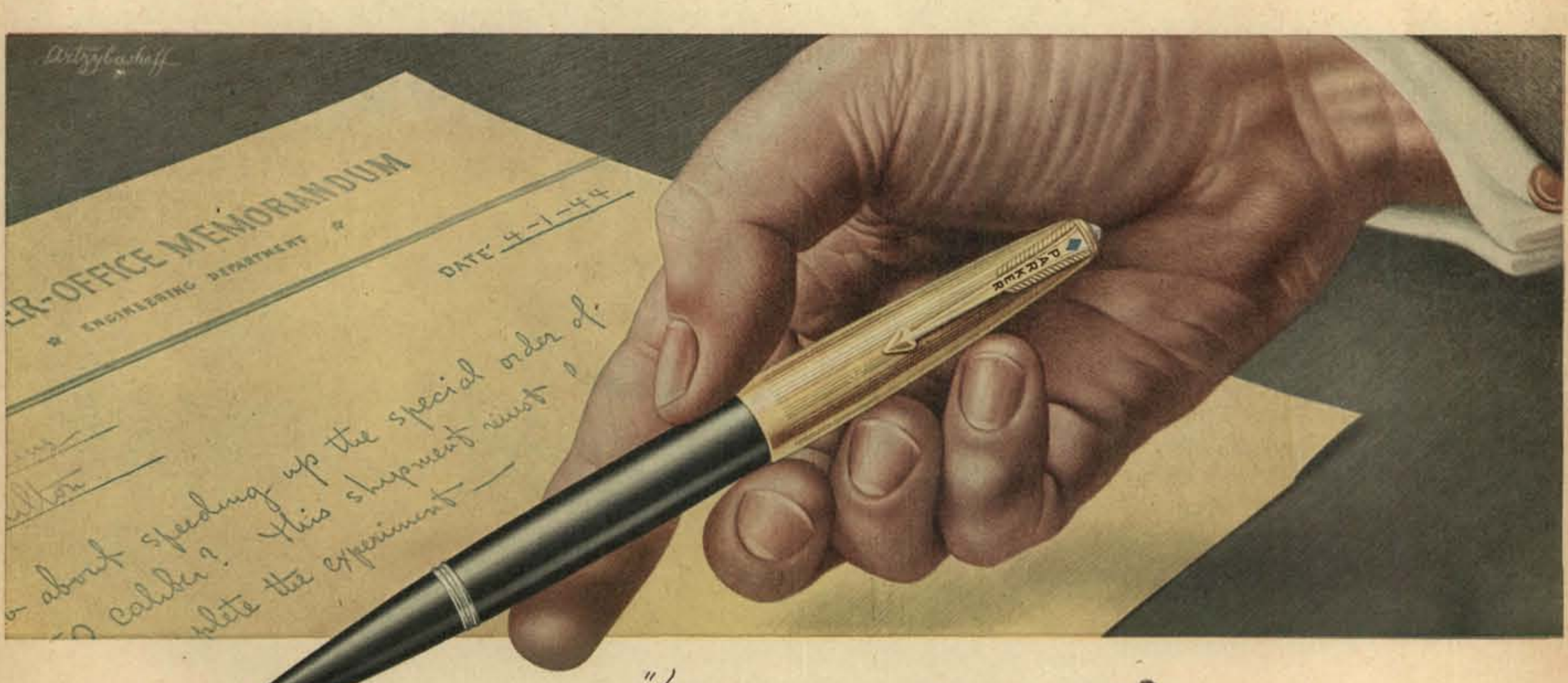
Your dealer will show you why the "51" is the *only* pen of its kind—protected by basic U. S. Patents. And he'll explain why the "51" *alone* can use the remarkable "51" Ink—the *world's fastest drying ink!* It dries as you write . . . no blotter is ever needed. Naturally, the Parker "51" can be used with any ink if you so desire—but you won't "so desire."

Parker "51" pens are available in four distinctive colors: Black, Blue-Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown, $12.50 and $15.00. Pencils, $5.00 and $7.50. World famous Vacumatic pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00.

♦ *GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT! Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our contract unconditionally guaranteeing service for the owner's life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete to: The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.*

★

Make your dollars fight—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!



"Writes dry with wet ink!"

Parker "51"

COPR. 1944, THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

April 15, 44

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The guinea pig that traveled 32,500 miles

What happened to it?... Nothing more than the scientists had hoped

J. B. Coyle of Huntington, N. Y., has to do a lot of driving in his company car. In fact, he's one of the top-mileage salesmen the company has. He covers tough miles, too. Much of it over rough gravel roads.

That's why the Lone Star Cement Company chose his car for the test tires . . . the tires with synthetic treads that came from B. F. Goodrich.

This was back in 1940. B. F. Goodrich were trying to find how synthetic rubber would do in actual tires, driven on the road. So they sold thousands of passenger-car tires to private car owners and companies—tires in which half the rubber was synthetic—the first containing *any* synthetic rubber ever sold American car owners.

What happened? Reports rolled in . . ."No trouble . . . still going fine."

The combined mileage of all tires sold climbed to more than 80,000,000! But the test isn't really over yet . . . as you can see by this picture of Mr. Coyle's B. F. Goodrich Silvertown.

After he had rolled up 32,500 miles, two of the tires needed recapping. The others (one of them shown here) still had plenty of tread left, Mr. Coyle reports.

Today's B. F. Goodrich tires for passenger cars are all-synthetic (98%) and are almost as good as pre-war tires. Truck tires aren't yet as good, especially in intercity service with overloads, but are being improved day by day.

If you are eligible for new tires, see your B. F. Goodrich dealer or Silvertown store today! *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

April, 15, '44

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

A snappy salute is in order—as M-G-M brings "See Here, Private Hargrove" to the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Big Studio has made a very special issue of the best-seller G. I. story!

See
Here,
Private
Hargrove

★ ★ ★

Robert Walker, whose own private life reads like a composite biography of the average private, plays the title role!

Walker worked in a garage, punched cattle in Texas, jerked sodas on Broadway, survived a wreck at sea, then turned to the film-world for more excitement.

★ ★ ★ ★

He made his bow to picture-audiences as the sailor-boy in "Bataan"—followed this with a role in "Madame Curie". His checkered past partly accounts for his splendid performance as the naive rookie. ★ ★ ★ ★

"See Here, Private Hargrove" should be seen. It's definitely in the nature of a command performance for every sweetheart, wife, mother, dad and kid brother.

★ ★ ★ ★

Or even if your closest association with the service is the memory of the smiling kid next door!

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M's film is a rollicking, entertaining revelation of a masculine world!

★ ★ ★ ★

With lovely Donna Reed providing the feminine touch—and it's a delightful one.

★ ★ ★ ★

Robert Benchley, Bob Crosby, Keenan Wynn, Ray Collins and Chill Wills also answer to the entertainment roll call!

★ ★ ★ ★

Wesley Ruggles, one of Hollywood's foremost comedy directors, pilots the screen Hargrove in top-flight fashion.

★ ★ ★ ★

George Haight produced with great gusto.

★ ★ ★ ★

Leo gives a hand to Harry Kurnitz for the screen play and the initial pat on the back to the newspaperman who became a private—then told the world all about it!

★ ★ ★ ★

Our closing phrase is a paraphrase: "See—Hear—Private Hargrove"!

—Leo

See Here Private Hargrove

Collier's

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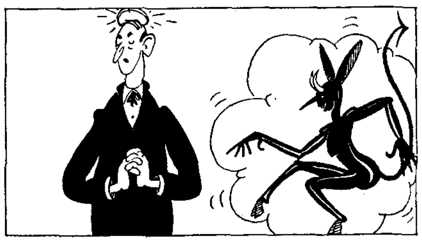
ANY WEEK

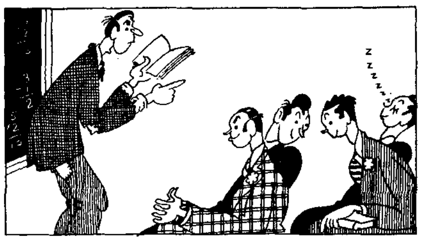
IN THAT pile of mail marked "Quickly Dismissed," we discover a neat bit of understatement. This gentleman writes, apropos of all this MacArthur talk: "General Grant was elected President in my youth because a lot of people said that if he was such a good general, he ought to make a good President. This theory did not hold water." Then there's a long letter from a gentleman who (poor fellow) assures us that not once has he broken a "man-made or God-given law in his life." He is thirty-seven years old, and it is our opinion that he'd better start soon if he hopes to enjoy it. When we think (with smug satisfaction, too) of the laws we've busted....



AND also in that pile are several letters on the coming elections—particularly about a fourth term for Mr. Roosevelt. Some of them say that the idea frightens them when they think that the American people have got to the stage where they'd tolerate any such ambitions in any man. And several, thinking hard on the outlook for the next four years, declare that they will bet that they know what Calvin Coolidge would say.... A nice wide strip of silver lining is seen by a gentleman named Wirtz in the Army's decision to withdraw thousands of trainees from colleges and put them to work. His son, says he, was in college five years before being drafted, and the graduation possibilities were not yet clearly visible. "They drafted him and sent him right back to college," sighs Mr. Wirtz. "But now they're about to shell him out, which is a method that never occurred to me." More about this section of our mail next week. Not so Quickly Dismissed after all.

"FROM the poisonous ambient of Berlin-Vienna-Budapest, the capitals of political entities of unbalanced ethnographic admixtures resulting in an *anomalous alloy of pathological* predispositions for excesses, distorted perceptions and hideous designs, a steady stream of infiltration spread all over the world." We have received the foregoing from Mr. M. Tomich of Elmhurst, Long Island, New York, and pass it on to you in the interests of clearing up any confusion you may have had about the global situation in general.

HOW splendidly different is Mr. Tomich's simple candor from the salvos of obscurities so often showered upon us here at home. We remember going to a meeting held in an effort to induce the people of Benton County, Arkansas, to elect the Honorable Jabez T. Hollashue to some office which escapes us at the moment. We were the guest of his campaign manager, Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock. Mr. Hollashue spoke for just one hour, concluding with: "Them's the facts. I don't want no arguments. Anything to the contrary is without my permission."



AND Mr. Leonard Schulman of Los Angeles, California, has the pedagogue's peeve, also our sympathy. "I am employed by the Los Angeles City Schools," writes he, "to teach in a harbor shipyard. My students are boys under eighteen who work on the ships forty-four hours a week and go to school four hours a week. They're all making more money than I am, and I don't wonder that the Okies, the Arkies and the Texies regard education with very little enthusiasm." Similarly, we have a few advices from soldiers, sailors, Marines and war-industry workers. They're unanimous in disavowing any apprehensions about the postwar period of unemployment. Their only fear seems to be that the government is going to make life so pleasant for

(Continued on page 39)

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THIS WEE

APRIL 15, 1944

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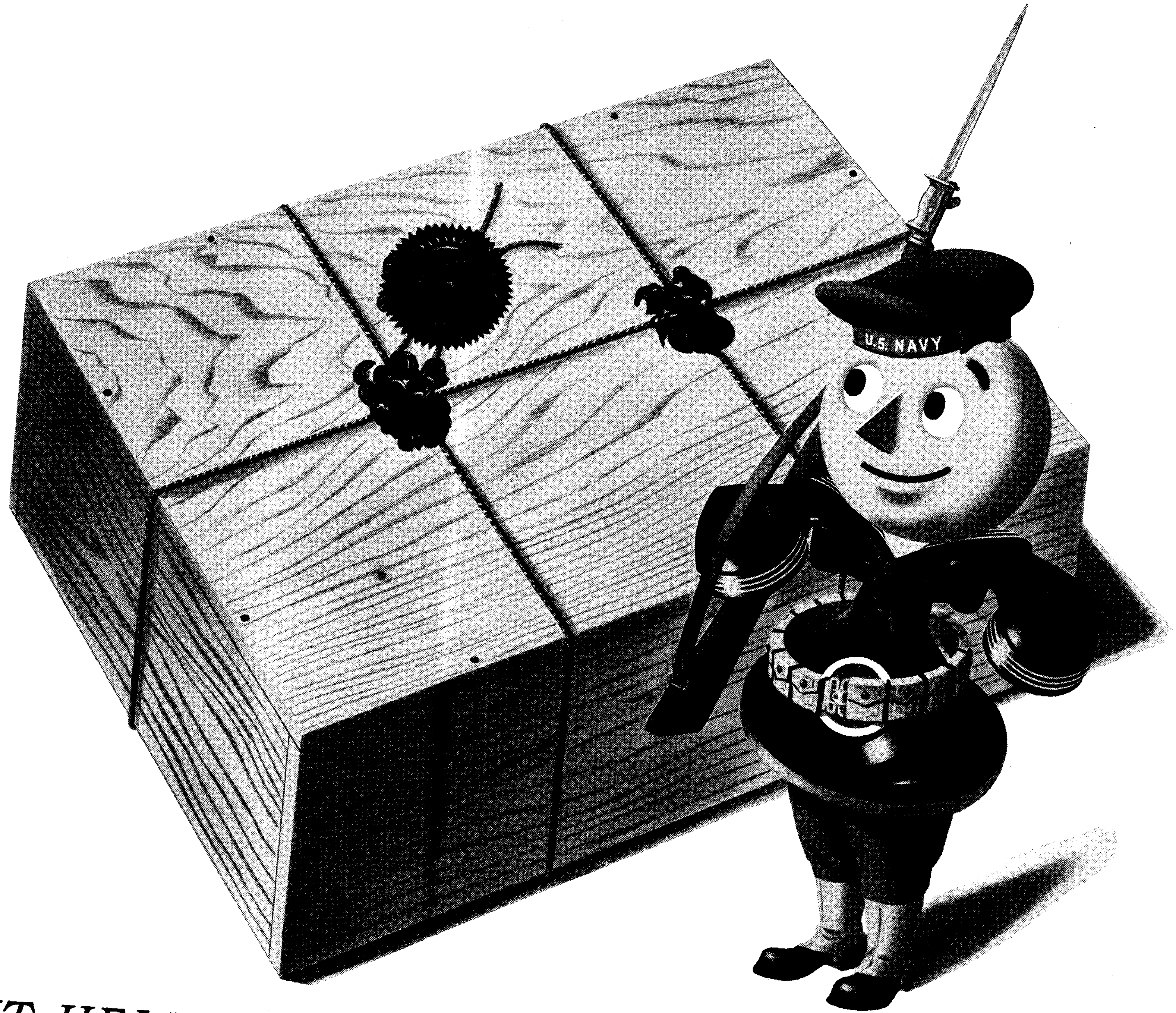


IT HELPED WIN A GREAT BATTLE

Sealed in this box and deposited in the vaults of the Bell Telephone Laboratories is a special device that helped win a great battle. It is being preserved for its historical significance.

SUCH things do not just happen. New instruments of war may appear suddenly on the battlefronts. But behind them are long years of patient preparation.

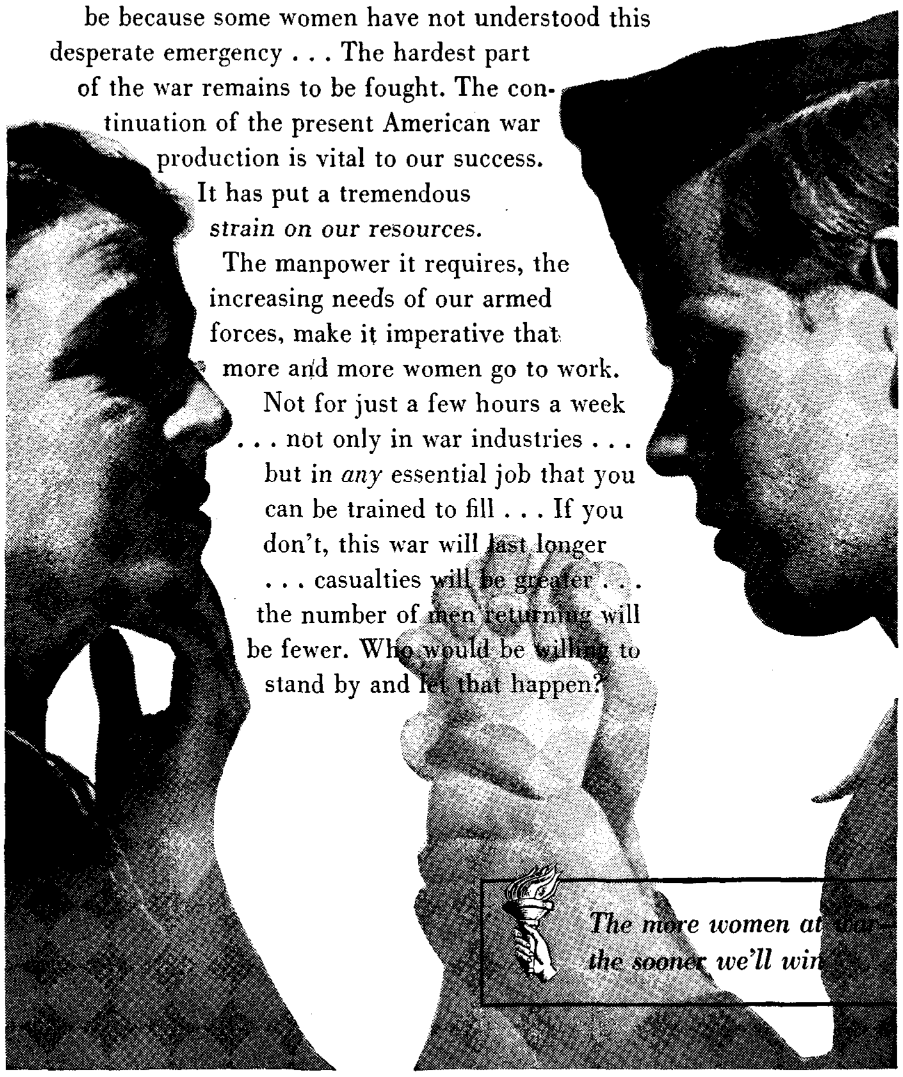
Our scientists were organized to have this device ready for battle—just as our fighting forces were organized to be ready for that battle.

Developing secret military devices is a big job but big forces are busy on it, day and night.

Concentrating on this job are more than 7000 people in the Bell Telephone Laboratories. Its scientists and engineers and their skilled associates form a highly organized team, experienced in working things out.

Today's work for war had its beginning many years ago when these laboratories were founded as part of the Bell System's service to the public.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



When will the war be over?..

A month after it could have been won?...

A year longer than it should have taken?

American women must give the answer

What American woman doesn't pray with all her heart that Victory will come at the earliest possible moment? Who wouldn't do anything to speed the day when husbands will come back to their wives . . . fathers return to their children . . . sons to their parents? . . . Then why do so many war-time jobs remain unfilled? It must be because some women have not understood this desperate emergency . . . The hardest part of the war remains to be fought. The continuation of the present American war production is vital to our success. It has put a tremendous strain on our resources. The manpower it requires, the increasing needs of our armed forces, make it imperative that more and more women go to work. Not for just a few hours a week . . . not only in war industries . . . but in *any* essential job that you can be trained to fill . . . If you don't, this war will last longer . . . casualties will be greater . . . the number of men returning will be fewer. Who would be willing to stand by and let that happen?

The more women at
the sooner we'll win

What you can do . . .

Act! Remember that whether or not you've ever worked before—are skilled or untrained—makes no difference . . . Millions of women are already doing work that is new to them. In war plants—in the armed services—in the hundreds of different type jobs in essential business—they're helping overcome this serious emergency. See the Help Wanted advertisements in local newspapers—visit the local office of the United States Employment Service, or the Army and Navy Recruiting Stations—make inquiries among your friends . . . There's work to be done—there's a war to be won!

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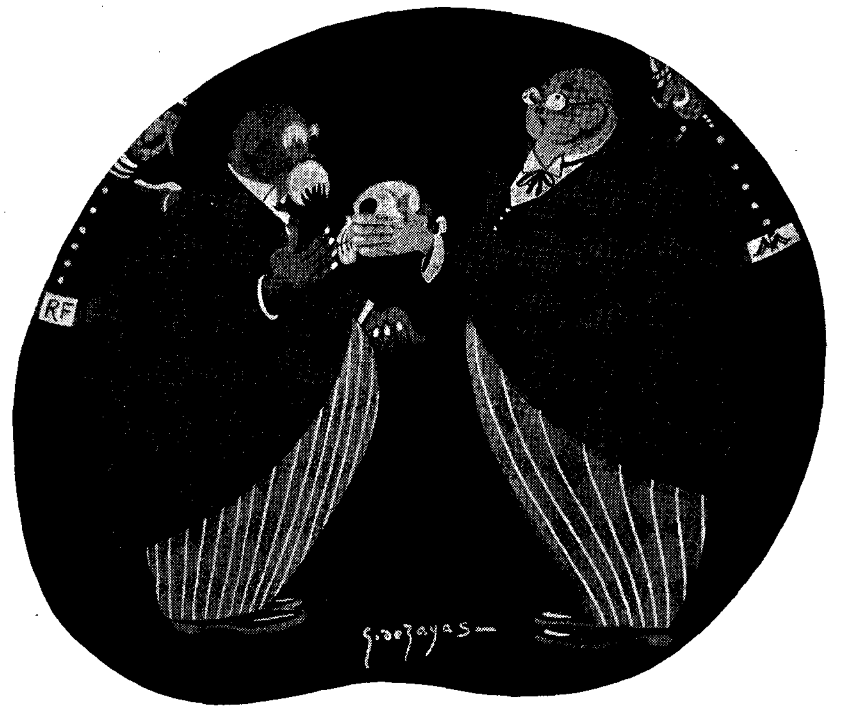
Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., FLORENCE, MASS.

Makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Among the looted articles whose return was demanded of Germany by the Allies in the Versailles treaty was the skull of Mkwawa, a former Sultan of Zanzibar, which had been stolen from German East Africa.—*By I. W. McLean, Charlotte, N. C.*

During the past 16 years, about 350 chemicals have been isolated from living tuberculosis germs in a study to find a chemical cure for the disease by analyzing the germ's own substances. Although the work has not yet led to a cure, it has advanced the knowledge of biochemistry by producing a number of new chemical compounds found only in the tubercle bacillus in minute quantities.

According to a recent survey, playwrights produce their masterpieces at 44 years, novelists at 46, essayists at 51, satirists at 56 and historians at 57.

For several years, the champion batter in Negro baseball has been Josh Gibson, a catcher for the Homestead Grays of the Negro National League. In 1943, his average was .526 for 52 league games and .546 for 99 exhibition games. The 1943 major-league champions were Appling of the Chicago White Sox who averaged .328 for 155 games and Musial of the St. Louis Cardinals who averaged .357 for 157 games.

Not long ago, a spy demonstrated at his trial how he removed and replaced important letters in their envelopes without arousing suspicion. Inserting a slit stick resembling a knitting needle under the flap at a corner, he turned the tool until the letter caught in the slit and was wound tightly enough to be withdrawn without enlarging the space. The letter was replaced by the opposite procedure, also leaving no trace of tampering, not even a cracked wax seal.

The dynasty that rules Japan is unique in that it has never had a family or dynastic name during the 26 centuries of its reign.

A pact of mutual protection, signed by England and Portugal in 1374, renewed ten times since and still in effect, pledges them to be "true and faithful friends . . . friends to friends and enemies to enemies." Yet today, Portugal divides evenly, between Britain and Germany, her vast exports of tungsten, a metal so strategic the Nazis admit it made possible their "blitz" production of military equipment.

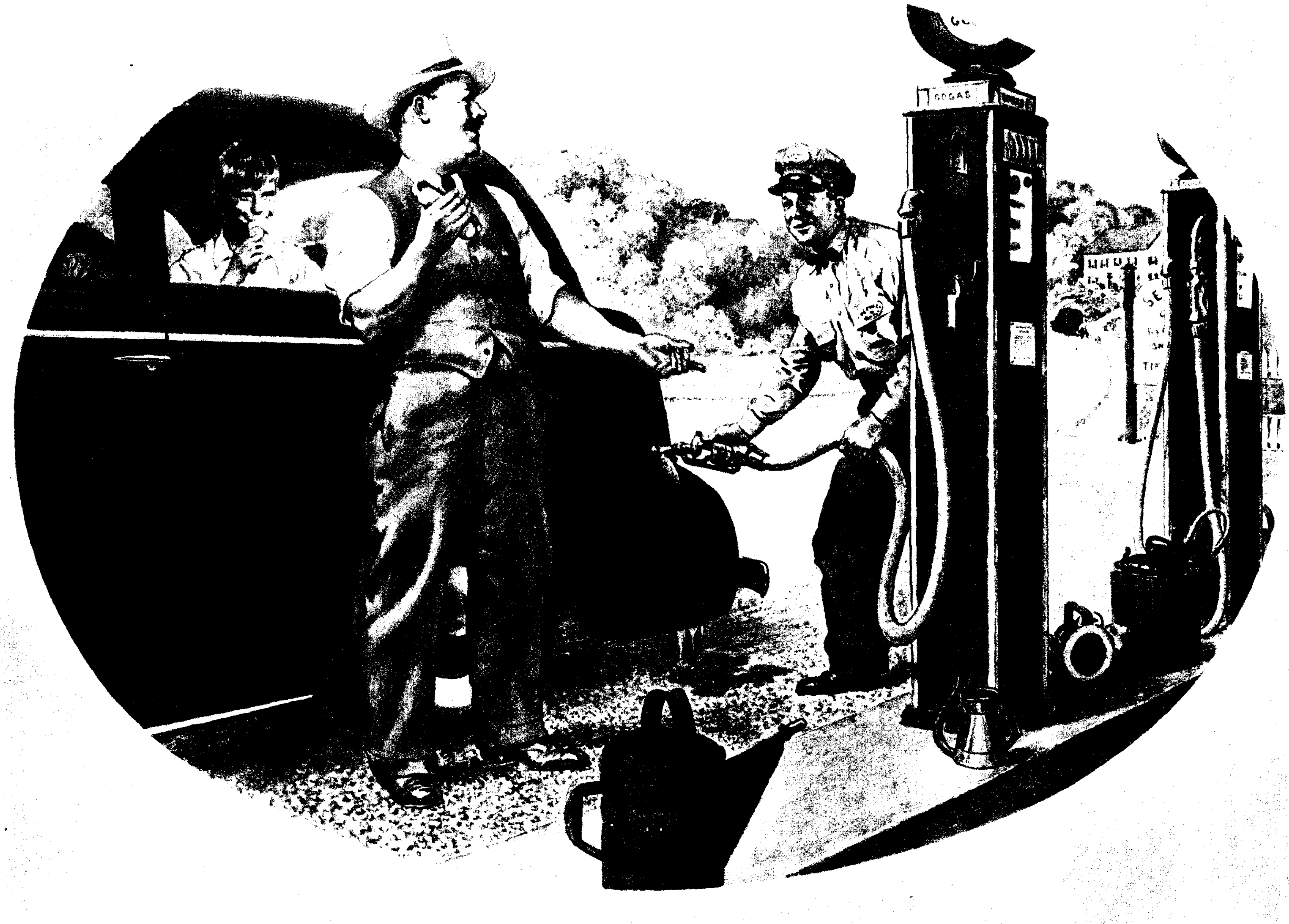
Human pregnancies achieved normally result in an average of 527 boys for every 500 girls. But those achieved by artificial insemination, for some unexplained reason, result in a ratio of 744:500, or 47 per cent more boys. Based on 10,000 such births, this analysis also shows that the ratio is 683:500 when anonymous donors are used; 786:500 when the husband is used.

A statement of the legitimacy of an infant is not required on its birth certificate in seven states: California, Maryland, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New York and Wyoming.

From a London studio, the U. S. Army now broadcasts daily for about nine hours a radio program which goes by wire to transmitters in 25 American military camps in England and six in Northern Ireland. As the power used is low, few Britons have ever heard or even known about this broadcast which is produced exclusively to inform, entertain and orient the American soldiers stationed in the United Kingdom.

Of the 20 present Latin-American governments, only eight were elected by the vote of the people, the other 12 having come into power through unconstitutional methods, chiefly *coups d'état.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



Remember when . . .

you could say: "Fill 'er up" . . . and get it?

THAT was when Sunday Driving was the Great American Sport, and automobile vacation trips were a "must" for most of us.

Then, tires were valued in dollars—now their worth is measured in *lives*. For the Battle of Rubber is *not yet won*—driving too much, too fast and too carelessly is *still* just like shooting an American soldier in the back. Every ounce of rubber in every tire on every car in America is *still* a war weapon!

Contrary to popular opinion, satisfactory synthetic tires *are not yet available* in sufficient numbers to satisfy both military and civilian needs. No one knows *when* you will be able to replace even *one* of your present tires.

Those you have *must* last—and *will* last if you observe these simple precautions: Start and stop slowly. Go easy on curves. Don't bang into curbs, ruts and stones. Keep air pressure up to 32 lbs. *And keep your speedometer down to 35!*

By *lengthening* the life of your tires, you may *save* the life of a fighting man!

REMEMBER WHEN you found the left rear tire flat that Sunday morning? Who was it who came over and changed it in time for you to get to church? Chances are it was the INDEPENDENT tire dealer in your neighborhood, who has a real interest in pleasing you because he owns his own business. *Seiberling believes in the ingenuity and initiative of INDEPENDENT business that has always made good jobs and good opportunities more plentiful in America than anywhere else in the world. That is why Seiberling Tires always have been and will continue to be sold through INDEPENDENT dealers only.*

SEIBERLING *Experts in Rubber*

Wartime manufacturers of Bullet-Sealed Tubes and Military Tires for our armed forces—Bullet-Sealing Gasoline Tanks—Rubber Floats, Boats and Pontons—Rubber Parts for Gas Masks, Airplanes and Tanks. Also makers of Tires and Tubes for passenger cars and trucks—Sealed Air Tubes—Rubber Heels, Soles and Mechanical Goods

DON'T expect your post-war
ADMIRAL RADIO
to MOW THE LAWN!

It will probably be many years, if ever, before you can simply press a button on your radio to have your lawn mowed.

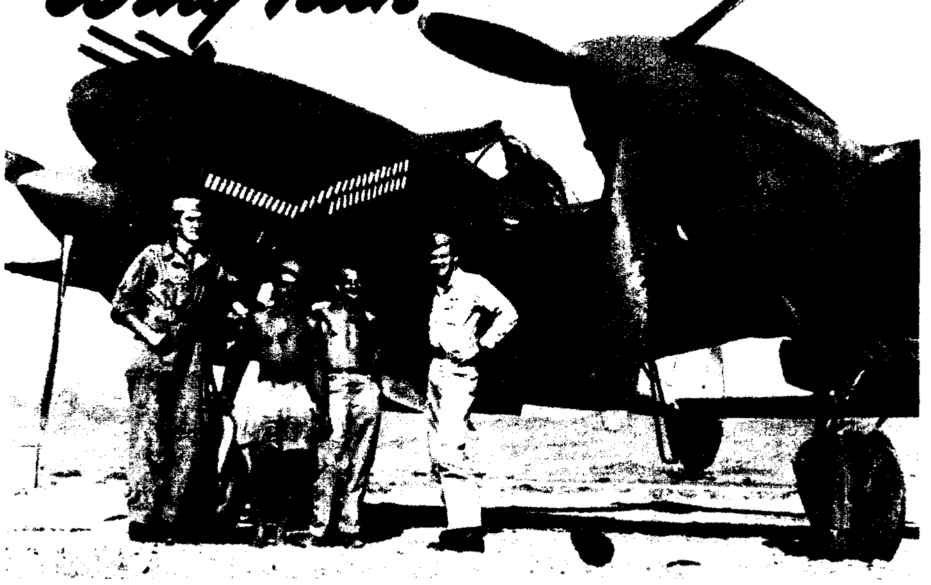
But you can expect the finest radio reception you have ever known. All refinements and improvements, developed by the needs of war, will be found in your new and better peacetime ADMIRAL RADIO—*America's Smart Set.*

PRODUCT OF
Admiral
CORPORATION
CHICAGO 47, ILLINOIS

TUNE IN
CBS, Sundays,
2:30 P.M., EWT,
for Admiral's
"World News Today"

World's Largest Manufacturer of Radio-Phonograph Combinations with Automatic Record Changers

Wing Talk



Dear John, a Lockheed Lightning, and Maj. "Big Ed" Newbury (extreme right) made a team the Nazis won't forget

EVER since war was a simple matter of grabbing the family squirrel rifle from its pegs and heading for the nearest fighting, the kinship between the American soldier and his weapon has been an explosive which successive enemies have discovered too late. Big Ed Newbury and his teammate, Dear John, are a case in point.

Major Edward Stewart Elder Newbury used to farm 360 acres of cotton and corn near Bakersfield, California. Dear John is a neighbor from Burbank, just across the Tehachapi ridge—a Lockheed Lightning fighter plane—and they have worked this war together as methodically as a man works a farm.

Ed Newbury is six feet four and scales 215 pounds. Fit him into Dear John's egg-shaped cockpit and there's barely room for Ed to chew his gum. In this total intimacy, established through the seat of Ed's pants, the two have flown 500 hours together—300 of them in combat—piling up a record for the team of man and ship that will take some beating.

"We never did lose a man off our wing, out of our flight, or even out of our squadron while we were leading it," said Major Newbury, from his hospital bed at Bakersfield. "We got along, but it took both of us every time. Once I was knocked out with dysentery, and another pilot took John up. They had their wing man shot off. Then John landed them in a vineyard, lost and running out of gas. John was busted up some, and I tried to use another ship, but I didn't get anywhere with it."

Teamed up with Dear John again, big Ed Newbury went out and shot down three Jerries in one day. It was the Nazi's last attempt to reinforce Rommel by air before he withdrew his remnants from Tunisia, and the AAF nailed eighty Jerries in thirty-six flaming hours. This was the sort of thing that Major Newbury found so soothing, in a roundabout sort of way, that he dreaded the day when his fiftieth combat mission would send him home to rest. To stave off this evil hour, he instructed his operations clerk to be careless in reporting his missions. The clerk's carelessness was so efficient that Big Ed and Dear John were dive-bombing Pantelleria, on Mission No. 77, before the High Command discovered that they had passed the fifty mark. Major Newbury was promptly grounded for his sins and given command of his squadron.

BIG ED keeps fit on fun, but his definition of fun fits no dictionary. He had fun copping the Silver Star—for working out the technique of dive bombing in a P-38 and then demonstrating it, by sinking a heavily armed and armored Siebel ferry off Marettimo Island. He and Dear John plunked a thousand-pound bomb squarely into its middle and then zoomed up to ward off defending Jerry fighters while his squadron unloaded their bombs.

It was fun winning the Distinguished Flying Cross, too, and the Air Medal with eleven Clusters. The citations make Newbury sound like a one-man wave of destruction, which he wasn't at all. Most of his missions were drab and colorless affairs, with never a Jerry sighted and all the flak bursting around the bombers far below. Many of them were weather missions, which Big Ed hates worse than being kept after school.

IN EVERY fighter group there is one fracas which is known as "That" fight. Newbury's began 34,000 feet over Bizerte, when his eight Lightnings were jumped by a couple of dozen Messerschmitt 109s which had lurked in the sun. They came down two miles in a boiling dogfight, dodging too many squirts of Jerry tracer. Jerry got one of the P-38s cold and set an engine flaming. Its pilot bailed out, popped his chute too soon, and dangled there in the middle of the fight. Jerry went after him.

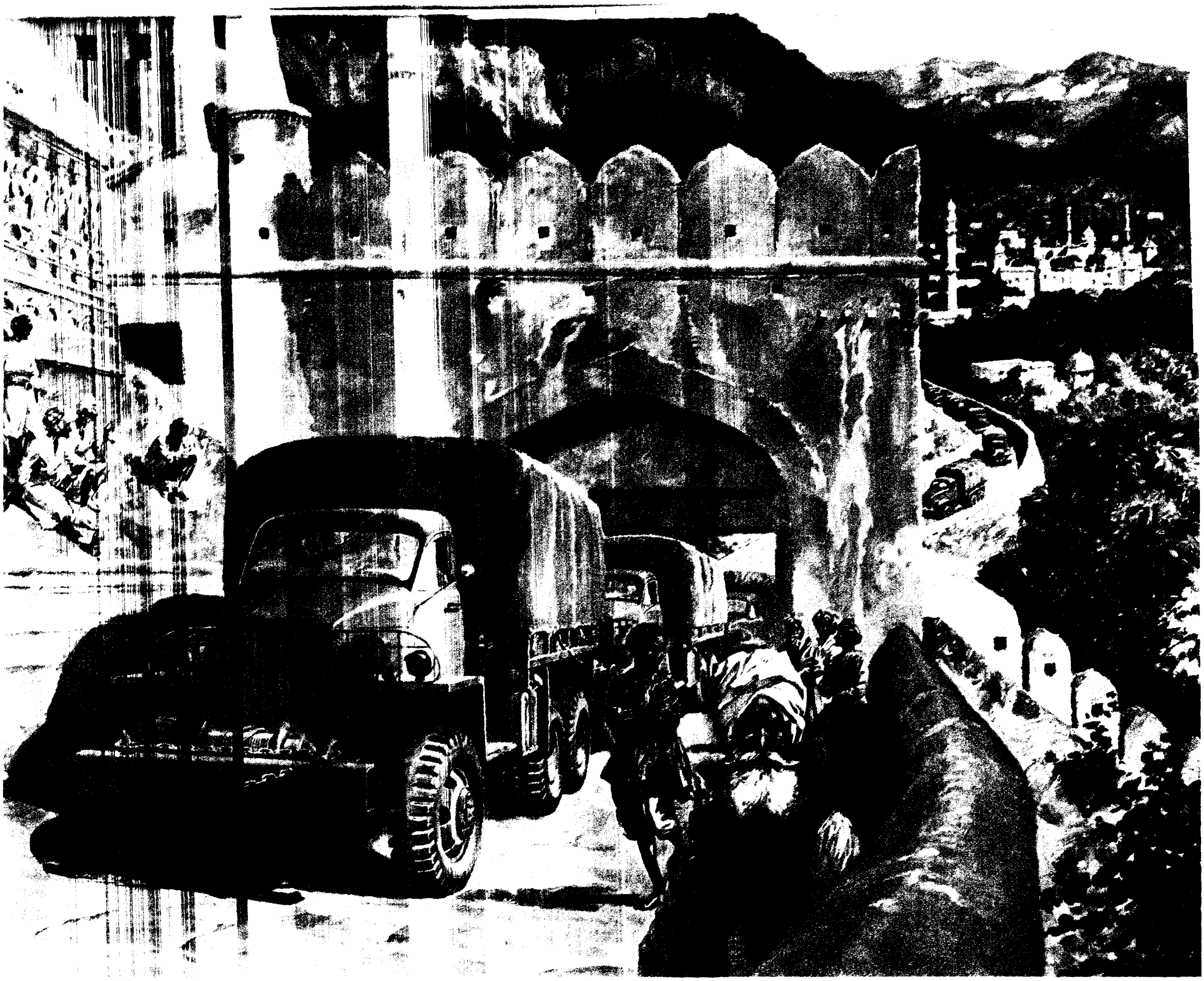
"We had hell's own time keeping those sons-of-blitzes off Slug's neck," sighs Newbury, "especially since we had to fly looking backward, to dodge tracer. I got one chance to look ahead, and here was a Messy, coming straight at me. Three cannons and maybe six machine guns, strung out along its wing, were winking away at me until it looked like a theater marquee.

"I found out then that there was too much oil on my ammunition and it was still frozen from the cold at thirty-four thousand feet. Only one of my guns would work. I opened up with it, pup-pup-pup, and we closed, head-on. Jerry let me get away with it somehow and went into a dive—away down, because he didn't come back for what seemed almost a week.

"I was so surprised that I got separated from the flight, and a lone P-38 is like a piece of candy. The Messerschmitts are ants, and they were making passes at me from all directions. Twice I was sure that we had it, but I didn't pick up a hole. By the time John and I got back to the flight, they'd bagged two of the Jerries and were in better shape, but that fight lasted forty-five minutes and covered more than a hundred miles. Whenever we talk about 'That' fight in our outfit, we don't mean any other fight but this."

Major Newbury's affinity for his personal P-38 traces back to the Lockheed factory doors in Southern California and spans continents and oceans to Tunisia. Together they flew across the United States, and they were among that historic group of Lightnings—scores of them—which made the first fighter hop across the North Atlantic to England. Pausing there

(Continued on page 57)



© 1944, The Studebaker Corporation

Allied invasion armies mass in India and Studebaker trucks help transport them!

FOR months, the United Nations have been getting ready in India for the big push on towards Tokio.

All over the country, from the Burma border to the Khyber Pass, correspondents report tremendous activity—with even public parks in big cities serving as armed camps.

One of the first requisites for effective mobilization in a land as vast as India is adequate military transport. And many an American boy stationed in that far-off spot could tell you how much dependence is being placed on big multiple-drive Studebaker military trucks for the heavy hauling that must be done.

Those Studebaker trucks in India are counterparts of the powerful, dependable Studebakers that have been doing such a superb transport job for the conquering Soviet armies. In fact, today, all over the world, from the British Isles to the Middle East and from Alaska to other remote war zones, Studebaker military trucks brilliantly exemplify the care and precision of Studebaker engineering and craftsmanship.

Only a very limited number of trucks for essential civilian services are now available. But when victory is won, Studebaker quality will again make Studebaker motor cars and motor trucks outstanding in the peacetime world.

Meanwhile, Studebaker continues to build huge quantities of mighty Wright Cyclone engines for the famous Boeing Flying Fortress as well as other vital war matériel.

AND THEY'RE BOTH BUYING BONDS!

They're doing it in millions of American families where sons are fighting — and fathers are working on war production . . . they're all buying Bonds! It's just common-sense to invest in War Bonds . . . to help speed Victory now —and to help keep the Nation sound when the war is won.

WAR BONDS PAY $4 FOR $3

KEYS
PAINTS

Grandfather's gospel and the bright red bike

When i was 10, the thing I wanted most in the world was a shiny red bicycle.

It stood in the window of the village hardware store and the price mark said $28.75. That seemed like a thousand to a fatherless boy who lived on his grandfather's farm.

I didn't think there was a chance that I'd ever own that bicycle, but I decided to try. I started saving all the pennies I got for doing odd jobs around the farm. I had managed to scrape together exactly 79¢ when grandfather found out what I was doing.

Grandfather didn't say a word, but the next day he hitched up the black mare and drove to town. When he came back, the bicycle in all its brand-new glory was strapped on the back of the wagon.

All the old man said was, "It's yours, bub, take good care of it."

Grandfather meant exactly what he said. Sometimes I wished I had never seen that bicycle. If he detected the slightest squeak or noticed a speck of rust on one of the spokes, I heard about it. The words never varied: "Bub, if a thing's worth owning, it's worth taking care of. I'd see to that wheel, if I were you."

Whether it was my grandfather's words or the Yankee blood in me, I grew up to be the kind of a man who prides himself on taking care of what he owns. To this day I can't stand a squeaking stair or a leaky faucet.

So I was pretty much taken aback one day last month when I found that I had been badly neglecting one of my most important possessions.

Like a lot of people, I had taken out various kinds of insurance, kept up the payments, and done nothing else about it. A Travelers man, who took care of some of my insurance, had been after me for a long time to let him check all my policies and see if they were giving me the kind of protection I needed. But I'd stalled him off.

Well, last month he got after me again. I told him to go ahead. A few days later, he was back with some recommendations that opened my eyes.

The changes the agent advised were certainly sensible and they made my insurance fit my needs of today instead of my needs of 10 years ago.

After I got through thanking him, I asked him to drop around and check my insurance every six months or so. Insurance is one of the most important things I own, and from now on I'm taking as good care of it as I do of my last four tires.

* * *

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance and surety bonds. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR APRIL 15, 1944

THE RISEN SOLDIER

BY ARCHBISHOP FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN

MILITARY VICAR OF THE ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES

"He bids me look with shining eyes toward the day when men 'shall turn their swords into plowshares and their spears into sickles' . . . an Easter message for Americans from a noted American prelate

ONE, two, three . . . eight, nine, ten! I was in the control tower of the operating base of an American air strip, looking over the wind-swept, rain-swept apron of the field, counting and praying back the planes which hours ago had left on their raiding mission.

Before dawn I had risen with the crews, and I remained with them while the commanding officer gave them briefings, assignments, instructions and warnings. On maps I followed with them routes to their objectives and saw enlarged aerial photographs of the targets.

It was just before Passiontide. I was on my way to live Holy Week in the Holy Land amid the scenes of the Passion and Crucifixion of twenty centuries ago. Then a Man suffered and died to save His fellow man, to bring peace to the hearts of all men. His mission was one of divine mercy; His objective, every soul; His weapon, love; His way, the Commandments.

These young American airmen with whom I was living wanted to believe and did believe that they, too, were suffering and dying to bring salvation and peace to their fellow men. I cannot sound the depths of my feelings for them. All possible emotions in the gamut from fear to love seized me. From my life with them I felt that I knew them; I knew that I admired and awesomely loved them, as they grasped my hand in farewell. For some of them, it was their last morning in this world. Moments were precious, impressions were vivid; emotions, restrained, were strong; for each one of these boys was sacred to me . . . and I, for them, was a link to home.

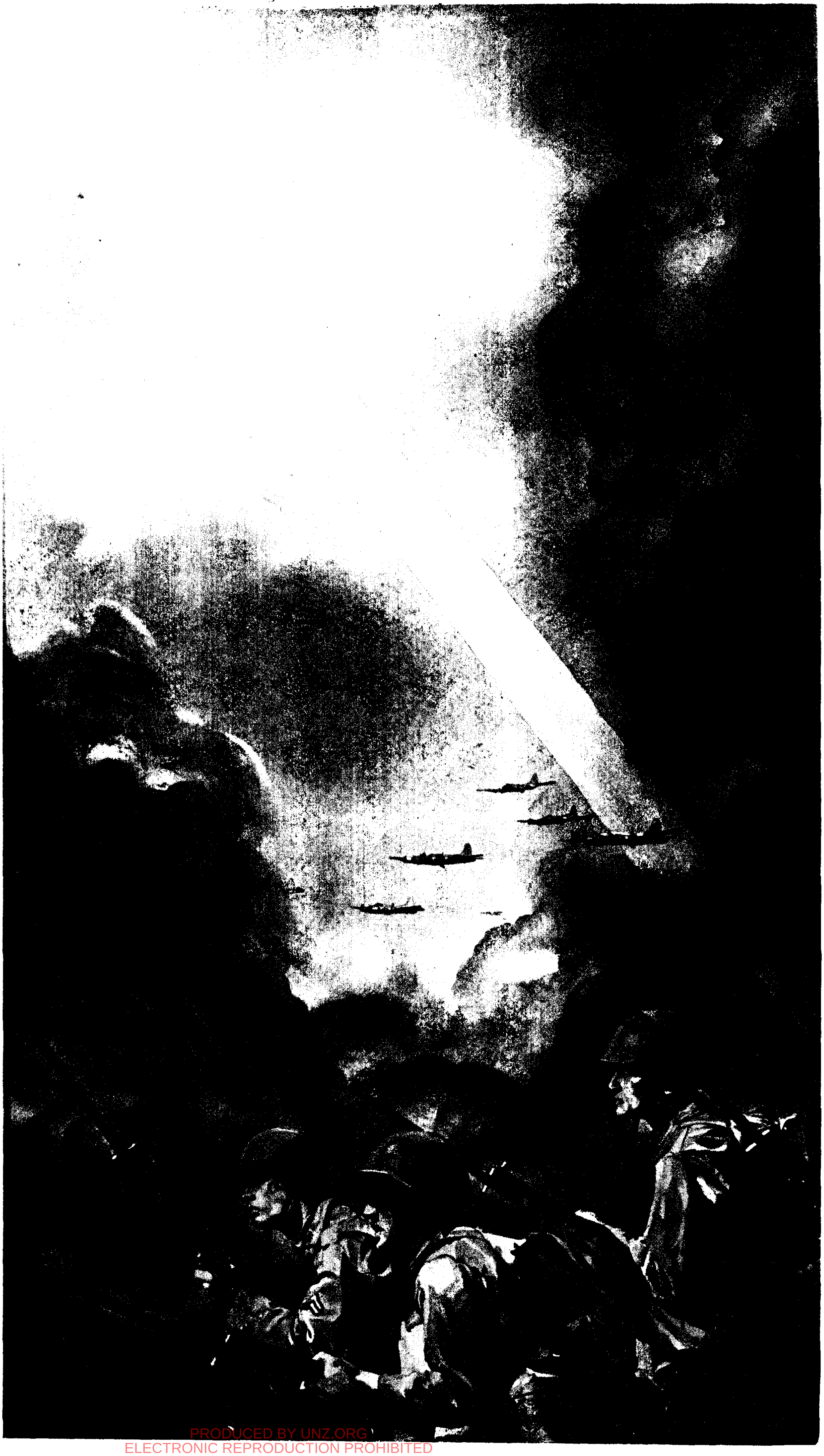
Crushingly, the value of each soldier's life pressed me, as gratefully I shared their treasury of thoughts, realizing their responsibilities to the present and the future and their country's responsibilities to them. Mothering and fathering them,

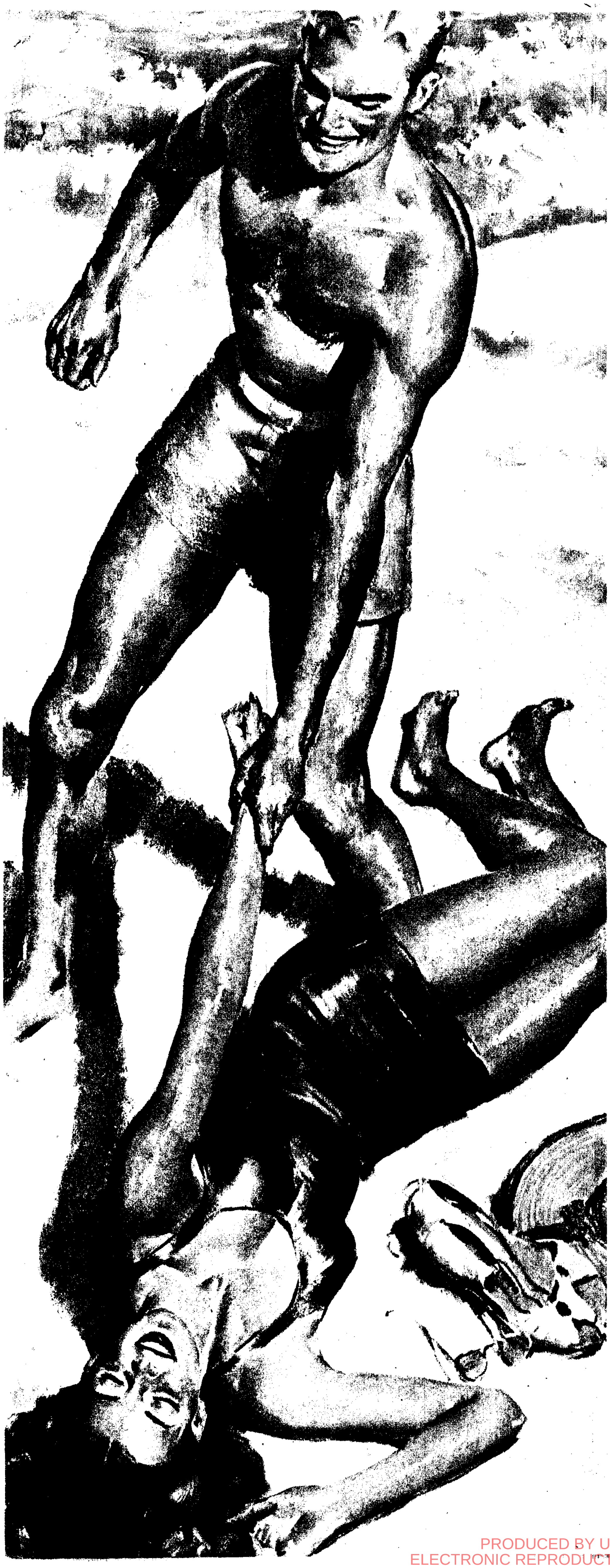
(Continued on page 57)

●

Archbishop Spellman has given the rights to and the proceeds from this article to the New York Foundling Hospital

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL





Alan got up. "How do you feel about swimming?" he asked. "Usually, fool, I feel wet," Ann said. Her husband laughed. "I always said I loved my wife because she talked so · sweet"

Lady IN A WAR

BY BARBARA DICKINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

She had lost the sense of his touch, the sound of his voice, so she went searching for her heart—and found it

THE bright, impersonal light of morning blazed on the paper before her, its reflection slashing viciously at her downcast eyes, but she had a headache, anyway. She recognized her discomfort only dimly and then only as the smallest part of a far larger thing and then as admittedly, inevitably deserved. She ignored it in her haste, writing urgently, untidily, with heavy, brutal jabbings of her pen. She wrote:

"And that is why I say, My Husband, if you do come back, don't come back to me. Not—and let me make this point *very* clear—that there is anything really and truly wrong. I have been faithful to you, after a fashion. The fashion is wrong, cowardly, lacerating. There is nothing left of the woman you knew. There is nothing left of a marriage."

She lifted her pen for an instant and then brought it coldly to the paper. She wrote, in black emphasis, "Don't come back to me." She signed it and rose. She didn't look at it again.

She wandered around the sunlit, empty room, to a table she didn't see, to a phonograph she didn't want to hear, to a mirror her eyes tried to shun. She thought: It's amazing; I'm practically indestructible. There are no lines beneath my eyes, only those faint, rather becoming shadows. My skin is clear and my hair is pretty and well brushed, very respectable, nice-young-woman's hair. If I have no children, and now I'll have no children, I can probably go on looking like this for years. I'll wear larger hats; I'll wear longer lines in clothes that are deliberately awfully "smart," and I'll look just about the same.

But who will see me? her mind involuntarily added. For whom shall I be attractive and smart and hardly a day older?

Not Alan, now. After today, not Alan ever again. And certainly not Rand. Her reflected eyes mockingly agreed that it would not, not possibly, be Rand.

She turned painfully away from her image. For the pain had come. The pain that had held off during the decision, during the doing, and that now beat terribly against the accomplished, irrevocable fact.

Alan, she wanted to cry out, that is not the way it is. I am not like that. There were reasons. There was helplessness.

Frantically she moved against her own emotion, fighting it. She picked up a tray and placed the tall, sticky glasses on it. Then taking the ugly heaps of cigarette ends and spreading ash, the remnants of the cheeses and the anchovy paste, she dumped them all into the garbage can. She opened all the windows and pushed the chairs into new, crazy places.

But Rand was still in the room.

That's it, Alan, don't you see? Just that he is here, always here. He is present. He is near and real. That is all there is to it and it is everything. I can't fight it because you can't fight everything.

It's not that I've forgotten you, Alan. I remember you very well. You're the tall man I married who had fine hands and funny thoughts. You're the man who lived with me, who drove the car I rode in, and who sat across from me at dinner, smiling without a smile. You were a very nice man, Alan, and I remember you very well—as I would remember someone I had known a long time ago, who must have died when I was much younger and much different.

You see, don't you, Alan? It is not my fault, is it, any more than it is yours? The morning after Pearl Harbor, the telegram came and they sent you away. They sent you farther and farther away, and where you had been, the loneliness came in, and the meaninglessness and then the unlightable blackness. I had nothing and I am a woman, an ordinary woman. I must have something. Everyone must have something, mustn't they?

Suddenly her mind was chilled and quiet. Her hysteria had spent itself, and she was ashamed—ashamed and without mercy. Her eyes went to the letter and she thought: That is the truth. It says that my life and myself are small, greedy and unsound, and it is the truth. The rest is an excuse when no excuse is supportable.

She went into the bedroom and painted her mouth. She remembered that she had a cocktail date for the afternoon and that she was tired of wearing black to cocktail parties. What else might she wear?

WHEN the doorbell rang, she was ready for it. She knew who it must be, and she was cool and faintly, cynically curious and ready. But on her way through the living room, she put the letter in one of the drawers of the desk.

Rand was looking well, despite the night before, despite the headache he must have, which must be worse than her own. He was looking quite as usual, and her mind deliberately took note of the usual flaws. His clothes were too perfectly tailored and too perfectly matched. He had the absolute, inviolate poise of the congenitally unaware. He was too compact, too condensed, too efficiently male. This morning, he was candidly eager. He had the look of a man who not only knew what he wanted, but who knew that in all probability he was going to get it.

Rand was shrewd. He sensed her critical, rejecting mood; he recognized that this was emphatically not the moment; he became instantly unthreatening. He became the casual, if pleasant, acquaintance, just casually, if wittily, dropping by.

He slumped against the doorjamb and began tenderly to stroke his forehead.

"I thought you might like to view the remains," he murmured, in mock distress. "I thought you might care to speak a few words of eulogy."

"Words, yes. But eulogies?" She

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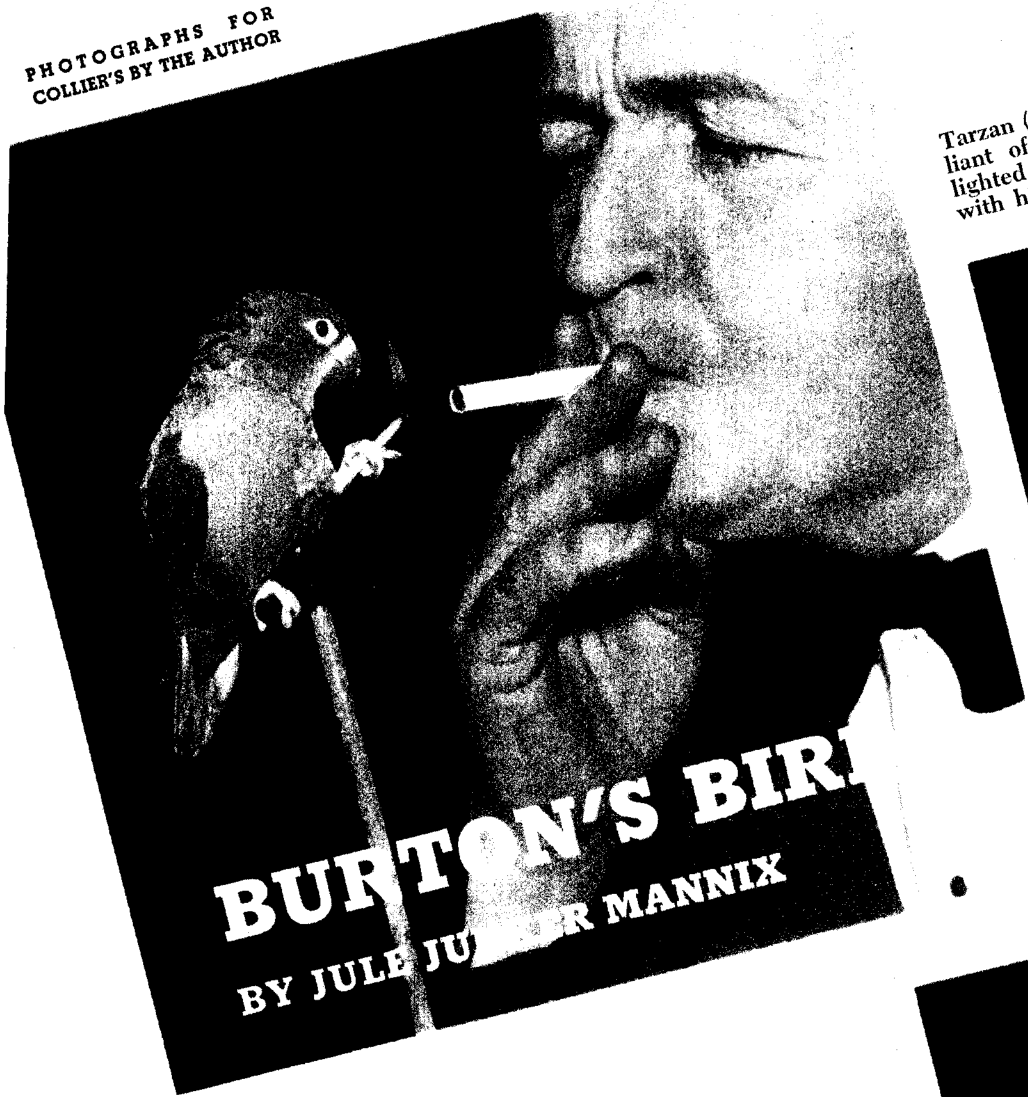
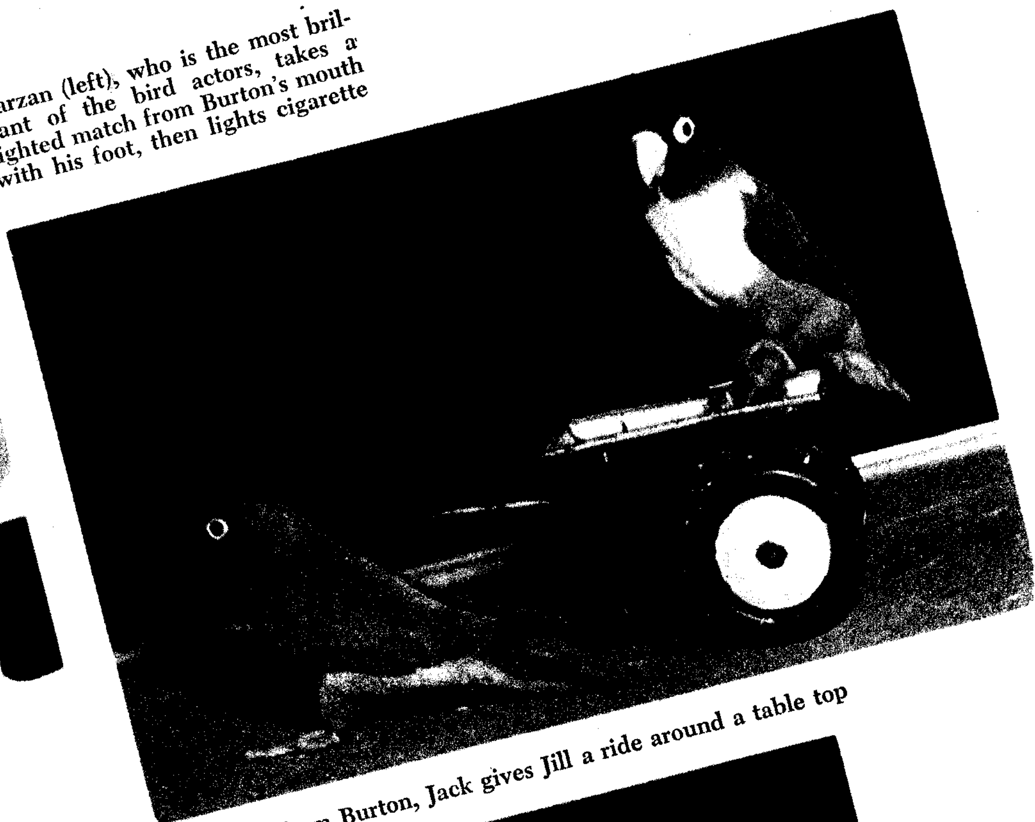
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THE AUTHOR



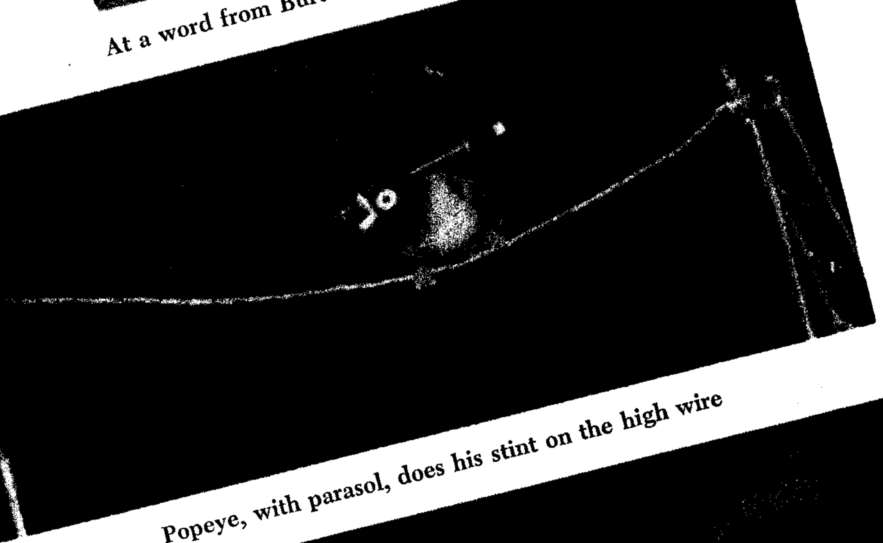
BURTON'S BIR

BY JULE JU ER MANNIX

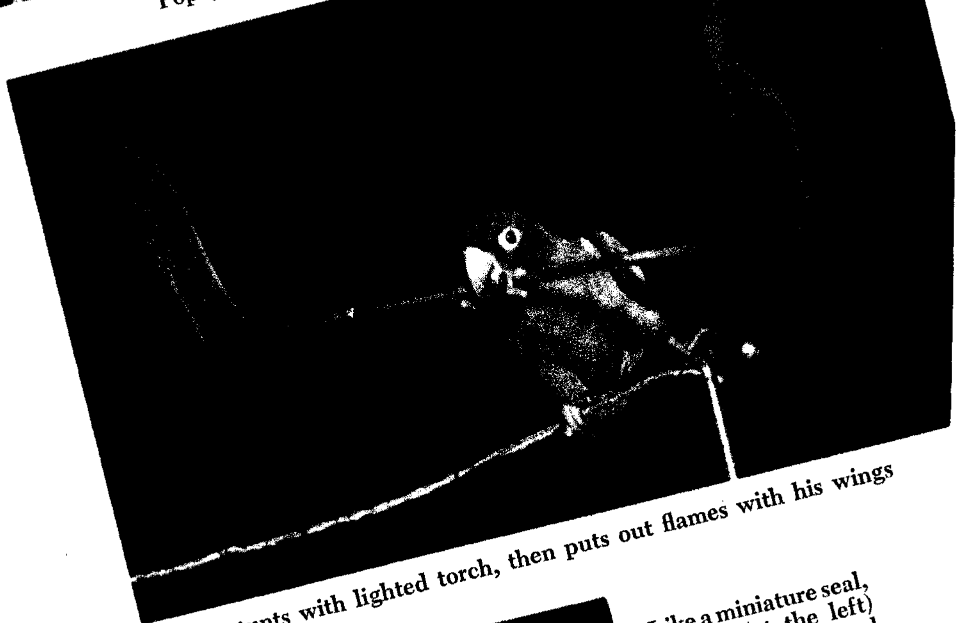
Tarzan (left), who is the most brilliant of the bird actors, takes a lighted match from Burton's mouth with his foot, then lights cigarette



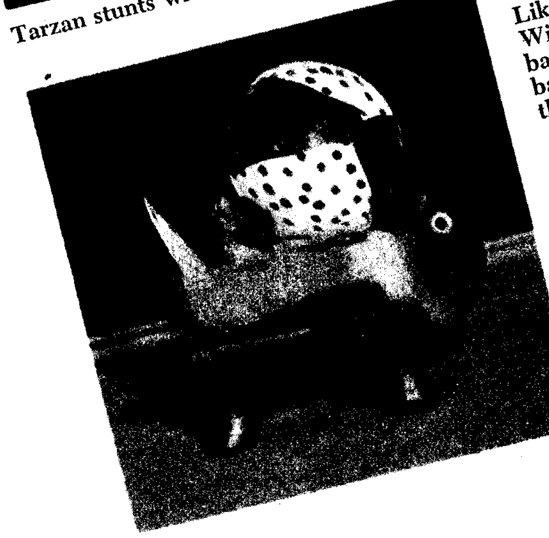
At a word from Burton, Jack gives Jill a ride around a table top



Popeye, with parasol, does his stint on the high wire



Tarzan stunts with lighted torch, then puts out flames with his wings



Like a miniature seal, Wimpy (at the left) balances the colored ball with his feet, then spins it around

An accident cut short George Burton's career as a stunt rider, and for a pastime he started training lovebirds. Whereupon a novelty act turns into a rich gold mine

FOR the past ten years, George Burton has made his living by training parakeet lovebirds. Lovebirds come in three colors; green, yellow and blue. All have long tails, throw their seed on the rugs and squawk. Most people think of them as having the mentality of a goldfish and the voice of Fred Allen, but Burton has trained his parakeets to obey over fifty commands (more than most dogs ever know) and go through a routine of tricks that lasts for an hour and a half. The troupe travels with Burton all over America in a suitcase, staying at the best hotels, exercising in the parks, and commanding a price considerably higher than the human actors on the same bill.

Fifteen years ago, Burton and his wife were crack riders and horse trainers. They traveled for years with the big Wild West shows. Then a throw from a horse crippled Burton so badly that the doctors regretfully agreed that he would never ride again.

Burton and his wife took the news hard. They had worked with animals all their lives, and animal training was all they knew. While Burton was recovering from his injuries, the couple were forced to rent a tiny flat, too small for even a dog. So Mrs. Burton got her husband a little green grass parakeet.

With his injury, Burton couldn't leave the apartment, so he and the parakeet spent long hours getting acquainted. The little bird would call and whistle to him, and Burton would whistle back.

Then one day the cage door was accidentally left open, and the parakeet went flapping wildly about the room, astonished to find out that he could fly. When he finally made a crash landing into a lamp, Burton approached him with a pencil. Now although the parakeet wasn't much of a flier, he had been hooking himself around the perches in his cage for years. He promptly grabbed the pencil, chinned himself with his beak until he could climb on board, and rode back to his cage in triumph.

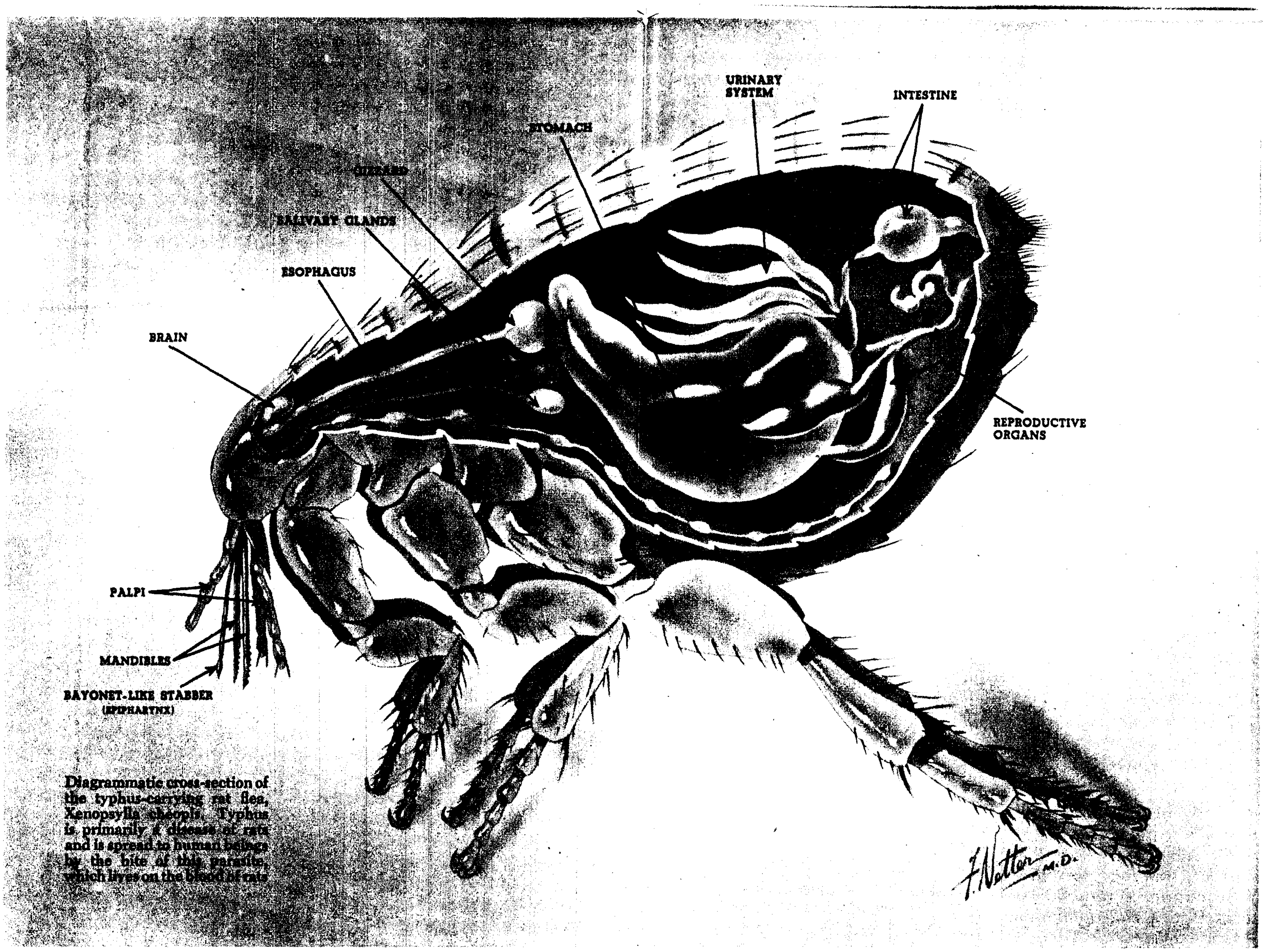
That small incident started Burton thinking and he began to experiment with the parakeet. Most animals are trained either through punishment or reward. But Burton knew he couldn't spank a bird the size of a sparrow, and any attempt to starve him into submission would have ruined the delicate parrot's health. Burton decided to utilize the bird's instinct to grab everything with his bill.

He began by putting the parakeet on a table and lifting him off by means of a long wand. Soon the bird would run to the stick and grab it to be put back in his home. Then Burton handed him a matchstick instead of the wand. While the parakeet stood puzzled with the match in his mouth, Burton quickly lifted him with the stick and returned him to his cage. After a few trials, the parakeet would hurriedly search the whole table until he found the match and carry it eagerly to Burton as his passport back to his cage.

That was the beginning. Working on this curious principle, Burton now has the birds trained to set up signs reading "Birds at Work," collect cigarette stubs, pile them in a wheelbarrow, and wheel the load over to him. Another parakeet can thread beads on a string. Still another carries a miniature torch, flaming at both ends, up to a tightrope, walks across the rope using the torch as a balancing pole, and then flaps his wings until he puts out the flames.

An Abyssinian brownhead rides a scooter around a table, gravely pushing with one foot. Most remarkable of all to an animal trainer, the birds do not do these amazing feats automatically as part of a routine. They wait for the word of command and when the parakeets are

(Continued on page 40)



Diagrammatic cross-section of the typhus-carrying rat flea, Xenopsylla cheopis. Typhus is primarily a disease of rats and is spread to human beings by the bite of this parasite, which lives on the blood of rats

THE CASE AGAINST THE FLEA

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

DRAWING BY FRANK NETTER, M.D.

With typhus becoming a national problem, every flea on every one of our 250,000,000 or more rats is a potential menace to your health or life. Here's why rat control is a job we can't afford to neglect

YOU have read a lot in newspapers about typhus—the louse-spread disease that is devastating some parts of Europe and hanging like a dark threat over all the continent. But it may be news that we have a home-grown variety of typhus. This disease (which is in no way related to typhoid fever) is increasing at an alarming rate. In some areas in the South, it is the No. 1 disease problem. One public-health official has branded it a "potential powder keg."

Unlike the typhus of Europe, this American typhus isn't a disease of the poor and oppressed. It strikes at the wage earner, the housewife, the well-to-do. It is one of the few American diseases that are on the increase.

An aggressive campaign to combat it is now under way. This campaign won't eradicate typhus; it will only control it. The disease will be with us from now on, so we had better get acquainted with it.

Its story begins in 1898, when Doctor Nathan Brill, New York physician, reported a few cases of a mysterious sickness he had found among immigrants.

The disease looked, for all the world, like the epidemic typhus of Europe, which has killed more human beings than any other sickness. Brill's disease answered all the medical tests for epidemic typhus. Victims had raging fevers, fearful headaches and the characteristic red rash. They were miserably prostrated.

Still, there were puzzling differences between the two diseases. The epidemic typhus of Europe is a winter sickness—spread by the lice that move in when a man puts on all the clothes he owns and keeps them on until spring. The disease Brill observed occurred in summer. There was another important difference: European typhus killed up to 70 per cent of the people it struck. Only a few—mostly older people—died of this puzzling new sickness.

Brill's observations were interesting. But hardly any new cases appeared, so the whole thing was more or less forgotten for 20-odd years. Then reports began to filter into the United States Public Health Service in Washington. Scattered cases of a terribly debilitating disease were cropping up here and there in the South. In the early 1920s, the Service dispatched Doctor Kenneth Maxcy to investigate.

Maxcy toured through Georgia and Alabama running down cases of the mysterious sickness. Altogether, he found 114 people who followed the set pattern: fever up to 105, frequent delirium, rash, tiredness, a few deaths.

Not Exclusively for the Poor

He kept looking for body vermin that might link the disease with classical typhus, but he failed to find any. Most of the victims weren't the poor and depressed; they were found among the upper crust, and included lawyers, bankers, merchants, even a judge!

Maxcy did some shrewd thinking. He guessed that some lower animal, possibly the rat, harbored the disease; and that it was spread to man by some biting insect. He suggested fleas, nits or possibly ticks as candidates. But all this was guesswork; shrewd guesswork, to be sure, but still guesswork. This brings us up to the '30s—and some extremely significant work.

There was a small outbreak of the disease in Baltimore. The Public Health Service dispatched a man to investigate. The epidemic centered in a rat-infested drugstore. Rats were trapped and brought back to the Washington laboratory of Doctor R. E. Dyer. Dyer combed the rats and found them swarming with fleas. He identified the fleas as *Xenopsylla cheopis*—the flea that spreads bubonic plague!

Dyer chloroformed the fleas, ground them up in a mortar. Then he injected this flea debris into a guinea pig. A few days later, the pig was feverish, sick with the American brand of typhus. This put the finger of blame on the flea. Then, to clinch the case, Dyer came down with typhus himself. Here was conclusive evidence that the flea could spread the disease to man.

At this point, a pretty clear picture of the disease emerged. American typhus was primarily a disease of rats, only secondarily a disease of man. The rat flea was the agent of spread, the vector of the disease. Any place that harbored rats was the potential focal point of a typhus epidemic.

Still another ominous fact emerged:

(Continued on page 83)

A Guy Like RED

BY H. VERNOR DIXON

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL

Red McDermott roared into Toni's life, foot-loose and fancy-free, and even after she caught his fancy, she learned that his feet still liked to stray

HOW those two happened to get married aside from falling in love with each other (which seems too easy), no one could ever figure out. They had nothing in common, they looked about as much alike as black and white, and their tastes and interests were as far apart as the poles.

Toni Monahan was strictly on the small side, a soft, cuddly little girl, the top of whose head barely reached Red's throat. She had coal-black hair and eyes, a smooth, creamy skin, a slow, quiet smile, and laughter that was almost like a soft whisper. Great warmth and a puppylike friendliness were always present in the depths of her eyes. She was the kind that small children would cluster around, without question, to display their little hurts and bruises.

Red McDermott was her exact opposite. A big guy, well over six feet three and weighing better than two hundred pounds, he was as explosive and touchy as an uncapped bomb. His hair was like coiled copper wire, and his beard, when he needed a shave, was as scratchy as sandpaper. His laughter was like the crack of a whip, his normal voice was like a shout, and his temper, when it got out of control was something to behold.

Red was the best diving foreman in the business. He never asked a man to do something more than once and he never asked him to do a thing that he, personally, hadn't done a dozen times.

It was a pigboat that brought him and Toni Monahan together.

The fore diving planes of the submarine had evidently gone haywire and she had nosed into the soft mud flats off of Sausalito, just before rounding the point into the Golden Gate. The commander had swung the stern around to shake her loose, but directly into the path of a speeding convoy escort. The sub stayed on the mud flats with a gash in her side forty feet long. The crew got out safely, before the aft torpedo tubes went under.

The Navy turned the job over to a civilian salvage outfit, and Red was flown in from a South Sea island to take charge. He was almost stir-happy to get back to civilization, but that slowly faded as he walked the streets of the small settlement of Sausalito, looking for board and room. A big shipyard was operating full blast just up the highway, and the town was jam-packed with workers.

FOR a full week, he slept aboard a Coast Guard cutter warped to a pier for repairs, while getting the salvage job under way, before hearing of a possible room. A stevedore pointed out one of the old sailing clippers resting on the mud flats and informed him, "Guy by the name of Monahan lives aboard. Him and his son work in the shipyards. They tell me the daughter does the cooking. You might try 'em."

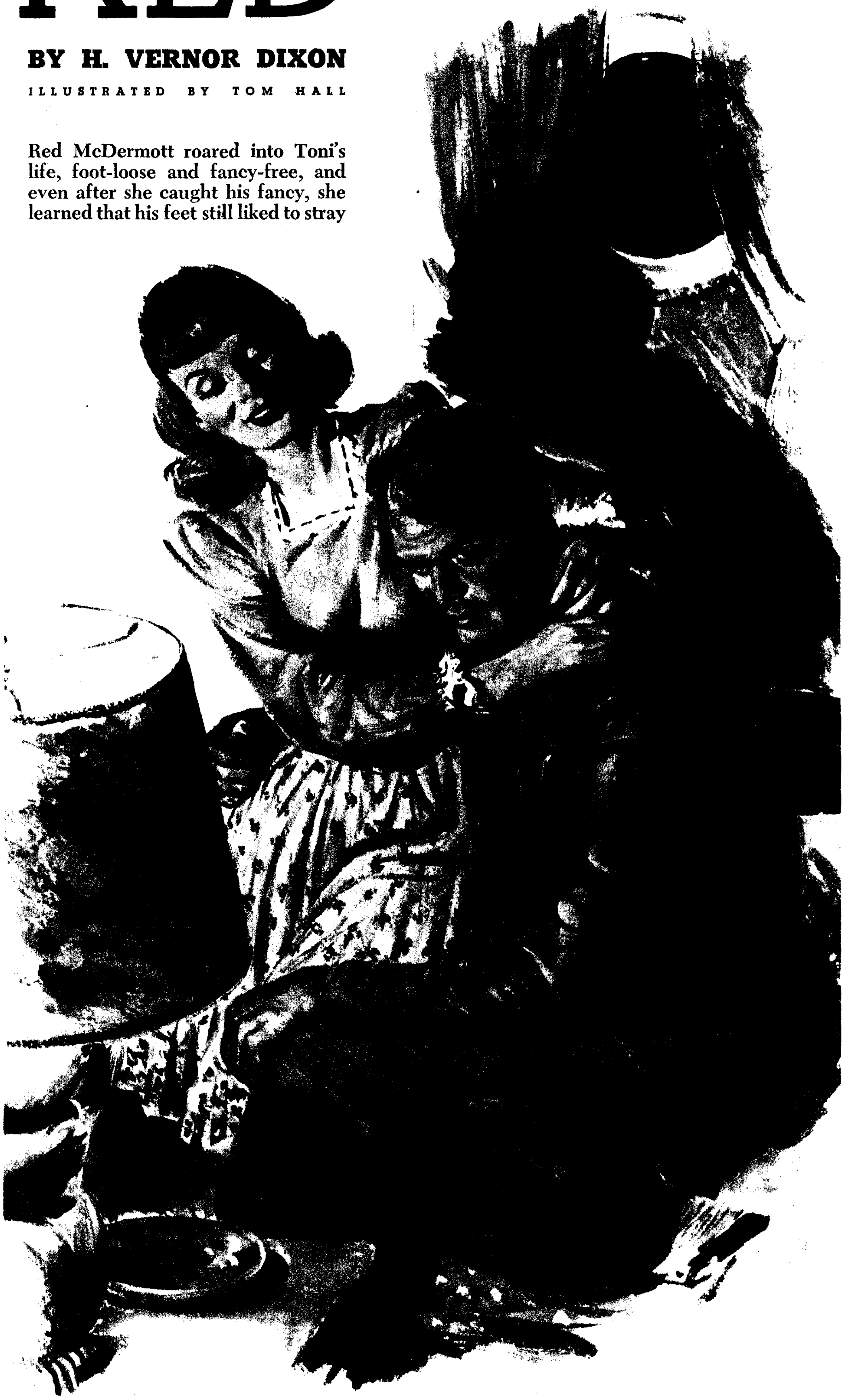
Red walked out to the end of a rotting pier early that evening and shouted across four hundred feet of water to the clipper hulk. An elderly man came out on deck, peered in his direction, then got into a rowboat and sculled himself to the wharf.

Looking down at him, Red had to smile. Monahan had a pug nose, Irish eyes, a red face, a bald head with a fringe of gray hair and the knotted hands of a man who has spent his life at hard labor.

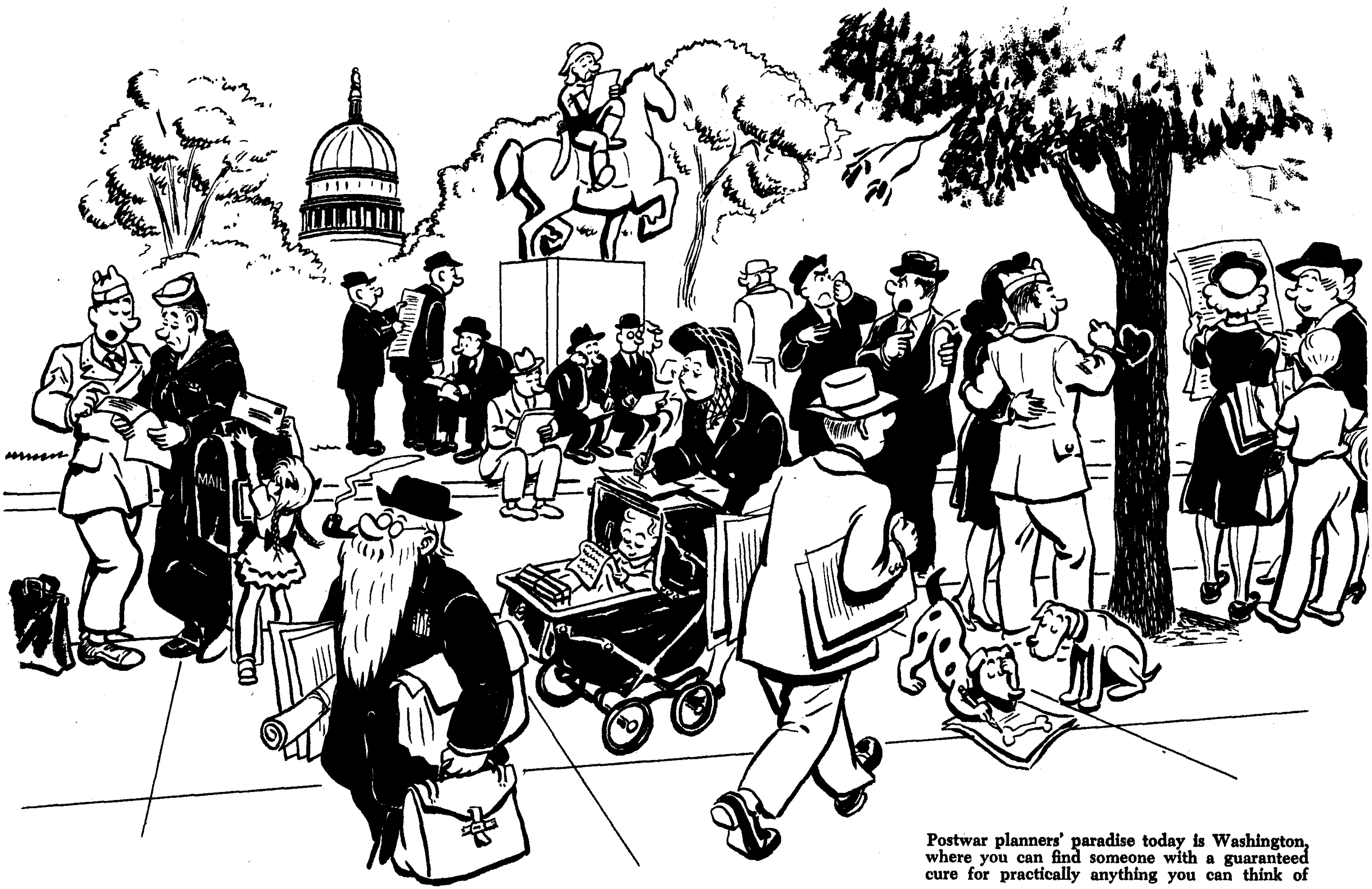
When Red inquired about room and board, the old Irishman appraised him for some time, then nodded, evidently satisfied. He rowed Red out to the boat and led the way to the deck. That was the only part of the old clipper still serviceable, the deck. The hull below was rotted and filled with water and mud. But the deckhouses were in excellent shape. The main saloon had been converted into a living room, kitchen and dining room, with three staterooms just aft. In the forepeak was a large room painted gleaming white and containing Monterey bedroom furniture.

Red looked it over, listened to the slap of the water on the hull and nodded: "I'll take it."

Monahan grinned. "Sure. Now, come meet the family." He winked and said, "By the way, me daughter Toni's the best damn' cook in *(Continued on page 65)*



Red drew Toni down to his knee. He looked about him, then frowned and said, "Y'know, hon, there's only one thing wrong; I wish we were alone here"



Postwar planners' paradise today is Washington, where you can find someone with a guaranteed cure for practically anything you can think of

BLUEPRINT FOR BEDLAM

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

ILLUSTRATED BY COLIN ALLEN

That Baruch report was only the opening gun in the battle of the postwar planners. Washington is knee-deep in panaceas and, from now on, it's every man for himself

IT WOULD be just like the depraved Adolf Hitler to quit this year and catch us with our postwar plans down. And you can't trust the Japs, either. Not that anybody worth listening to in Washington expects either Germans or Japs to have wit enough to run up the white flag while they have anything left to run it up on. But in the event they should double-cross us it is wholly possible that we'd be left suddenly with twelve million fighting men and twenty-five million war-production workers to find jobs for, to say nothing of the business of reconverting about three fifths of our industries to peace production.

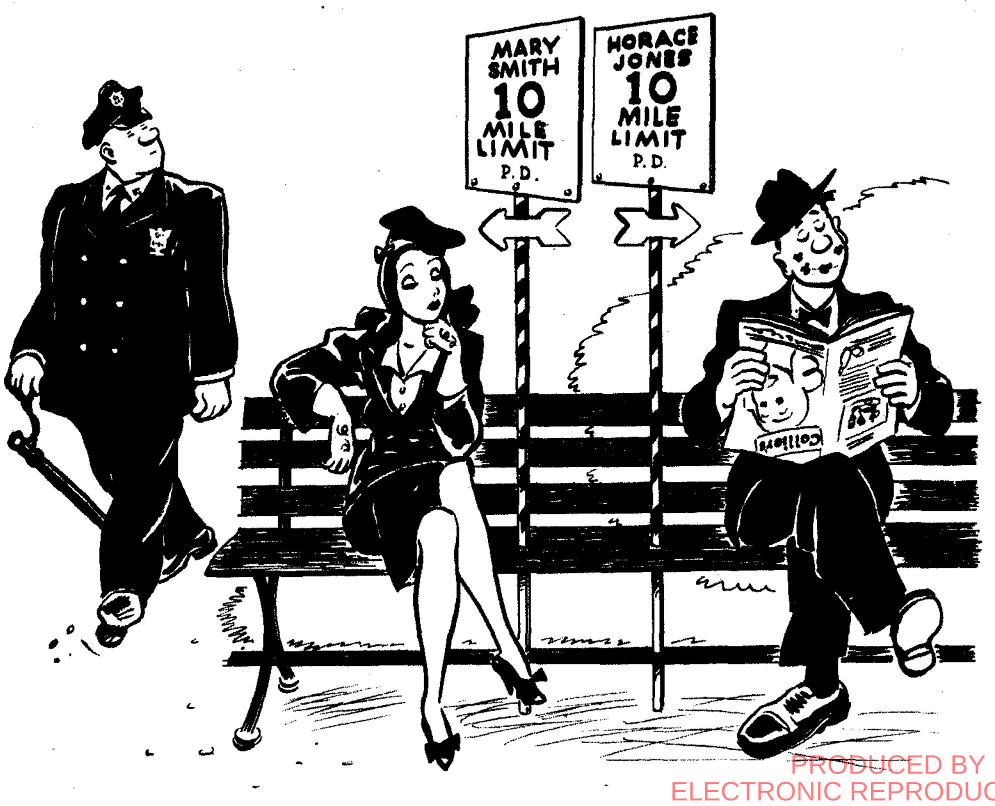
To the consternation of the Administration's ill-wishers, Mr. Baruch's plan was thrown to the public at least four months before schedule—the schedule having been written by them. Thus the Administration won the first round in the political brawl which threatens this year to be noisier than the war. From now on, on the floors of Congress, via radio and in pulpits, you will hear postwar planning shouted in all known clichés. Before we shall know whether our recovery from war is to be administered from the White House or from Capitol Hill the whole subject will have had a horrible political kicking-around.

When the White House came forth with the Baruch plan, the shock was felt hardest in a small office on the third floor of the Senate Office Building—the home of the Senate Special Committee on Postwar Economic Policy and Planning. In that office are more than three hundred plans waiting to be woven into a policy. But until the White House led with its powerful Baruch to the chin, not a politician in Washington would touch any of them with a long-handled mine extractor.

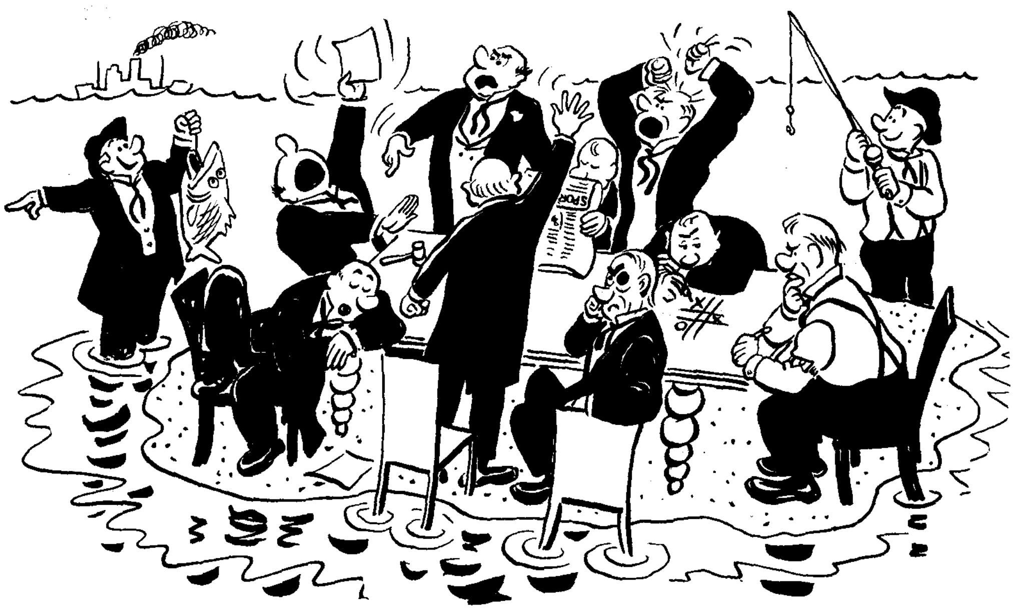
Until then, nobody seeking office this year was taking any chances—not with the voting public in its current bouncer humor. Plans which might please management might enrage labor. Those which had organized labor's okay would alienate the farm vote. And those on which labor and management might conceivably get together might fetch rebel yells out of both the farmer and the little businessman. The Army wanted to administer reconversion. The Navy wanted a hand in it. The War Production Board thought it was best equipped. The Department of Commerce believed that it was best fitted because of its neutrality. And so on.

The Senate Committee had an idea that the public should be conditioned for whatever plan might eventually be adopted. It thought that it should take to the radio and tell the country just what peace's problems would be. But word came from the White House that this would be bad practice, that too much talk about peace might distract the public's mind from the job at hand—winning the war. Then, according to the committee, the White House pulled a fast one.

Actually the Administration would have preferred that comprehensive postwar planning be deferred until after the campaign, but it simply couldn't trust the opposition—Republicans and anti-Roosevelt Democrats. Just before the White House released Mr. Baruch's plan, the rumor grew that the opposition was merely waiting for the so-called psychological moment to spring a plan warranted to make



"Mind your own business" is the basic idea back of the stationary plan. It limits everybody's travel to 10 miles



This is the Global Congress, ruling the world from an island in the Atlantic. It's simple: you obey or you don't eat

Townsendeers, Technocrats, the Social Justice crowd, the Social Crediteers and all the other patented hallelujah-jammers ashamed of their lack of imagination. Maybe it was only a dreadful rumor but the White House was taking no chances.

In the offices of the Special Committee, etc., sat Mr. Scott Russell of Macon, Georgia. Mr. Russell is Counselor to the Committee. He is a strongly built, middle-aged, graying gentleman with humorous eyes. He is president of the Bibb Manufacturing Company (textiles) and was urged into this small-thanks job by his friend, Senator Walter F. George, who is the committee's chairman. Mr. Russell has the naturally relaxed manner of a man who doesn't waste time trying to do better than his best and is resigned to the fact that there is quite a difference between a national policy and a campaign issue.

It is Mr. Russell's job to read and collate all the plans contributed to the committee. If occasionally the submitted ideas confuse him as much as the contributor seems to be confused, he may call upon any of the multitude of government agencies for the advice of their countless experts and interpreters. Frequently, however, such calls add nothing to clarity. It's pretty much like summoning a stranger off the street to settle a domestic argument.

Too Many Axes to Grind

Often the borrowed expert has a plan of his own and has just been waiting to warn the committee of the disaster to come unless it's adopted. Or he is a shill for his bureau's own plan. At least twenty-five government agencies have been working up postwar plans on their own. Each has worked thereon in a secrecy which would make the State Department or the Office of Strategic Warfare look like a department-store window at high noon. And some of them even sent out spies to ferret into the operations of rivals. Moreover, each of these plan-writing bureaus was seeking thus to convince the White House that the others were frittering away the taxpayer's time and money in a manner very scandalous indeed.

Therefore, Mr. Russell has not only to study each plan coming into the committee offices but he has also to be on his guard against borrowed and devious experts. Most of these experts have been economists with long noses to look down. And some of them have offered personally conceived plans as miraculous and daffy as the Super Fat tax idea which we shall lay before you in a moment.

The report which Mr. Russell, via Senator George, has submitted to the Senate was designed to give birth to a resolution. The resolution adopted, after necessary committee wrangling and over the protesting outcries of plan-writers whose panaceas were discarded, a commission would be appointed—although Republicans and anti-Administration Democrats protest that to give the appointive power to the President just means "Here we go again."

But that won't be Mr. Russell's responsibility. The basis of his final report (preliminary reports being trial balloons) was fashioned out of first-class plans written by completely aware people. It leaves to state, city and other local authorities all local projects dealing with their own unemployed. Later, perhaps, it would offer plans for assisting such local authorities to finance their projects out of a federal Treasury which Senator George says is already empty.

And whether, eventually, the commission would take over such emergency projects as the Department of the Interior's power and irrigation public works, no one knew. Mr. Ickes says that this project can become operative in thirty days after victory and give employment to 480,000 men for three years. But there are members of Senator George's postwar planning committee who wouldn't trust Mr. Ickes any farther than a butterfly can spit. They also see the big cold old hand of Mr. Ickes hovering over them prepared to grab control of the whole works.

The basic plans from which the committee's report rises are those of the Committee for Economic Development, of which Mr. Paul G. Hoffman, president of the Studebaker Corporation, is chairman; the National Planning Association, headed by Mr. William L. Batt, vice-chairman of the War Labor Board; the Brookings Institution, the American Federation of Labor and the C.I.O.

Postwar planning is a double headache for these two labor groups. Someone has assured them both that at least six million of our servicemen are going to return to civil life yearning to do something permanent to labor leaders and labor organizations who have been responsible for war-production strikes. We cannot vouch for the figures. But be assured of this: Both the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. have ambitions to be more important in politics and industrial management. And at this moment they are wondering just what they'd better do about the irate six million.

And before we go further, you may as well know that while the War Production Board is at present a little too busy to be fooling around with administering the economic aspects of the peace, Mr. Nelson and his associates are firmly convinced that no existing or possible agency is as well equipped as they are to direct industrial reconversion. The situation is, you see, somewhat complicated.

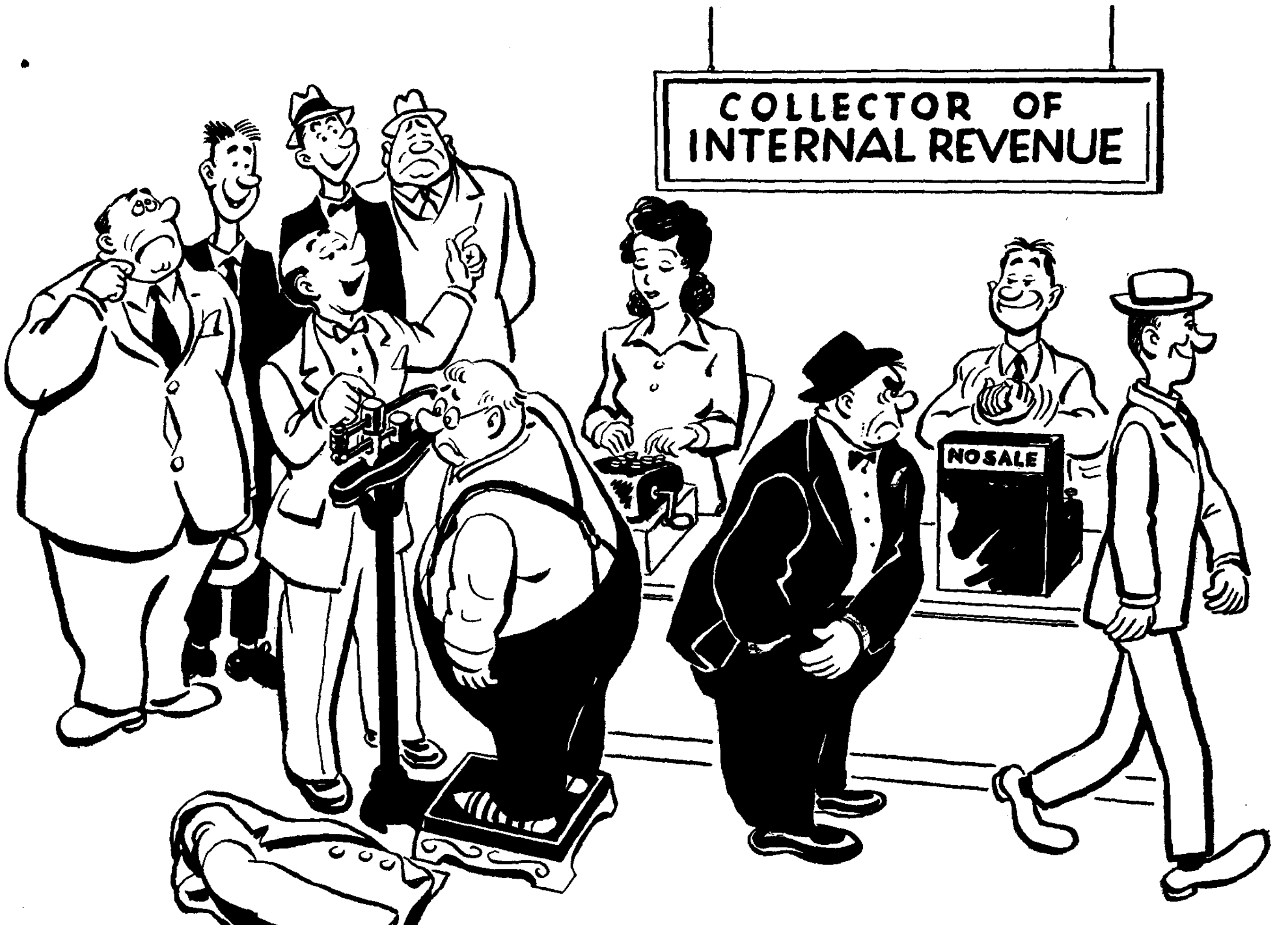
Mr. Nelson has already promised the Smaller War Plant Corporation, which was created to fight the reconversion battles of subcontractors and "little businessmen," that as surpluses occurred in materials they should be released first to its wards. In the Senate now is a bill to create an Office of War Contract Termination. It will, according to Senator George, be incorporated into a larger general measure creating a commission to supervise the cancellation of war contracts, demobilize and reconvert industrial plants and dispose of surplus government property. Unhappily for this commission, it will doubtless be its job to decide such dismal problems as who shall be demobilized first and how to placate those war material contractors who will thus be late in getting back to a peace basis.

But Mr. Russell, firmly refusing to permit his emotional temperature to rise above the mildly annoyed level, goes right along reading incoming plans at the rate of five or six a day. So let's sit down here in his office and help him read them. Maybe you had better take off your coat, even loosen your necktie. Some citizens have developed some pretty hot flashes.

Here's that Super Fat tax plan. This gentleman is convinced that there is entirely too much human poundage waddling around loose, doing nothing except taking up much valuable room. He begins on the premise that the United States Treasury will be pretty innocent of cash when the war's over. Moreover, he thinks, American industry will be idle for a year while refitting itself for peace and will, therefore, produce no tax moneys. So he'd weigh us all. Those of us whose weight exceeds the standard set by life-insurance companies for our age and height would be taxed twenty-five cents per pound up to fifteen per cent overweight. Anyone fifteen per cent overweight or more would have to pay a dollar for each of those unnecessary pounds. In thirty typewritten pages complete with graphs, tables and curves this economist proves that the income from this levy would finance virtually everything necessary to maintaining the American way of life until things get going again. After that we'd be permitted to go hog-wild once more.

A few of these plans tend to frustrate the casual reader. Some people have to read them twice to catch on. "Get rid of the inequalities in the use of vast territory," writes the author of the Permanent Peace, Plenty and Prosperity Plan. "Also abolish great wealth given free to your species and your prejudices will disappear and our intended unity will be conjoined

(Continued on page 72)



You'll be glad to hear the Treasury isn't considering the Super Fat tax, which would cost you a buck a pound

ESCAPE FROM BEAUTY

BY PETER PAUL O'MARA

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

DR. WARWICK O'BRIEN HATHAWAY and his distinguished, rather formidable wife, Caroline, live with their three daughters—Moira, Sheila and Erin—in the pleasant old town of Whitestone, Virginia. All three girls are extraordinarily beautiful with a loveliness that has become almost legendary the world over. Two of them marry; Moira becomes the wife of Jean Desalles, a wealthy New York banker, and Sheila has taken for her fourth husband a hero of the Royal Air Force, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Alistair Bowers. Then, some two years after Pearl Harbor, it is rumored that Erin is engaged to Lloyd Curran, a powerful figure in Hollywood, now a major in the U. S. Army.

Dr. Dane Johns—a young man who, brought up as a foster son in the Hathaway home, is regarded as a member of the family—hears of the engagement. He heads a hospital founded by Jean Desalles on Long Island; he has an office in New York City; he is a busy man. But when Dr. Hathaway invites him to come down to Whitestone for the family's annual Christmas dinner, he goes gladly.

Quite by chance, on the train as it enters Washington, he is near an attractive couple—a good-looking Army major and a diamond-adorned, mink-coated girl. He sees the girl put her arms around her companion; he hears her say: "I love you, Lloyd darling." And he suspects that the major may be—*Erin's fiancé!*

On the local train to Whitestone, the two men take the same car. Both are bound for the Hathaways'. They introduce themselves. The major *is* Lloyd Curran! He tells Johns that his friend on the train was Lane Delancy, a motion-picture actress. . . .

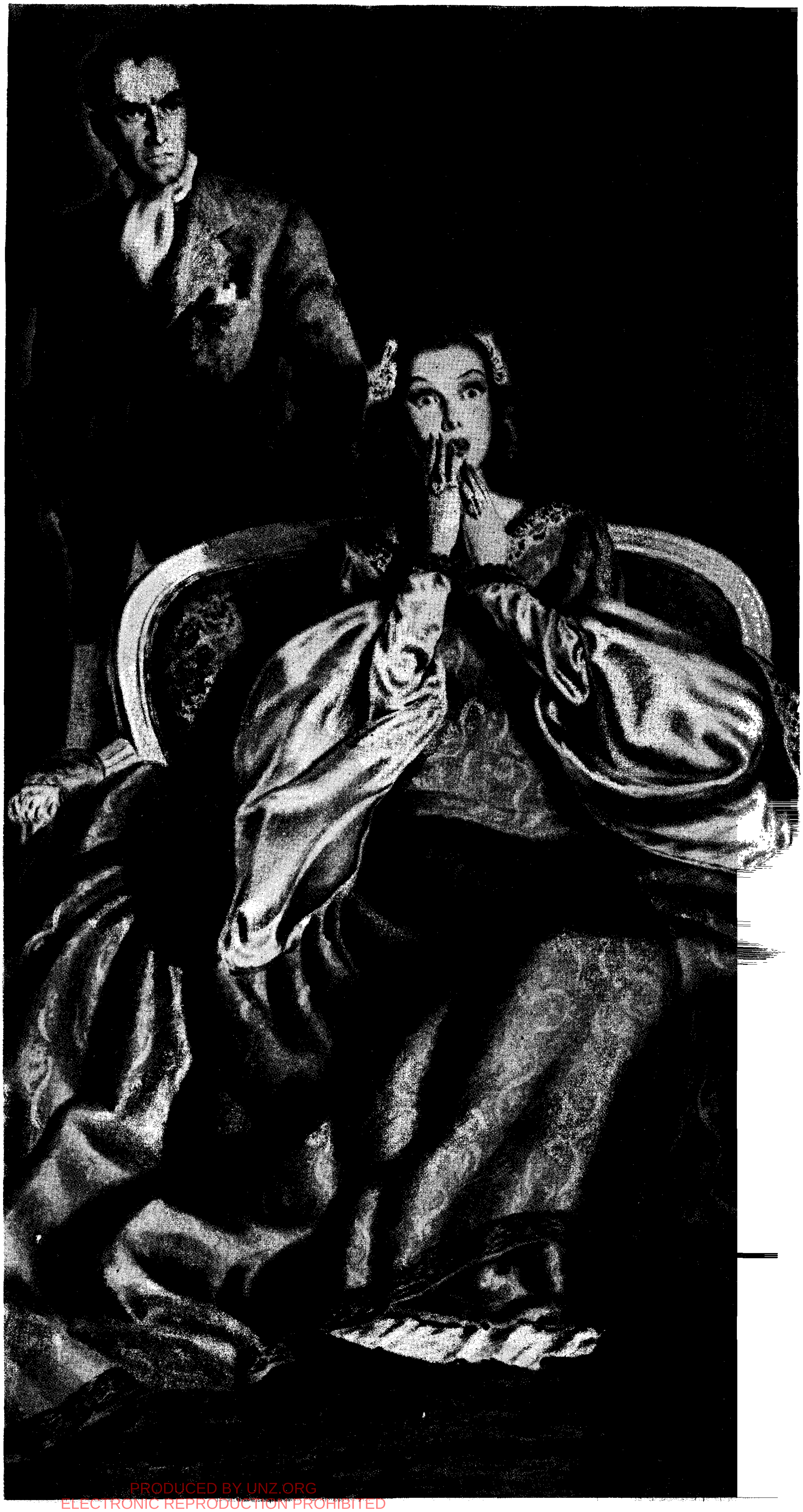
The party turns out to be a brilliant one. Sheila and her husband are among the guests, and the young Englishman makes a favorable impression on everyone. The climactic moment comes when Erin's father rises and prepares to announce her engagement. As he is speaking, a man in whom all three of the girls have always been more than mildly interested—Stephen Sawyer—strides in.

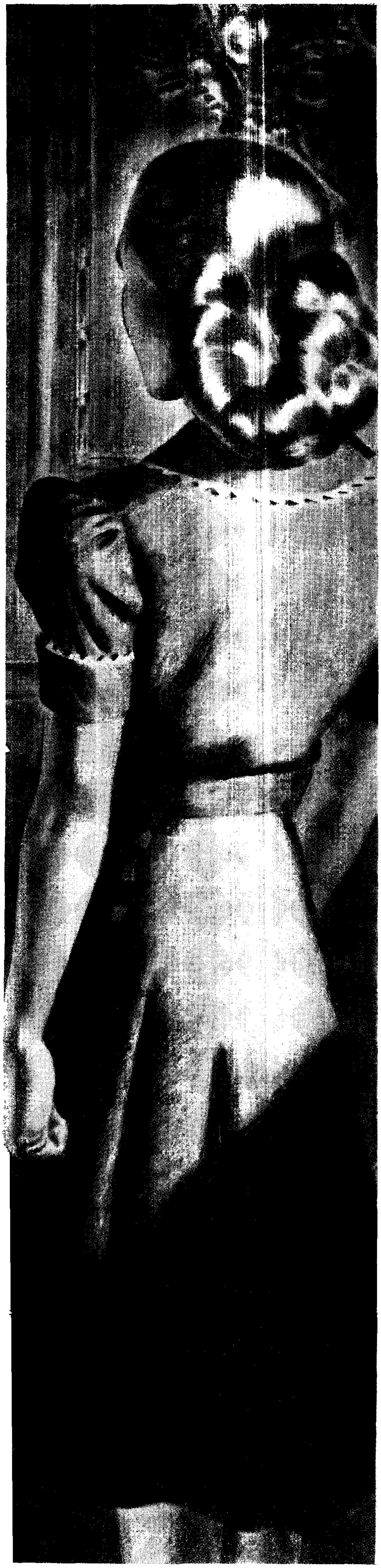
Sawyer's home is next to the Hathaways'. An artist, he had enlisted in the Army at the time of Pearl Harbor; now he has come back, unknown to anyone. He says, casually, that he has returned from Guadalcanal a wreck, that he is no longer in the Army. Everyone—especially Erin—gives him an enthusiastic welcome. Then, when the excitement has died down, Dr. Hathaway finishes the announcement.

Later, when she is alone with Stephen, Erin *asks him if he will marry her!* Stephen says, flatly, that he does not want a wife.

From that moment on, Erin feels trapped, is in a savage, dangerous mood. Realizing this, when the Whitestone Hunt starts the following day, Johns keeps an eye on the girl, whose mount is a wild black stallion. He sees her take some dangerous jumps, and he follows close behind. Then, to Johns' horror, the stallion falls. Hitting the top strand of a wire fence, the animal turns a somersault and Erin is hurled to the ground.

Leaping from his horse, Johns makes his way toward the girl. She rises and staggers toward him; and, as she draws near, all he can think is: Oh, her face—her lovely face!





ERIN lay at the bottom of a whirlpool of silence in which small sounds flickered around her and then swirled up and away, out of reach of her ears—the creaking of a floorboard under a tiptoeing foot; the muffled noise of her mother's weeping; the whispering of her father and Dane Johns and the nurse; the sound of cars in the street; the music of colored voices in the kitchen raised in song and abruptly hushed; and, far away, the whistle of the train as it entered the valley.

At first, there was a sense of hurt, though not much of it, dull and heavy, lying below her sleep. Occasionally, the sleep would thin and the shape of pain would sharpen and grow clear, but Dane or the nurse was always there to bring sleep again and banish reality below the depths of her perception.

And then one morning she woke and found herself in her own room. The pain was gone. She lay quite still for a long time, trying to decide whether it was gone for good, or waiting an opportunity to come back.

Finally, cautiously, she came to the conclusion that it was gone. There was an empty place inside her where it had been and her body was strangely stiff and sore, but otherwise she felt fine.

The sun poured through the eastern windows of her room and lay across her bed. Nice sun, she thought. Nice sun, warm and full of health. It was good to be lying in the sunlight again, and not in the dark.

"What day is it?" she asked aloud.

A nurse was sitting at the dressing table. She turned immediately and came to the bed.

"Thursday. And how do you feel this morning?"

"Pretty good. Four days gone. I must have had a concussion."

The woman's face veiled and became reticent. "You just be quiet for a few minutes, my dear. I have orders to call your father and Doctor Johns as soon as you woke."

Erin frowned at the nurse's retreating back. Something was wrong. Something was definitely wrong. The nurse was too eager to get away, too afraid of questions. Erin had had a concussion; that was obvious. But there must be something more. She wriggled her toes and fingers, and was relieved to have them answer her will.

Her face felt stiff, and she raised her hands to touch it. It was covered with bandages that left nothing free but her eyes and her mouth. So that was it, she thought. Of course, that was it. She remembered the red earth rushing up at her.

A quick clammy fear was born inside her and grew as she lay quiet. She tried to keep her mind from seeing the horrible faces she had met on streets and in trains, the twisted, pathetic wrecks that might once have been faces as beautiful as hers. I won't be afraid, she told herself, and the fear grew within her, enveloping her mind and her heart like a yellow fog. I won't be afraid, she insisted, and thought of herself walking into a crowded room, of people turning to her as they always had and then looking away quickly in sick disgust.

DANE JOHNS and her father came in the door, and she turned her head to them as they stopped beside her bed. Her father seemed worn and anxious, and Dane, as usual, was scowling. He looked a little grayish, too, and she supposed she had kept him pretty busy. She felt a momentary, faint pang of compunction; this was supposed to be his vacation.

"You ought to get more sleep," she greeted the two of them. "You look scrubby."

"We might," Dane said, "if there were fewer idiots who thought they knew how to ride horses."

"Ah, no, Dane!" her father said. He sat down on the edge of the bed and took her hand. "How is my poor darling this morning?"

"I'm all right." She hesitated a second and then took a deep breath and asked what had to be asked. "I want to know how bad my face is."

Her father's mouth twitched, and she thought for a dreadful moment that he was going to cry. But he pulled himself together, patting her hand nervously.

"Now, now, my dear. All you've got to do is get well and strong again, and you can't do that if you're going to worry."

Almost violently, she pulled her hand away. "Daddy, don't dodder at me! Can't you see I've got to know?"

But she knew she could never make him understand; he would only speak vague and comforting generalities that could tell her nothing at all. And the fear within her was growing, threatening to blot out her carefully held grip on her nerves.

"Daddy," she said in a quiet, deadly voice, "I wish you would go away."

He looked at her in hurt astonishment, and she felt her heart twist with pity and contrition, but she had to know the truth. She could not stand not knowing, for another moment.

"I don't want you here," she told him decisively. "I want to speak to Dane."

Her father touched her hand again and turned away. Dane walked across the room with him and opened the door to let him out.

DANE watched Doctor Hathaway until the bowed head and heavy shoulders had disappeared around the curve of the stairs. Then he closed the door and walked back to the bed, feeling cold and stiff with anger.

"You're a perfect little lady, aren't you?" he said. "It doesn't matter whose feelings you mangle so long as you get what you want when you want it."

"Oh, shut up!" He heard a note in her voice he never remembered hearing before. "Dane, how bad is it?"

There was still enough anger in him to make him want to hurt her, but he made himself remember that she was his patient now, and not just a spoiled brat he would like to punish. He paused to consider his answer, trying to decide how much to tell her.

"Bad enough," he said at last. "You're not the beauty you were."

There was silence, and he saw her fingers tighten on the coverlet and then relax, slowly, as if she were forcing herself into quietness.

"Take off these bandages and bring me a mirror," she commanded at last. Her voice was quite steady.

"Wait until tomorrow."

"I don't want to wait."

"Not even you can always have things exactly as you want them, dear Erin."

She moved impatiently. "Dane, stop being sadistic. Either you take them off, or I do—unless you're prepared to tie me in bed."

For a moment he did nothing. There was no reason why the bandages should not come off; he had just thought to give her another day of rest. Reluctantly, he bent over and when he had finished, he brought a silver hand mirror from her dresser and handed it to her silently. She looked into his eyes for a moment and then set her jaw and held up the mirror to her face.

He could not tell what she was thinking. She examined herself carefully, her bruised eyes gleaming purplish-green in her white face, her nose swollen, the stitched cut that pulled one corner of her mouth into a mournful droop. He saw her eyes go from one thing to another, and still she said nothing. And then, suddenly, she was laughing.

At first, he thought it was hysteria, and then realized that although there was hysteria in the laughter, there was also genuine, rueful amusement.

"Quite a sight, aren't I?" she gasped at last. "I look like something the Army has just got through using."

He could not help admiring her. She might be ill-mannered and violent, but she had courage. "It won't be quite so bad," he said, "when the swelling subsides and your eyes get back to normal."

She grinned derisively. "With this mouth and a crooked nose, I still won't rate any whistles from the fleet!"

"I didn't know that was one of your ambitions."

She glanced back to the mirror. "I suppose you're responsible for the hemstitching. Not very good at it, are you? Has Lloyd seen me yet?"

He ignored the challenge. "I'm not in the habit of putting patients on exhibition."

"I just asked," she said, and smiled at her image in the glass.

He gazed at her in astonishment. Her beauty had been such a fabulous thing that even he felt a shocked sense of loss, now that he realized it was gone. And yet here she was, apparently accepting the loss as a rather special joke.

"You're lucky you got off as easy as you did," he said. "You might have been dead."

"I am dead. The last of the lovely Hathaway sisters is now a comic valentine. Now get out of here, Dane, and let me get acquainted with this plain dame I find in my bed." He turned to go, but her voice stopped him at the door. "Tell them I'll be down for dinner."

"You won't," he told her decisively. "You'll stay in that bed at least another day."

"Dane, stop acting the hairy-chested brute; you're not at all the type. I'm getting up."

He went out, banging the door behind him. If she wanted to get up, up she would get, and not all the medical advice in America would *(Continued on page 27)*

Stephen turned around. Moira's thin beautiful hands went to her mouth as she looked at Erin. "Oh, my dear!" she said. "Oh, my poor dear!" For a long moment there was complete silence

PEEPSIGHT'S EASTER PARTY

BY FRANK X. TOLBERT ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Peepsight Ringwood was always a good man in the clutch, but this time, unfortunately, it was only a clutch of eggs—and wigi-wigi eggs at that

CORPORAL LEROY (PEEPSIGHT) RINGWOOD sat down among some banyan tree roots and tried to compose a letter. He worked over the letter for a few minutes and then he cussed and threw his paper and pencil in the sand. He picked up his Browning automatic rifle and walked off down the beach.

He dropped what he'd written on the deck right by where I was corking off. So I couldn't help but read it. The letter started out this way:

"Dear Papa:

"How are things at home? I guess the horse and mule business ought to be pretty good. I am sorry to learn from your last letter that Mamma and you are still awfully ashamed of me and my duties, but you don't have much reason to be. I am not working in no post office in San Francisco, and I don't see how you ever got the idea I was. I am down here in the South Pacific with Colonel Robertson's Raiders, though I can not tell you the exact island. Mamma asked me in her last letter to go visit Aunt Sarah Ringwood in Oakland. Well, I guess this island is about a thousand wagon greasings from Oakland, and maybe more—"

The letter ended there. And I just left it lie on the deck, figuring that Peepsight might come back some time and finish writing it.

Survey, the mess sergeant came up about that time and sat down among the banyan roots and relaxed his big shoulders and let the sweat roll down his moon face. He had been cooking hot cakes all morning and his skivvy tops were damp with perspiration. Survey and Ringwood were from the same town in Oklahoma. So I asked:

"Why is it, Survey, that Ringwood gets so sore every time he writes a letter to his folks or gets mail from them? For most of the guys here on Gawgi Island, mail call is a happy time. But it is not for Peepsight."

Survey replied:

"I guess it is on account of the disheartening letters he gets from his ma and pa. Peepsight's father is one of the most prominent horse and mule traders in the Oklahoma Panhandle, and he is plenty sharp on any kind of business deal. However, there are a lot of things about which he is just plain ignorant. Ringwood hasn't been home in two years and right now the old guy has the idea that Peepsight is a postal clerk in San Francisco, just because Peepsight, like all of us, gets his mail in care of the Fleet Post Office at Frisco. That's just a sample of how dumb Peepsight's papa is. And his ma is kind of behind the times, too. She goes around these days just cussing Kaiser Bill for all he's worth."

Survey fanned himself with his greasy go-to-hell cap and continued:

"When this war is over, I'm going back to the Oklahoma Panhandle and settle down. It is the most beautiful country there is and about the only thing wrong with it is that the Ringwood family lives there. You think that Peepsight is tough and ornery, and you're mostly right. But you should see them folks of his!

"Why, back home Peepsight was considered the sissy of the Ringwood family. The other boys, who are middle-aged men, and Papa Ringwood were always beating him up and even Mrs. Ringwood was rough on the boy. That was one of the reasons that he run off from home and joined up with this Marine Corps when he was only a mere youngster."

AS WE were talking, Tommy Meliai and some of his people came walking into the village, grinning and greeting the Marines. Tommy is chief of all the natives on Gawgi Island. He's a very smart man and considerable of a dude, and he dresses fit to kill. He had on a Japanese colonel's blouse but without any trousers, just a lap-lap cloth. He had on a top hat, a couple of strings of imitation pearls around his neck, and he was carrying a Japanese infantryman's pack on his back.

Our regiment of Marines had just about cleaned Gawgi of Japs, but a few Shambos were hiding out in the bush. Colonel Robertson was paying the natives a bounty for every Nip they brought in, dead or alive, and the Jap-hunting business was paying off good for Tommy Meliai's people.

This time they brought in about six, including one Nip officer. After the M.P.s had secured the prisoners, Colonel Robertson and the chief held a big pow-wow on the beach. The colonel paid Meliai the bounty and the chief and his folks walked out of camp, grinning and greeting all of us. When they'd gone, Colonel Robertson called Survey the mess sergeant.

"Survey," said the colonel, "you probably know that Tommy Meliai is a devout Christian and he is very well educated. He went to school for a long time in England."

"Yes, sir," said Survey.

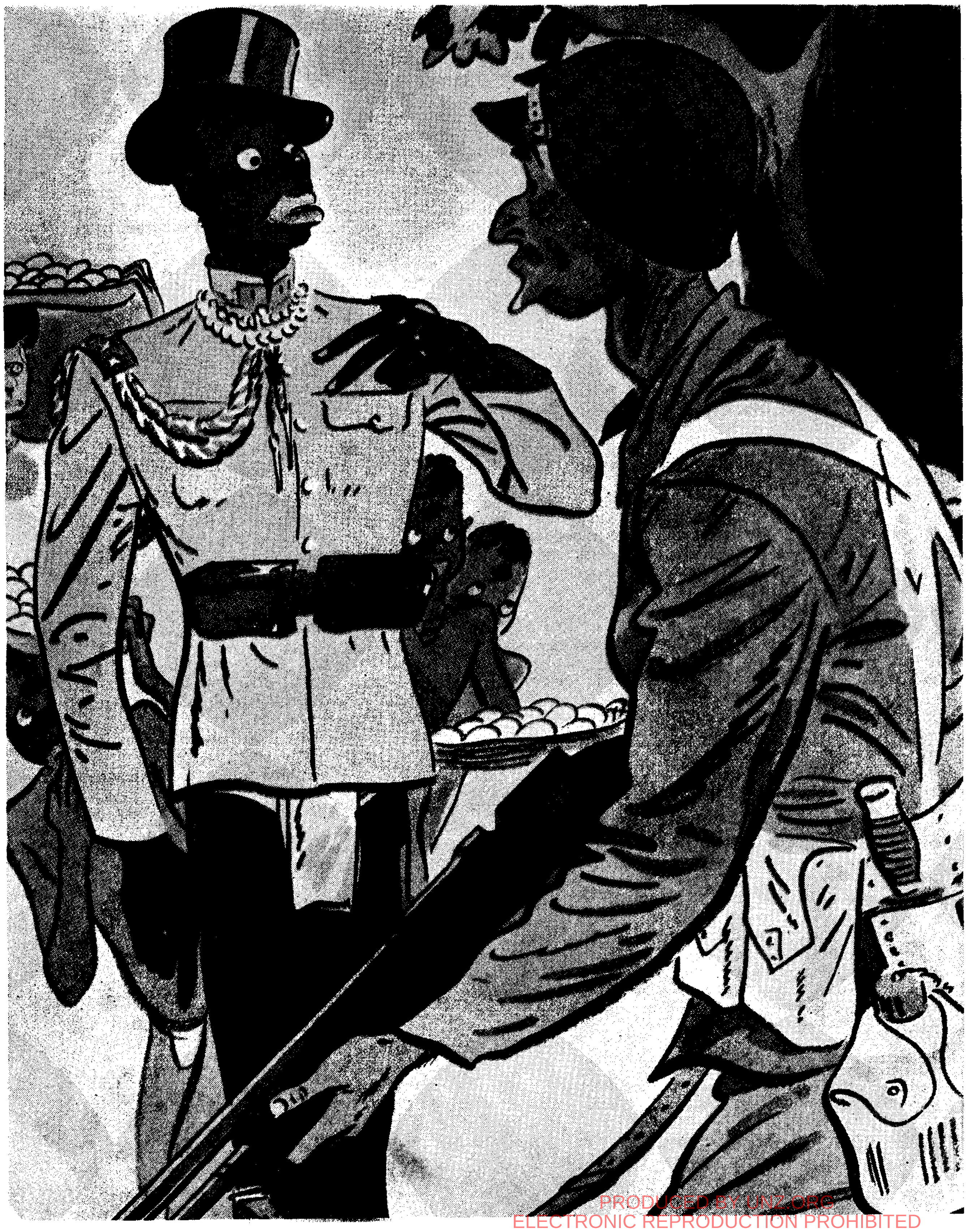
"Well, Tommy has been reading about the Easter egg hunt and egg-rolling they hold every year on the White House lawn in Washington. Meliai, rightly, considers himself the chief executive of Gawgi. He's in a celebrating mood, what with Gawgi liberated from the Nips. He wants to have an Easter egg party of his own for the kids of the big village. Only thing he doesn't know anything about holding an Easter egg hunt or dyeing the eggs, and he's asking our help. I'm putting you in charge of a three-man Easter egg detail. You can pick two other men. Meliai will have you plenty of those big wigi-wigi bird eggs. You'll just have to dye them, for the Gawgi kids like their eggs raw."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Survey coldly, for he disliked the detail very much.

As soon as Colonel Robertson got out of earshot, I asked Survey:

"Who are you picking for this business? I hope I am not included. I have been suffering with cat fever for the past week, and I would not be surprised if I were not coming down with the mu-mu."

Survey replied: "Naw, you *(Continued on page 51)*



"How, boy!" said Ringwood. "Go tellum chief chop-chop that we here." "Really, chap," replied Tommy Meliai, "is that horrible gibberish for my benefit?"

Troubadour

By Mac Kinlay Kantor

True to his ancient calling, Burl Ives warms the hearts of all who listen with ageless ballads of romance and derring-do

HUSTON-PIX

IN THE lives of folk who crave echoes of Americana and the witchery of old-world sagas, there is a demarcation to be noted: Before Burl Ives, or After Burl Ives.

Believe it or not, he was actually christened Burl Icle Ivanhoe Ives.

Few listeners go unmoved when they hear his 280 pounds of muscle open up a golden mouth and sing a golden song. Those who are already addicts of the primitive ballad (Irish, English, Scottish, or good old Missourian) exhibit signs of pure lunacy. For Burl Ives of Jasper County, Illinois, is a beaming, majestic layer of spells, a blue-eyed ex-soldier, ex-actor, ex-professional football player, barge dweller and convivial wayfarer.

It was late in 1940 when I first heard him and suffered all the usual idiocy. It was down on a Florida key. At 8:30 A.M. I switched on the radio.

Suddenly all the yellow richness of West Country England was dwelling in that palm-shaded room. Suddenly an old horse was climbing a hill—the air was melting with rusty smocks and sweat-stained pitchforks and saintly whiskers.

Tam Pearce, Tam Pearce
Lend me your gray mare . . .
Us wants to go to Widecomb Fair . . .

I yelled at my children to come into the house and listen. During the next twelve minutes, we heard not only of Widecomb Fair but also:

His wife she died in a poolroom fight,
But still he keeps laughing and singing all night!
Ride around, little dogies . . .

And we absorbed, too, the history of a dog named Old Blue, who died so hard that he jarred the back-yard earth.

Children and I mingled delighted tears together, and then a voice from St. Petersburg announced that we had just been entertained by Burl Ives, the Wayfaring Stranger.

With the egotistical delight of a discoverer I ran to the telephone, convinced that in the wilds of Florida I had discovered the greatest folklore minstrel of modern times, and planning to astonish New York agents and musical producers with the miracle of my catch.

By that time, I was put through to the radio station in St. Petersburg, and demanding to speak to Burl Ives before he galloped off to elfland.

A female voice dispelled my fancies promptly. "Burl Ives?" drawled the female voice. "Why, that's a network feature from New York, mister."

A Voice for Men's Hearts

I find that many others had suffered the same delirious pangs on their first exposure to this massive troubadour. After the whining hangdog ballads of those Jeffs and Jerushays in common vaudeville, the limpid power of Burl Ives is a veritable geyser of song. He is completely catholic in his taste and in his repertoire because of a natural desire to embrace and interpret simple people in every clime and century.

If long-hanged Willie Brennan stabs his imagination, Burl Ives promptly becomes Willie Brennan, blunderbuss in hand and shamrock hills beckoning beyond. He is by turns the fox on a chilly night, making away with an old gray goose on his furry back; he is the rider of Old Paint, leaving the dust of Cheyenne behind him; he is Lord Randal, My Son, who gobbled the fatal portion of eel broth; he is the engineer of the Midnight Special, the sleeper awakened by the Wobbly Ghost of Joe Hill.

Being a simple and sensible man, Burl Ives puts it more simply. He says, "I just like to sing."

In 1913, an old soldier drove his buggy past the tenant farm near Hunt, Illinois, where dwelt Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ives and their six children. The neighborhood called them "those singing Iveses." They were by no means the most successful farmers of the neighborhood, but there was something about the way those Iveses sang.

The old soldier pulled up his horse and listened. Mrs. Ives and her next-to-youngest were out in the garden on their knees, poking down onion sets. Burl—yellow-haired, ruddy-cheeked, about as tall as a setter pup and just as wide—was singing solo at the moment.

The old soldier applauded from his buggy. "Guess we'll have to have *that* on the program at the reunion," he crowed.

They did. On a plank-built platform under rippling cottonwood leaves, Burl Ives sang in public. He has been singing in public and in private ever since—more than thirty years of assorted psalmody, although he'll be only thirty-five in June.

Before he began high school at Hunt, he had established considerable reputation in the community. They called him "Misery," and still do whenever he goes back there, which is frequently, for he cherishes an abiding nostalgia for his personal past. In the seventh grade he played the title role in a home-town production called Misery Moon, the Hoodooed Coon, and the name stuck.

The Ives fortunes took a turn for the better when Burl was a sophomore in high school. The family moved to the county seat of Newton, where Frank Ives established headquarters as a builder of bridges for the expanding highways of southeastern Illinois.

During his first two high-school years, Burl had to wait on tables in a village restaurant in order to earn his meals; but now he was practically a gentleman of leisure, what with the Robinson, Illinois, Rotary Club paying him twenty-five dollars for sheer delight at his songs and at the chatter of the little banjo he whanged.

Ives plays a guitar now and has for years; but he talks about going back to the banjo every now and then. The banjo was his first love.

There was leisure for football in 1925 and 1926; Burl was growing into a pink-cheeked toughie who weighed 190 pounds in his senior year. He played fullback behind a line of little 120- and 130-pounders and squashed happily through dismayed rival teams. In 1927, he elected to attend Eastern Illinois State Teachers College in near-by Charleston.

For two careless seasons, Burl Ives swelled in girth and bulk, playing football, singing in the college quartet, strumming his banjo at clubs and parties in Charleston. But he had begun to chafe at what he termed the emptiness and triviality of college existence.

Folk Songs Versus Ragtime

Those were the years when Gene Austin and young Rudy Vallee were the patron saints of America's youth. After You've Gone and the Maine Stein Song were what young people liked to hear, and Burl Ives felt dutifully ashamed of his private addiction to The Dreary Black Hills and Barbara Allen. But he moaned such ditties to himself whenever he walked abroad, and he stuffed them eagerly into the shell-pink ears of his girl of the moment. College girls and the girls of Charleston thought that he was kind of queer.

The horizon of the neighborhood seemed particularly empty to him in June of 1929, when the college closed for the summer.

"Big Un," he said to his father, "I guess I'm going away."

Big Un looked at him for a moment. "Where to?"

"I guess maybe New York."

(Continued on page 77)

Girls in the Arctic

Betty Hannaman of Ottawa, Kansas, came to the Far North to see something new and different, and she loves it. She's a secretary in the Engineers' field office. Insert is an advertising dodger that reveals a serious shortage

THE loud noise you may have heard coming down from the Far North recently was twenty thousand soldiers lustily cheering the announcement that the Army's program for constructing a highway, a telephone system, an oil pipe line, and an air route to Alaska required "stenographic talent" as well as truck drivers and cat skinners. To the soldiers that meant just one thing—girls with a capital G.

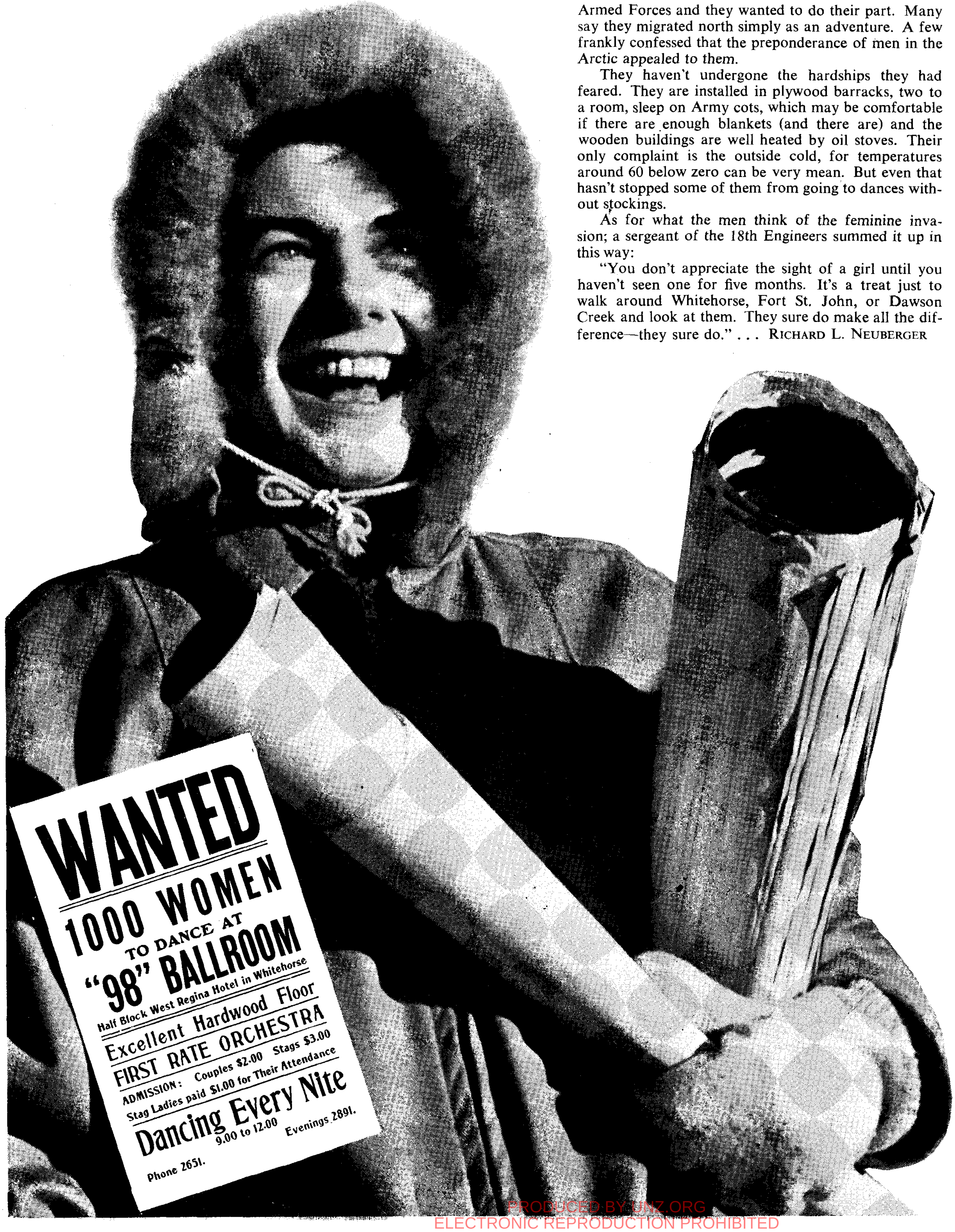
And now they're there—several hundred blondes, brunettes and redheads, working at camps and bases along the 2,000 wilderness miles from Edmonton to Fairbanks. Most of them are stenographers. Others operate switchboards, file papers, clerk in post offices, fill out pay checks and sell cigarettes and shaving cream at Army exchanges. They have released soldiers for such hard and essential tasks as driving, repairing and loading trucks on the Alaska Highway.

The girls come from all over the United States and Canada. Some have husbands and brothers in the Armed Forces and they wanted to do their part. Many say they migrated north simply as an adventure. A few frankly confessed that the preponderance of men in the Arctic appealed to them.

They haven't undergone the hardships they had feared. They are installed in plywood barracks, two to a room, sleep on Army cots, which may be comfortable if there are enough blankets (and there are) and the wooden buildings are well heated by oil stoves. Their only complaint is the outside cold, for temperatures around 60 below zero can be very mean. But even that hasn't stopped some of them from going to dances without stockings.

As for what the men think of the feminine invasion; a sergeant of the 18th Engineers summed it up in this way:

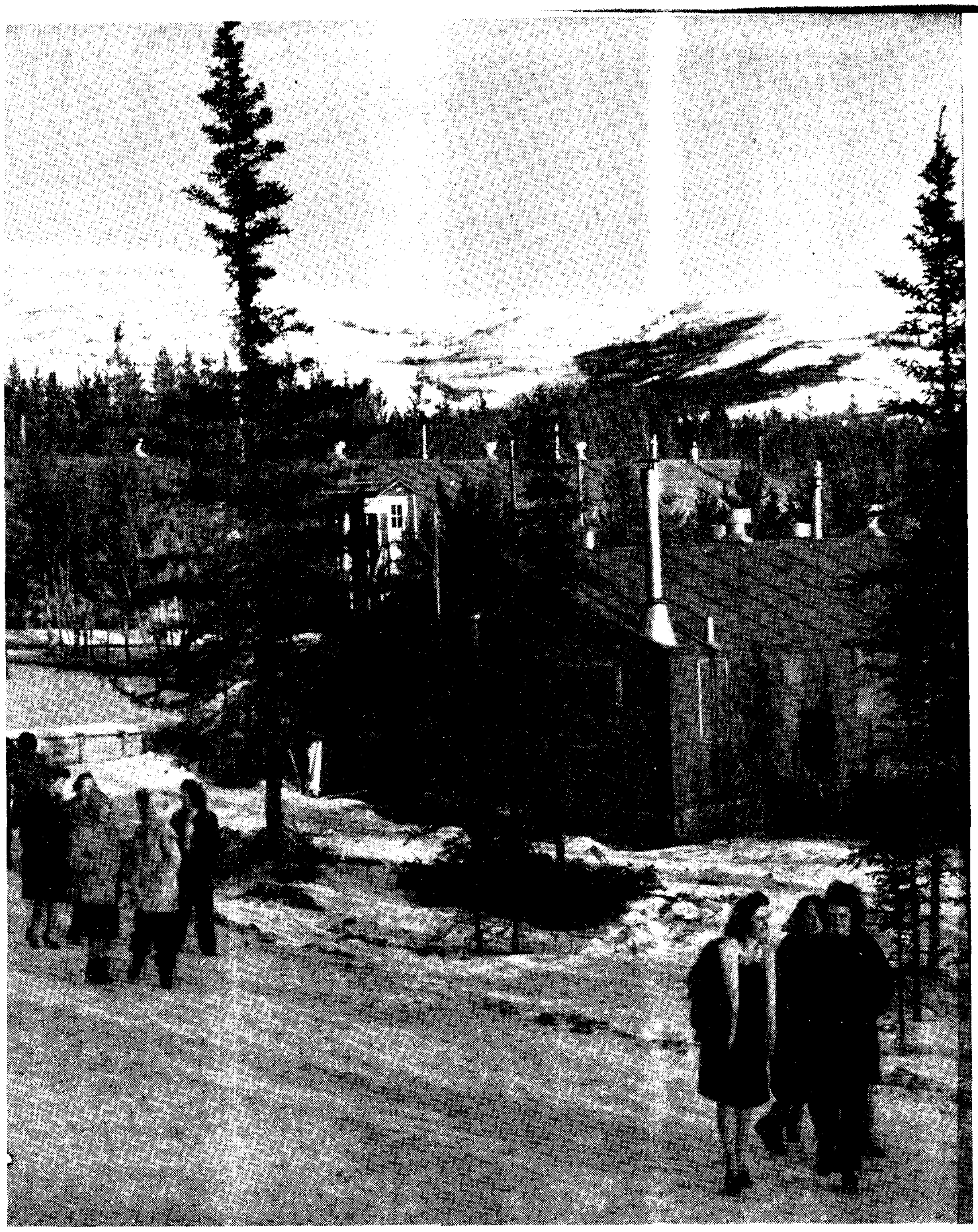
"You don't appreciate the sight of a girl until you haven't seen one for five months. It's a treat just to walk around Whitehorse, Fort St. John, or Dawson Creek and look at them. They sure do make all the difference—they sure do." . . . RICHARD L. NEUBERGER



WANTED
1000 WOMEN
TO DANCE AT
"98" BALLROOM
Half Block West Regina Hotel in Whitehorse
Excellent Hardwood Floor
FIRST RATE ORCHESTRA
ADMISSION: Couples $2.00 Stags $3.00
Stag Ladies paid $1.00 for Their Attendance
Dancing Every Nite
9.00 to 12.00
Evenings 2891.
Phone 2651.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARJORY COLLINS

Guitarist Meriel Knott is wea ing "red handles," which loo suspiciously like long underwe

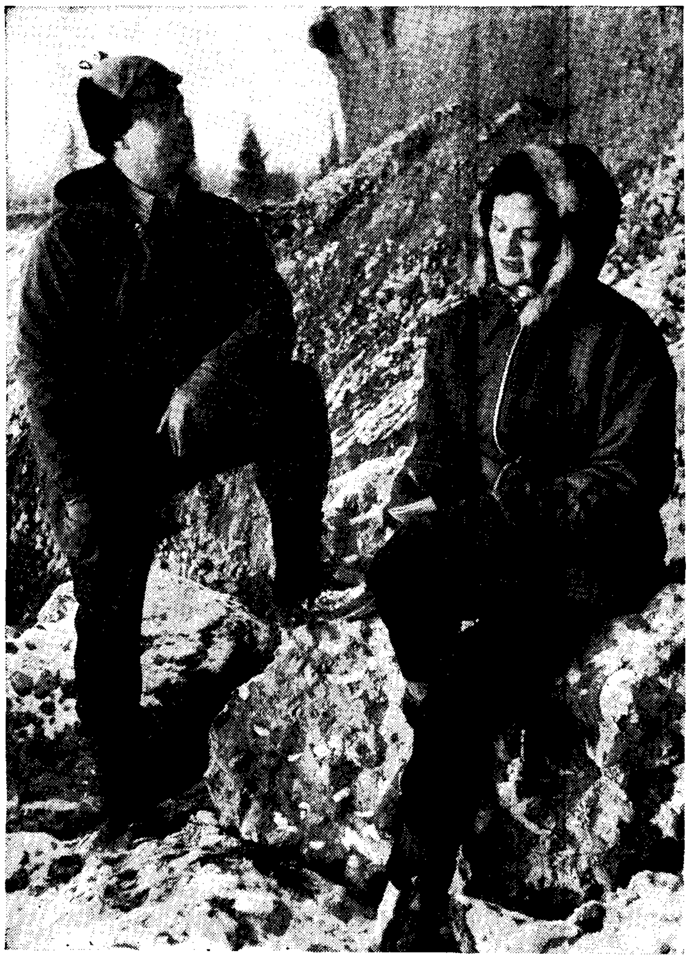


This picture, taken at 1 p.m., about an hour before sunset, shows many features of the Arctic country: snow-clad mountains, beautiful scenery, and it also shows one thing you'll seldom see—en girls and one man. As a rule, it's the other way around—about eighteen men to every girl

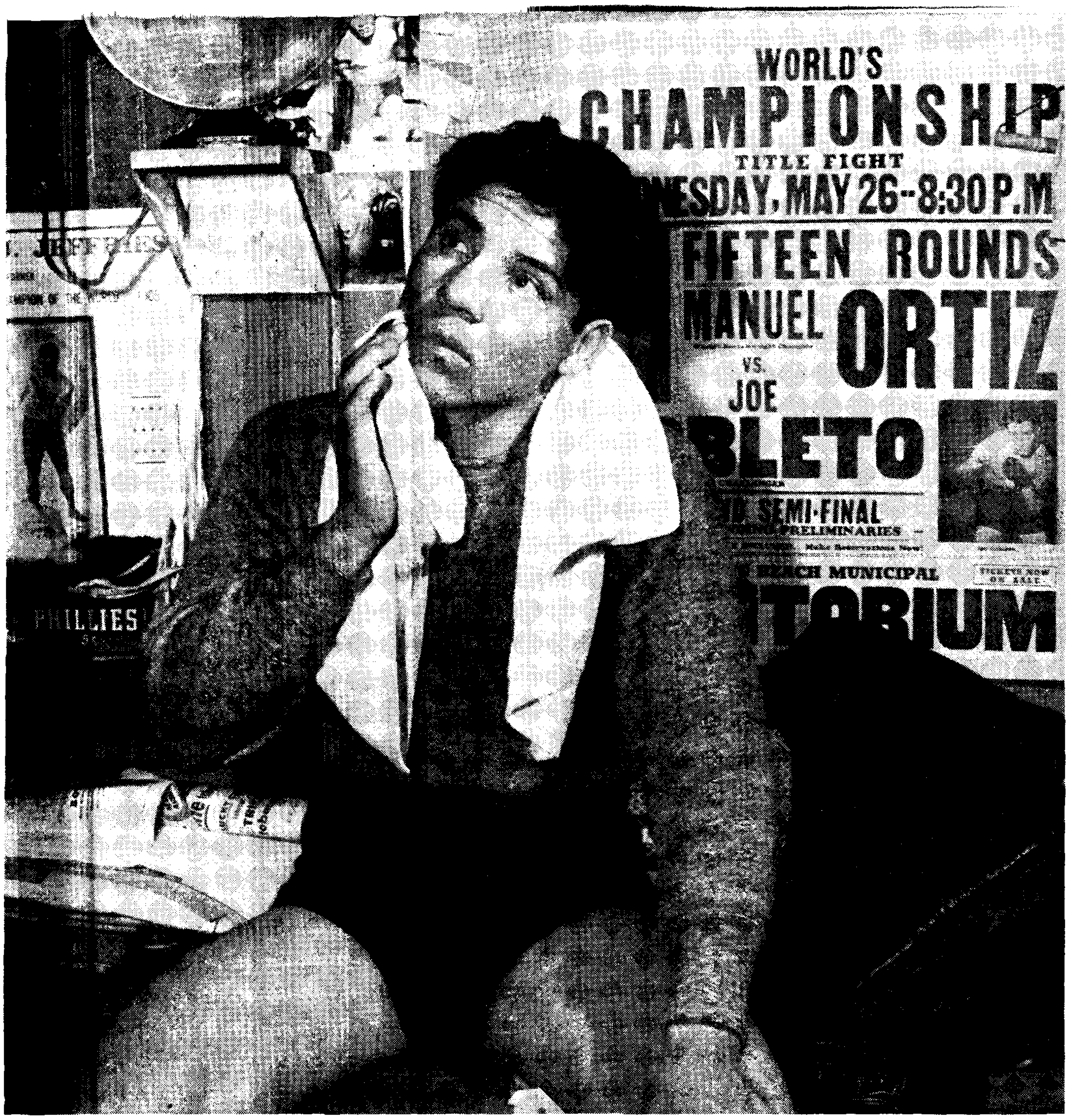
The girls take turns cleaning up their rooms, and this time it's Joyce Carmody's turn to handle the mop. But she can find time to gossip with her friend Lillian from across the hall

She's accompanying Clesteva O'Bryant, Berenice Block, Marge Nadeau and Marie Faye in Paper Doll

Here's that Knott girl again, minus the longies, dancing in the "98" Ballroom at Whitehorse, where a lady can choose her own costume, and if she comes alone she's paid $1



Madge Virgin of Dallas, Texas, has one of the choice jobs of the project—she's secretary to the Safety Engineer. Here she's helping her boss inspect a cave-in



Bantamweight Battler Manuel Ortiz is the first Mexican fighter to hold a world's boxing championship

LITTLE ACCIDENT

BY BARNEY NAGLER

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GUNTHER-FROST

A brawl at Brawley starts a midget Mexican on the high road to fistic success

THE first time coal-eyed Manuel Ortiz put on the gloves in ring combat, he dropped his opponent fourteen times. Now, eight years later, the swatter from California's Imperial Valley not only is king of the world's bantamweights, but the boss of a 360-acre farm, a trucking business and a pool hall. At twenty-six, he also is the daddy of three daughters. Ortiz is the first son of our southern neighbor to win a boxing crown, a topper he wears with colorful cockiness.

Ortiz is the biggest little accident in boxing. That very first fight resulted from chance and took place in Brawley, sixteen miles north of Manuel's home town, El Centro. With a band of fellow farm workers, Ortiz went up to Brawley to take in the weekly boxing bouts.

His muscles aching from the field, Manuel reclined in his gallery seat when the panicky promoter climbed into the ring and bellowed, "We ain't gonna have a fight unless we get another fighter. One guy who was gonna fight ain't shown up. If anybody wants the chance, step up!"

Some of Manuel's friends banded together for a gag and yelled, "Put Manuel in! He fight! He good fighter."

Only five feet four, Manuel was a flabby 130 pounds. He never had been in a ring. He was panicky.

Soon the crowd took up the cry, "Put Manuel in!"

Ortiz was trapped. It was either fight or face it. He fought and, to his complete surprise, won a four-round victory after flooring his victim fourteen times.

The crowd started booing and crying "Fake!" Manuel was pained by the accusations. "I fight that fellow again next week. I show them this ain't a fake fight."

This time, Manuel punched his adversary to the canvas twenty times. *A fighting champion was born.*

Ortiz won the title on August 7, 1942, by outspearing New York's Lou Salica in twelve rounds at the Hollywood Legion Stadium. No sooner had the ring been cleared of the hundreds of Mexicans who stormed in to congratulate their hero than the California Athletic Commission announced it would recognize the watch-fob walloper as the champion.

In New York, General John Joseph Phelan, of the State Boxing Commission, huffed and puffed, and ruled that Ortiz was not the world's champion, because he won the title in twelve rounds, not fifteen, as demanded by New York law. The catch was that California outlawed bouts longer than twelve rounds.

So the California solons changed the statutes to permit fifteen-round contests. Whereupon, Ortiz was rematched to fight Salica at Oakland. They met March 10, 1943, and this time the Mexican made sure of his spot by knocking out Salica in eleven rounds. New York now recognized Ortiz as world's champion.

Since then, Manuel has fought on more charity cards than any other topnotcher. On the night he captured the championship, he was paid $350, just enough to cover his training expenses, while Salica received $6,500. What was more important to the Mexican was that Service Sports, Inc., which purchases equipment for fighting men, drew down $9,000.

Since then, bouts involving Manuel have brought an additional $15,000 to charities, $8,000 more going to Service Sports, Inc., $5,000 to the Fort Worth, Texas, Lighthouse for the Blind, and $2,402 to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

Often Manuel, a smooth combination of clever boxer and puncher, has given free exhibitions to entertain servicemen. Last winter, he sparred three times in twenty-four hours. In the afternoon, he entertained the boys at the Marine Base in San Diego; that evening, he rushed down to Camp Lockett, Negro cavalry camp near the Mexican border, where he boxed four bristling rounds, after first performing for the boys in the San Diego Naval Hospital.

A few years ago, Manuel was picking beans in the Imperial Valley for two dollars a day, in between $30 fights, but he hit the jackpot recently by getting $7,500 for defeating Benny Goldberg, a crafty southpaw, in 15 rounds. This was Manuel's eighth championship fight, four won by knockouts.

Manuel's willingness to defend his championship is a tieback to his business acumen. Long ago he learned to invest in order to make money.

There was the time when Ortiz was still getting peanuts, yet after each contest he would somehow manage to purchase another truck for his vegetable-hauling business. A lightweight crony, Cleo Shans, couldn't understand why Manuel, who still lived on the "left" side of the railroad tracks in El Centro, didn't spend some of his hard-earned money on personal improvement. "What for you all the time buy these trucks instead of fixing things up around your house?" Shans asked.

The Mexican grinned and replied, "Cleo, I don't ever hear of a new front door earning money for its owner."

Once Manuel had taken the long step from farming to fisticuffs, he began to train in earnest. His weight dropped from 130 to 108, and it was as a flyweight that he won the Pacific Coast Golden Gloves title in 1937. Later that year, he captured the national championship in the annual A.A.U. tournament at Boston.

It Doesn't Pay to Be an Amateur

The Mexican had still to earn a thin dime with his fists; these were mere laurels he had won. They meant little when it came to putting food on the table, or gas in his car. Manuel determined to become a professional. In 1938, he fought his first money match at the Hollywood Legion Stadium. Four years later, he was to win his championship of the world in the same ring.

The future champion turned pro under the management of a southern California pilot named Noel Johnson, but the relationship was short-lived. In one of his early bouts, the Mexican was called upon to face Benny Goldberg, whom he trounced in a recent title defense.

Goldberg was a lefty, an experienced warrior compared with Ortiz. Ortiz was soundly beaten. Apparently, one trouncing didn't convince his manager that the kid was in over his head. A return bout with Goldberg was arranged. Once again, the El Centro lad lost.

Ortiz wasn't an instant success among fighters. He drifted along with no special objective, making neither money nor progress, and soon was being managed by Paul Arwood, who also handled Manuel's friend, Shans.

In mid-1941, the kid's break came. In three matches with Jackie Jurich, a mauler even smaller than Ortiz, he scored two knockouts. Inasmuch as Jurich was the claimant to the world's flyweight crown and accepted champion in California, Manuel's feat was astounding.

Jurich's managers were a pair of former Bostonians, Johnny Rogers and Tommy Farmer, and nobody in the arena was more impressed with Ortiz's second knockout of Jurich than was Farmer, so much so, in fact, that he turned up as Ortiz's manager.

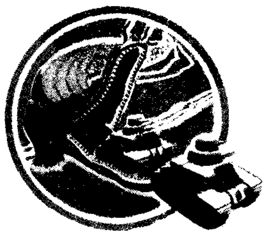
Farmer is an old-school manager who went to Hollywood years ago from Boston and employed his knowledge of conditioning athletes to train movie stars. He is a slow-speaking, tobacco-chewing believer in condition, and this explains Ortiz's sudden success. Manuel hasn't been whipped in 28 straight fights. Not only does Farmer direct his fighter's conditioning, but he cooks all of Ortiz's meals when the bantamweight champion is training for a fight. Farmer's cooking is so good, there's the possibility that Ortiz may soon blossom as a featherweight, a class for gladiators between 118 and 126 pounds.

Ortiz has long since moved his home from the "left" side of the railroad tracks in El Centro to the right side. He lives with his lovely wife, Ruth, and their three daughters, in a six-room house which is in keeping with his exalted position as a farmer, businessman and world-champion boxer.

Manuel pretends he knew all the time that destiny had determined his ascendancy in the game of life. But even he will admit sometimes it was all an accident. How did he know what he was letting himself in for that eventful night in Brawley, California? ★★★

They've Got What it Takes!

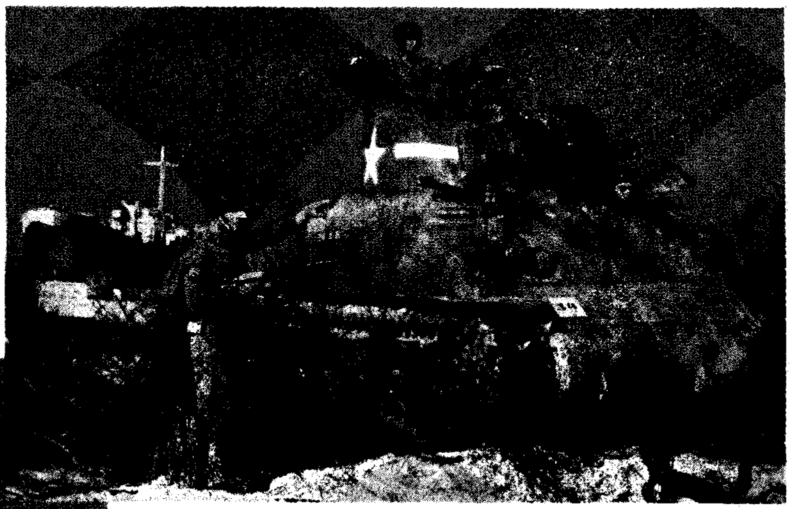
All Ashore with the "Gator Corps"



The famous "alligator" emblem of the Amphibious Training Command

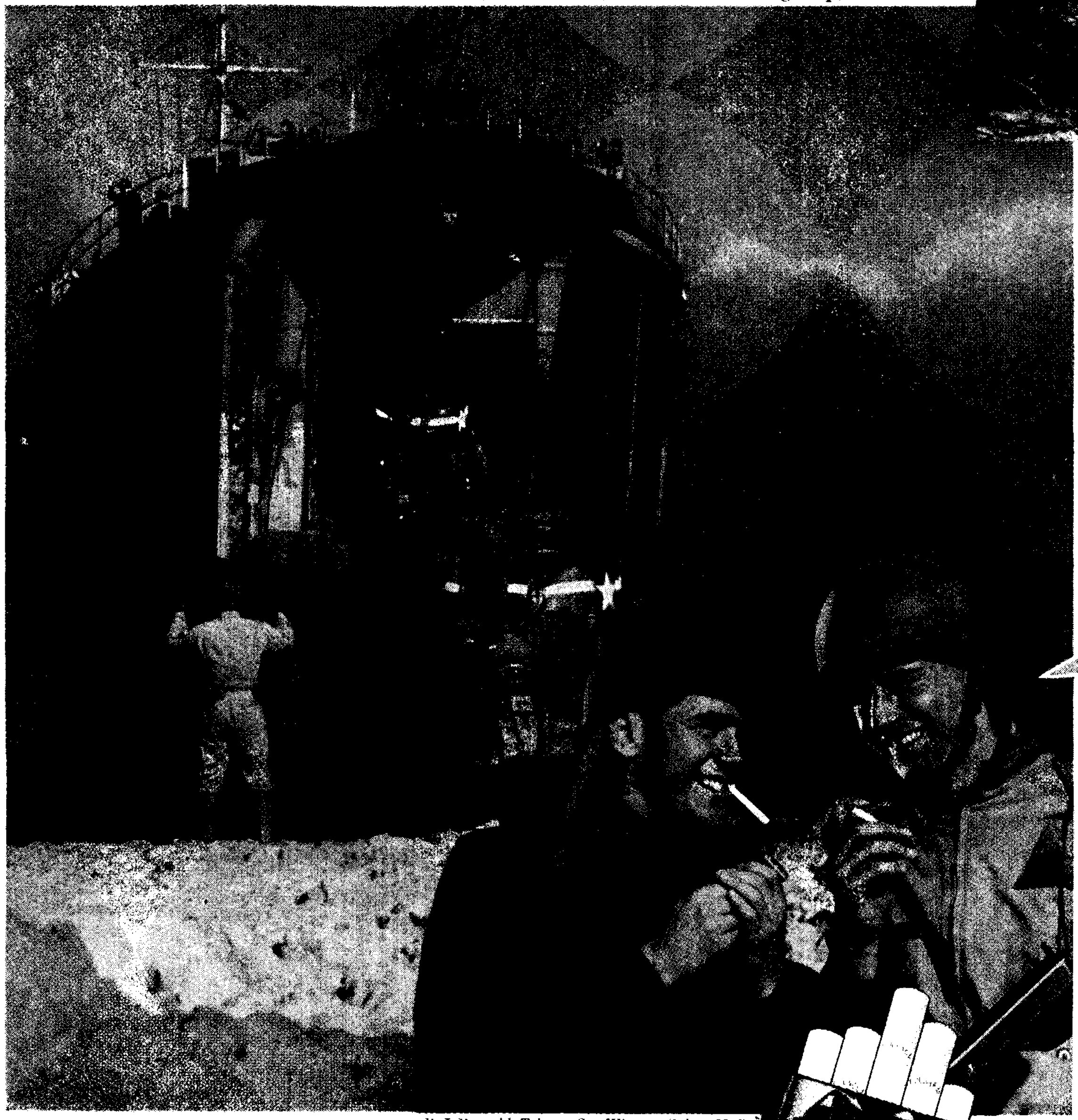
● Up onto the boiling sands, a huge "LST" rams her steel prow . . . tanks, jeeps, trucks, artillery pour out of her mighty maw . . . and Uncle Sam's specially trained "alligator teams" go into action on an invasion beach-head!

From start to finish, Doughboy and Bluejacket work together, in America's hard-hitting "amphibious forces"... and after that last tank splashes ashore and there's time for a cigarette, you'll find that with soldier, sailor, and coast guardsman alike, the favorite is Camel.



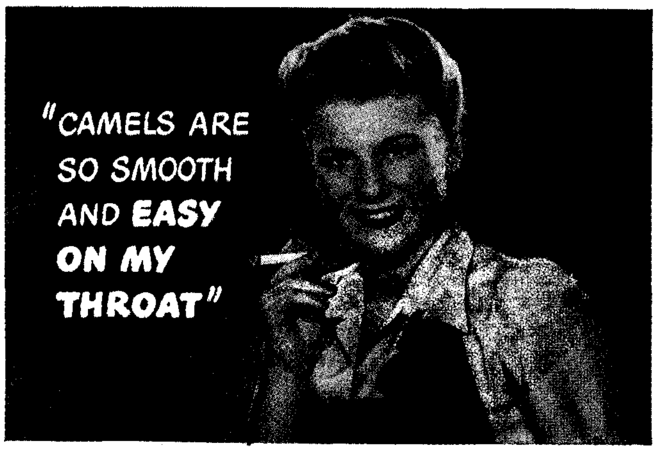
ONE-WAY TRAFFIC, straight into action! The Navy gets 'em ashore—and the "alligator cavalry" charges inland! When the welcome word "beach-head consolidated" is flashed, and those ever-present packs of cigarettes are brought out, soldier and sailor team up again—on Camels. For in *all* the services, the first choice in cigarettes is Camel.

"LST" *(shown below)* stands for "Landing Ship, Tanks."



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

You said it, sailor—Camels sure are mild and FRESH-TASTING! They suit me to a 'T'



"CAMELS ARE SO SMOOTH AND EASY ON MY THROAT"

FRIEDA TRAYNOR, war worker and daughter of an Army man, agrees with the men in the service: "Camels are always so smooth and mild, so fresh-flavored." Yes, Camels *stay fresh,* Frieda—they're packed to go round the world!

The "T-Zone"— *where cigarettes are judged*

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS

Camels—FIRST in the Service

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)

Service station – with 5-inch guns

A United States submarine back at her base gulps thirstily through hose lines from a Navy tanker. Her fuel oil tanks fill rapidly.

A figure on the tanker's bridge cups his hands, aims a humorous voice at the sub's skipper: "Wipe your windshield, sir?"

These sea-going service stations are even more necessary to our Navy than the one on the home-town corner is to you. For the Pacific is vast, and our fighting craft must use prodigious quantities of oil to comb it for the Sons of Heaven. A single ship's need for oil is often reckoned in the thousands of tons.

That oil is never lacking—nor shall it be. While the petroleum industry can move a muscle or perform a miracle, our fighting men are going to get all the oil they need, *when* they need it—or before.

Tide Water Associated, together with the other oil companies of America, is well aware that "Oil is Ammunition". Shoulder to shoulder, we're passing the ammunition. We've united our efforts, pooled patents and processes, combined our facilities where necessary, in order to feed the guns that will shatter oppression.

And we'll keep it up until the day when various Mr. Tojos will gaze sadly at each other and murmur, "So sorry"—and *mean* it.

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
New York • Tulsa • San Francisco

WORLD'S LARGEST REFINERS OF PENNSYLVANIA OILS

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED

OIL IS AMMUNITION • USE IT WISELY

VEEDOL
MOTOR OIL

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

Escape from Beauty

Continued from page 19

stop her. Certainly he knew her well enough not to try. And besides, why not let her have her way, this once?

He found himself smiling. Perhaps tonight was not too soon for her to begin to learn that a plain Erin Hathaway could not carry off the same high-handed arrogance that had come to be so much a part of the Erin Hathaway who had walked so confidently in beauty.

ALISTAIR felt apprehensive, and the feeling irritated him because it was unfamiliar. Fear he did not mind; he had known it intimately and often enough to learn how to live with it. But he did mind this unpleasant, sticky nervousness; it called for no physical courage, only a kind of spiritual callousness which he had never had to learn.

"All we've done since we came to Virginia," he said to his wife in an uneasy undertone, "is wait for Erin!"

"Don't be beastly!" she told him sharply, without looking at him, and he subsided, feeling hurt. She should know it was not Erin about whom he was worried, but Sheila herself. It did not matter to him what happened to Erin's face, excepting a normal regret for one less beautiful woman in the world, but it did matter a great deal that Sheila should suffer.

And he knew that she was feeling all the terror of a child making its first acquaintance with death. Beauty, she had suddenly realized, could die, too. Beauty was not permanent; it was subject to the laws that governed all dust. It was a frail vessel that might go too often to the well.

"Poor Mamma," Sheila whispered. "She's so frightfully upset!"

Alistair looked at his mother-in-law and wondered how anybody on earth could guess that she was upset. She seemed as cool and unruffled as ever, chatting with Lloyd Curran and Dane Johns, her noble silvery head held high, glinting faintly blue in the soft lamplight. But Curran, Alistair thought, you could tell he was on edge, though he put a remarkably good face on it. That fiddling with his watch chain was not a habit of his, and neither was the way he brushed his fingernail along the underside of his mustache. If one had a combat pilot who suddenly developed such mannerisms, one would begin to think of sending him off on a little binge.

Then Alistair caught the sound of voices at the top of the stairs, and everyone looked up, suddenly still. And here was Erin, wearing a slim white dress with gold embroidery, her golden head tilted back as she smiled up into her father's face. For a second she appeared unchanged, but, as she came closer, there was nothing at all in her face that seemed the same. Such little things, Alistair thought, shocked—a nose faintly twisted, a lip a little lengthened and let down—to ruin a whole face! Such little things to ruin so great a beauty!

But down the stairs she swept, and there was real gaiety in her eyes—eyes carefully made up to conceal ugly bruises—and real animation in the way she carried herself. On the last step, she stopped, her hand light on her father's arm, apparently aware for the first time of the people watching her. Her expression did not change; she looked around with the odd, twisted smile still on her face, meeting everybody's eyes in one swift glance.

"Hello!" she said. "Am I late again?"

For a fantastic second, Alistair wondered if she realized what had happened to her. Then Lloyd went up and kissed her, and Alistair saw from the startled look in her eyes and her stiffness in the man's arms that she knew.

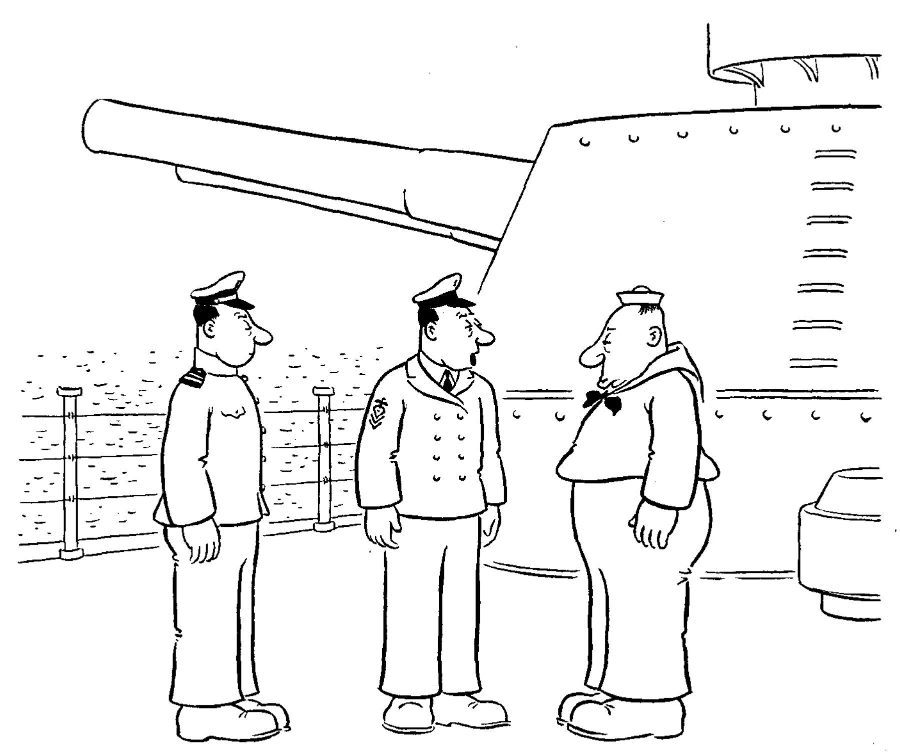
He turned to Sheila, but she had already left his side. She crossed the room to her sister, and Alistair saw that she was weeping quietly, and he felt at once embarrassed and protective, afraid that Erin would make her seem a fool.

"Poor darling!" Sheila said. "Poor little Erin!"

Erin was unexpectedly gentle. "You'll make your nose red, pet, and I am providing all the spectacular noses this family needs at the moment."

She passed her sister with a comforting pat on the shoulder and went to her mother. Her gentleness was gone now; she was bright and hard and mocking. She seemed to be holding her plain face so that the light would catch it clearly. Plain, Alistair decided; that was the word for it. Her injuries did not make her ugly, only plain. They deprived her of beauty and gave her nothing in its stead—except, of course, for her figure. The lovely lift of her breasts and the sweet line of her thighs left her something.

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"But, Alfred, you've *got* to do as Lieutenant Hotchkiss tells you, even if he *does* owe you fifteen cents from high-school days"

"I didn't mean to be rude this afternoon when I wouldn't let you come to my room," Erin said to her mother. "I just wanted to get everybody over at once. A sort of public unveiling, so to speak."

ALISTAIR had never admired his mother-in-law as much as he did now. The old lady did not turn a hair. She lifted her face for her daughter's cool kiss.

"Perhaps it is easiest this way," she said.

And that was all there was to it. Alistair let his breath out in a long, cautious sigh of relief. He had been prepared for a harrowing scene, and it had all passed off as quietly as a vicarage tea party. He put his arm around Sheila's waist and gave her a little hug; she would feel better now that she had seen that the accident did not mean tragedy for Erin. . . .

Erin made herself very pleasant to Lloyd at dinner. She could observe him objectively now, and she told herself that his conversation was quite entertaining. All in all he was probably an admirable character, and whoever got him would be a very lucky girl. But each time she reminded herself that she was not the girl, she felt a fine lifting sense of freedom.

They were still at table when Stephen came wandering into the dining room in his usual aimless way. When he saw Erin, his green eyes lighted up and he came around the table to her. Silently, he put his hand under her chin and tilted her face, turning it from side to side.

ERIN watched his eyes, prepared for almost anything. Stephen had been obsessed by the beauty of the Hathaway girls for so long that no one could guess what his reaction might be.

His eyes, merely interested at first, began to glitter. Finally he chuckled and said, "You look like an advertising poster that's had an adventure with a kid and a pencil."

She was shocked for a second, and angry, and then discovered that she could smile back at him. "I'm glad you're amused," she said. "But what will you do for a model now?"

Immediately he sobered. "It doesn't matter. I can't paint."

There was bitterness behind the words, and Erin put out a hand toward his, tentatively, but Lloyd's voice stopped her.

"Erin," he said sharply.

She turned to him, her eyes smiling.

"I'll be leaving almost immediately, and there is something we must settle," he said. "When are we to be married?"

Surprise left her speechless and she could only stare at him.

He held her eyes and explained. "I can get a leave at the end of this month. It might be difficult later on."

He was joking, she thought quickly. The great Lloyd Curran would never marry a caricature. Or perhaps he was merely giving her an opportunity to break the engagement gracefully herself.

"Dear Lloyd!" she said, making her voice gay. "Such a gentleman, always! You're not obliged to marry me now. The last of the beautiful Hathaway girls no longer exists, so the contract is broken."

He smiled a little and answered her kindly and gently, as though she were a willful child.

"Darling, don't overestimate the importance of your accident. We have a man in Hollywood—a Doctor Haley—who can fix you up so you'll be as good as ever."

Abruptly Erin felt the sense of lovely freedom that had sustained her all evening begin to seep away. She could feel walls closing in on her again, but she kept her voice bright. "I'd be as good as ever at twenty paces in a dim room, maybe," she said. "You're very gallant, Lloyd, but that's not good enough."

Lloyd lifted an eyebrow. "Gloria Kelcey went through a windshield. Haley made her more beautiful than ever."

"We couldn't possibly afford your Doctor Haley," she said a little desperately.

"After we're married, money won't matter."

She sat for a moment in panic, her hands clenched in her lap. She would be made beautiful again; she would be made valuable; she would be possessed. Here I go again, she thought, back on the treadmill, back on the escalator that climbs and climbs and never gets anywhere. She fought down the sense of encircling defeat, trying to keep her words light and bantering.

"Ah, no, Lloyd. We can't stoop to sharp practice," she said. "Selling you goods that need immediate reconditioning." She twisted the big square diamond from her finger. "Here's your ring."

"You are quite sure?" he asked softly.

"Very sure."

"Then I am very sorry," he said, but in his eyes there was a faint, faint smile, and even in the vast surge of relief that went through her, she found herself wondering if that smile was not a little mocking. Again it crossed her mind that perhaps he had known exactly what she would do, that he had planned it this way.

BUT it did not matter. What did matter was that she was rid of him. She rose from the table and turned quickly away to hide the triumph that must show in her eyes.

"Come along, Stephen!"

She caught his hand and led him from the house and across the porch out into the dark garden. Under the big magnolia tree she stopped and flung her hands upward to the starlit sky.

"Stephen, isn't it wonderful? Isn't it beautiful?"

He stood silent beside her, and she tried to see his face through the darkness, and could not. She put her hands around his neck and laughed up at him.

"I'm as free as you are, now, Stephen."

He made a noise filled with impatience and with pain and he pulled her arms down from around his neck.

"Free!" he said, and his voice was angry. "Don't be a damn' fool! I'm not free; I've got to paint again."

"Poor Stephen!" she said.

"Don't pity me!" he said violently. "I'll get it back. I don't know how, but I'll learn."

He flung away from her, and she heard him going through the shadow-filled darkness toward his shadowy studio, his feet rustling through dry magnolia leaves still on the ground since last summer. She did not follow him. She stood there in the darkness for a while, lost in her own joy.

Lloyd Curran took his leave almost as soon as Erin and Stephen had left the room, and Dane Johns admitted to himself that the Hathaways managed the parting with dignity and skill. Doctor Hathaway was a little strained, but his wife was as calm and as gracious as ever.

As soon as Lloyd was gone, though,

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she changed. She came immediately to Dane, and there was a rare directness and intensity about her when she spoke.

"What about this Doctor Haley, Dane?"

"You mean: Is he as good as Curran said? Almost, I should say. There are better men, though. Greenberg, in New York, for one."

"Could he help Erin's face?"

The hope in her eyes was naked and almost indecent in a woman usually so reserved. Dane considered his answer carefully, aware of how much it meant to her.

"I should think so," he said at last. "Surgery of the mouth is difficult. But he certainly could improve matters."

Mrs. Hathaway had all she needed of him, and she dropped him like a finished book. Her husband was sitting by the fireside with Alistair and Sheila, and she crossed the room to him. He seemed to shrink a little in his chair at her approach.

"Warwick, we'll take the child to Greenberg at once."

"But, Caroline," he said uncertainly, "she may not want to go."

"Of course she will. No girl wants to go through life looking like a bad drawing."

Doctor Hathaway did not say anything for a long time, and Dane frowned with puzzlement. It was not like the old man to hesitate about anything that affected the happiness of one of his daughters.

At last, and with an obvious effort, the old man pulled himself together. "Dane will tell you," he said simply and directly. "The thing is, these plastic men are expensive."

"Expense!" his wife said impatiently. "I'm thinking of Erin's future."

"Of course you are." Doctor Hathaway spoke with quiet clarity. "But I've been trying to tell you, Caroline—there is no money left. Apparently, you haven't understood me. There's no money left."

Erin stood hidden in the porch doorway, listening, and the grief and shame in her father's face made her feel physically sick. She wanted to call out to her mother, to tell her to stop tormenting him, but she made herself stand and hear them out.

"We can mortgage the house," her mother said.

"The house is mortgaged."

Mrs. Hathaway paused, her face a little white. "Your insurance," she said at last. "We can borrow on that."

"If I should die tomorrow," he told her wearily, "I doubt that there would be enough left to bury me."

ERIN felt the sickness and the shame inside her translating itself into a furious anger at her mother. It was her fault that this had happened, that in his age and weariness her father was in debt. But, even in her anger, Erin could not help admitting to herself that there was something admirable in her mother's strength and purpose. Already she had accepted the situation, and by the fierce concentration on her face you could tell that her mind was working furiously to find a way out.

"Moira—" she said at last, but there was no certainty in her voice. "I wonder—"

"We will take none of Jean Desalles' money!" Doctor Hathaway said distinctly, and his voice brooked no argument.

Mrs. Hathaway accepted this, too. She pondered for another moment, and then turned to Alistair and Sheila, sitting side by side on the couch. This was fantastic, Erin thought; this was horrible, that her mother should go begging around the family for money with which to protect an investment into which she had already poured the last of her husband's resources.

Suddenly and softly, Sheila began to weep. Her husband patted her shoulder with embarrassed tenderness and himself answered his mother-in-law's unspoken question.

"She can't get any money out of England," he explained. "They let us take barely enough for expenses."

And then, all at once, Sheila's wet eyes widened and she sprang to her feet. "Wait—I've just thought of something."

She ran up the stairs, and when she returned she was laughing in excitement. Her face was glowing, and she was waving a bracelet that radiated white and green fire. She went straight to her father and put it in his hands.

"Alistair says it's the best thing I own," she said. "Some of the others are bigger, but they're not worth so much."

For a moment nobody said anything. Doctor Hathaway stared unseeingly at the bauble in his hand. His wife's face was blank, as though she had just carefully wiped it clean of all emotion. Erin herself stared at the green glitter her father held and hated it, and hated Sheila, and even hated her father for holding it.

"You'll have to pay customs duty on it if it's sold," Alistair said. "But there ought to be enough left over."

For the first time, Doctor Hathaway spoke. "I can't do it," he said. "I can't take it, Sheila."

Sheila looked dismayed. "Daddy, don't be silly!"

"It must mean something to you. Something sentimental, probably."

"Sentimental!" Sheila laughed. "Daddy, I don't even remember whether Georges or Tito gave it to me!"

"This is no time for gestures, Warwick!" her mother said harshly. "Erin needs that money."

And Erin saw her father's pride crumble before her eyes. His head drooped and his fingers closed reluctantly around the cold little circle of light. "Erin," he said. "Of course. I'd almost forgotten."

Out of the depths of her anger and her humiliation, out of the desperate knowledge that the trap was being laboriously rebuilt for her, Erin cried aloud, "Take it, Daddy! She can always find a man to give her another like it. She'll just have to make sure the one after Alistair is rich."

The four of them swung to face her, and she glared into their shocked faces with defiant bitterness.

She had touched her father into rare anger. His voice was strong with it when he spoke: "Erin! You're being ungrateful and very rude!"

"Am I?" she asked wildly. "Am I? Well, I'm sick of it. I'm sick of being treated like a prize heifer. See what lovely skin and horns. See how clear her eyes are. And now you're going to put the animal back in shape for the market. Well, I won't go through with it!"

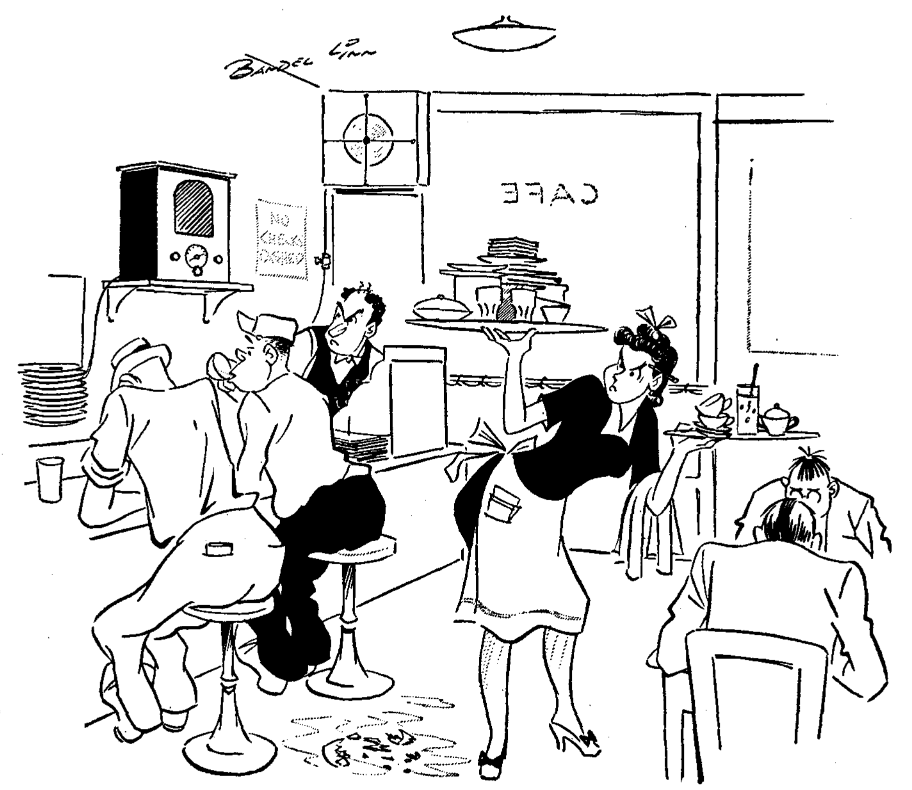
She turned and stamped out of the room, and for a moment there was complete silence. But at the top of the stairs she heard her mother's voice clearly:

"Of course, she'll go through with it. The poor child is upset. We must remember she's been very sick."

ALL the triumph of her rage left Erin. Her mother was right. Her mother was always right. She would go through with it. She would go up to New York and let them cut and sew her back into shape, and then she would let them find her another Lloyd and she would marry him. She would do it because her mother was strong and ruthless, and her father was old and poor.

She lay down in her dark room, wishing that she could weep, and feeling not tears at all, but only a sullen, smoldering sense of helplessness and defeat. . . .

Stephen was getting his last picture of the three Hathaway girls ready for shipment. He had made a frame himself, a heavy, old-fashioned, ornately gilded



NEWS

". . . 'Restaurant owners aren't having such a tough time,' said Senator Sweetwater, 'and many of them are enjoying the heaviest trade in years!' The senator then went on to point out that café proprietors can now estimate the food consumption of their establishments and then implement that estimate with spot checks for rationing purposes, instead of keeping intricate records. This form of record-keeping, however, must have the approval of OPA. On the other hand employers cannot avoid prosecution for selling an article at above ceiling prices simply because the price regulation violated was subsequently revoked. Neither can they always increase wages of women workers to make them equal to rates paid men, as the NLRB recently ruled that the equality principle wouldn't apply where work has usually been performed by women—such as waitresses . . ."

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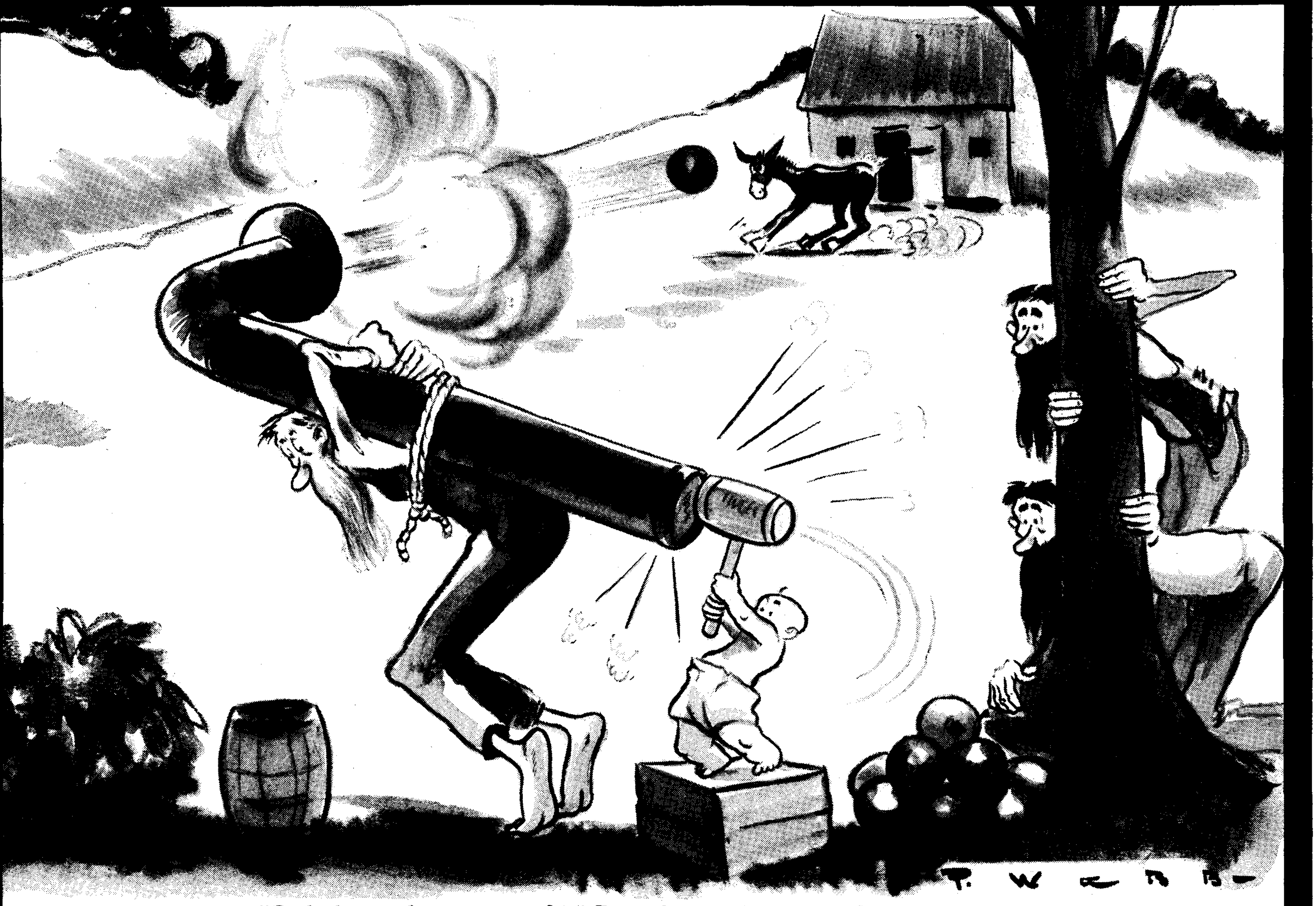

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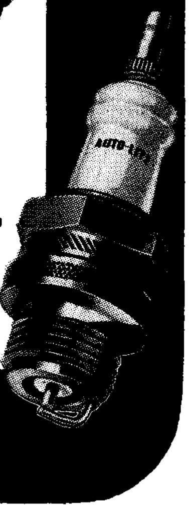

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IN ITS 26 GREAT MANUFACTURING DIVISIONS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR thing full of scrolls and curlicues, designed especially for his picture. It was an odd size, and none of the crates he had on hand would fit it, so he was building one for it, working in deft and gloomy silence.

He was wondering what made an artist suddenly lose his genius, as a candle, blown out, loses its flame. In theory you still knew how to paint, you knew exactly how much of what color went where to make a picture sing. In theory you knew how a line should curve and how a design was built. You knew everything, how everything was done, but you knew nothing.

You couldn't paint. You could make pretty pictures, pictures that should be good—*but they weren't.* When you were finished, you knew something was wrong with them, but you could not make it right, because what they wanted was genius, and you no longer had genius to give them.

Somewhere, in a foxhole in the Solomons, perhaps, he had lost it, left it behind. In his mind's eye, he could see it, his genius, a small reproduction of himself, limp as a broken sawdust doll, lying where he had forgotten it, drowning and battered in the mud.

He selected a wedge of lumber to keep his frame immovable inside its crate, but when he started to nail it, the nail bent on an obstruction in the wood. He was still cursing when the door opened behind him.

"We're leaving now, Stephen," Erin's voice said.

He did not look up. "Well, goodby," he said.

But she did not go. She stood watching him and it made him uncomfortable. When he had the nail out, he put down his hammer and turned around.

"What do you want?" he asked savagely.

BUT he forgot his irritation before she had time to answer. She was wearing a gray dress and a gray fur coat and a little gray hat with a heavy veil, now thrown back from her face. She looked sullen and unhappy, but he took no notice of that. Instead, he went closer to examine her face again. It was fascinating to think that anything could be so completely altered by merely putting one line out of drawing and adding half an inch to another. It made one realize how delicate were the definitions of beauty, how close it always came to being merely absurd.

He wondered if he could change a picture as she had been changed, with two small delicate strokes of a brush, and that reminded him that he could no longer paint. He moved jerkily away from her.

"If you see your brother-in-law," he said harshly, "you can tell him for me that I hope he rots in hell."

"Jean? What's he done now?"

"He won't let me borrow my pictures. He won't even let me see them."

"Why do you want them? An exhibition?"

"I don't give a damn about exhibitions," he said violently. "Those are the best pictures I've done. I want to see them. I want to study them. I want to find what I've lost."

"Oh, well," she said dully. "Maybe he'll change his mind."

He turned away from her in disgust. "Oh, get out!" he said. "Sometimes, you're just as stupid as the others."

But she came to him and put her arms tight around him, "Stephen, Stephen, please help me!"

He moved uncomfortably, loosening her hold on him and wished she would go away. Women were always pawing you, always threatening to weep, thrusting their emotions on you when you were trying to keep your mind clear. He pushed her away.

"Connors will show this picture," he said. "And I'm damned if Desalles is going to buy it. I'd give it to the Met for fifteen cents before I'd let him get it."

Her arms dropped, and she looked into his face. Her eyes were sad, and the droop of her mouth gave her the look of a tragic mask.

"You don't love me at all, do you, Stephen?"

"I don't love anybody," he told her irritably. "Especially not myself."

Outside, an automobile horn sounded impatiently, and he realized with relief that it must be signaling her. She turned away from him.

"Goodby, Stephen," she said from the door, but he was already back at his crate. He heard the car start, dimly, but he was thinking of Jean Desalles, who had his pictures buried in a steel vault, where no light might touch them and bring their colors into life, and no eyes see them and be dazzled. Like radium, he thought, in its little lead box in a lead safe in a lead-lined room, precious, potent and hidden.

But art was not radium. Art was not gold or silver or rare jewels. Art was not something you could own and hide away from the world. Desalles could own his banks and his buildings, his liners and his airplanes, his silver and gold and precious stones, and Stephen did not care what he did with them. But it was immoral, a *criminal thing,* to buy great art and hide it where it could not demonstrate its beauty and its truth to the world.

Desalles must be made to understand, Stephen told himself savagely, hammering nails into the crate. Somehow, anyhow, those pictures were going to be brought out of hiding so that everybody might see them. And particularly so that he might see them himself and perhaps learn to paint again.

DANE felt a little nervous, partly because Mrs. Hathaway was obviously hiding hysteria behind an icy surface calm, and partly because Doctor Greenberg was being intentionally offensive. He was an ugly little man with bad manners and an enormous regard for himself—a regard which Dane knew to be perfectly justified. Greenberg was much disliked in a profession which admitted that he was one of its most brilliant members. He had, on occasion, been snubbed by his fellows, and he took a deep delight in revenging himself on them. Now, after examining Erin's face, the great man was rendering his verdict.

"It would have been easier," he said, "if the original work had not been so—ah—so badly bungled."

He waited for a protest, but Dane said nothing. The accusation was unjustified, but the man's genius entitled him to his foibles. If a complete lack of professional ethics happened to be one of them—well, the profession, in the past, had not been too ethical in dealing with him.

"The nose, of course, will be easy," Doctor Greenberg went on. "The mouth, on the other hand—I doubt that anyone else in the world could do anything with that. Perhaps Alderstein in Vienna—but I forgot. Doctor Alderstein does not operate since he hurt his hands while in protective custody." Obviously he hoped to shock them from their position of correct impersonality.

Dane felt Mrs. Hathaway moving restlessly in the chair beside him, crossing and uncrossing her ankles, and thought that the old boy had better get on with his verdict.

"You can remove the scar, Doctor Greenberg?" she asked, and her voice crackled ominously.

"That, Madam, is obviously impossible," he said coldly.

There was silence and someone in the room drew a long, shaky sigh; Dane could not tell if it was Erin or her mother.

The silence held until Doctor Greenberg broke it. "It cannot be removed," he repeated. "But it can be rendered unnoticeable. Such operations on the lip are delicate and require enormous skill, but when I have finished, few people will be able to see that anything ever happened to the young lady."

Mrs. Hathaway made a little gasping sound, but her voice was steady enough. "She will be beautiful again?"

Doctor Greenberg looked coldly at Erin. "If people considered her beautiful before, they *will* do so again."

And that was all there was to it. There were a few arrangements to be made. Erin was to undergo a slight preliminary operation in a few days, as soon as a bed could be secured in the hospital, but the important decision had been made.

IN a little while, Dane was rolling down Park Avenue in a taxicab with Erin and her mother. Nobody *said* anything at first. Erin had scarcely spoken since they left Whitestone, and Mrs. Hathaway obviously needed time to assimilate her relief and triumph.

Dane was remembering a story he had heard about Doctor Greenberg—that in the last war a brother of his had committed suicide after being disfigured in battle, and that Greenberg had perfected his skill so that he might help such poor shattered men in future wars. And now, ironically, the Army had turned Greenberg down because of ailments brought on by overwork during his long years of study and effort.

"Such a horrid little man!" Mrs. Hathaway had apparently recovered herself. "But, darling, in no time you'll be yourself again!"

"Please—no!" Erin said, so loudly and so violently that the taxi driver looked around. "No!" she said again. "Please, Mother!"

Her mother made a little noise with her tongue and shook her head at Dane. "The child's tired," she said. "It *has* been a trying afternoon. We'll go to bed as soon as we get to the hotel, and perhaps you can give us something to make us sleep."

Dane said nothing. The kid sounded desperately taut, and he wondered if she was afraid. He had never known her to be afraid of anything. All her life she had been scornful of hazards, but perhaps the fall and the concussion had shaken her. And if so, he told himself, that might be a good thing for Erin Hathaway—a very good thing.

IT WAS one of Dane's mornings at the clinic and at ten o'clock he was examining a boy with a bad case of rickets. As always when he came across evidences of malnutrition and neglect, he was furious, but he allowed none of his anger to show. He kept his face quiet and his voice and hands gentle as he touched the boy and questioned the mother.

An orderly came to his cubicle. "Mrs. Hathaway on the telephone, Doctor Johns."

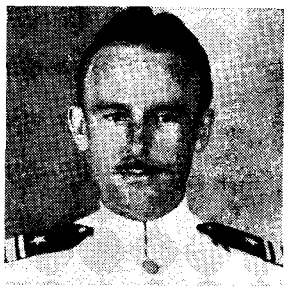
He glanced up coldly. "I'm busy."

"She says it's urgent."

"I'll call her back."

He worked for several more minutes with his patient, beating down his anger

THE MAN WHO SAVED THE LEXINGTON


U. S. NAVY

ONLY a few men aboard the aircraft carrier Lexington knew the story, and they *didn't* like to talk about it. It was one of those incidents men saw and felt and kept to themselves.

When they reached shore, they refused to discuss it or to reveal it to newspapermen. It was made public only because an admiral in Washington, going over the official Lexington reports, came across it and decided to use it in a speech.

It was a story of a young kid from San Diego, a flight lieutenant named Paul Baker. In the Battle of the Coral Sea, young Baker raced his plane—the plane formerly flown by "Butch" O'Hare—off the flight deck of the Lexington to engage the enemy.

All that late May afternoon he fought in the Pacific skies, and when night began to fall, he turned and headed for the Lexington, flicking his lights on as he went.

Suddenly a sharp voice cracked out on his radio: "Extinguish your landing lights . . . enemy aircraft near by . . . enemy carriers have been sunk." The voice stopped abruptly.

Immediately Baker sized up the situation. He knew that with the Jap aircraft carriers gone, any Zeros in the air would have no place to land. Instead, they would seek him out, track him down, trail him back to the Lexington and then in one mass suicidal attack, crash-dive the carrier.

He glanced out of his cockpit. There they were, underneath and to his left. They had spotted him and were racing up to meet him. Three . . . six . . . nine . . . ten Japanese planes. They were alongside him now. Quickly and efficiently they maneuvered into a diamond formation, boxing him in completely.

Crafty devils, they refused to fire. They wouldn't shoot him down. They would use him as bait, let him lead them to infinitely bigger game.

Unhesitatingly he banked his plane, swerved and headed out to the open sea, in the opposite direction from the carrier. Doggedly the Nipponese squadron clung to his tail.

Aboard the Lexington, a handful of officers, peering through binoculars watched Baker fly off to certain death, *carrying the Japanese escort with him.* They looked at one another uneasily and said nothing.

Presently, when the youngster's plane had disappeared over the horizon into the dusk, a tall, gray-haired captain put down his instrument, took out his handkerchief and blew his nose heartily. Then he walked to his quarters and in a large official-looking book wrote:

"Baker, Paul, Lt. . . . 10 Zeros. . . ; This man today saved the Lexington."

Lloyd Shearer

(The following day, May 8, 1942, the U.S.S. Lexington was sunk.)

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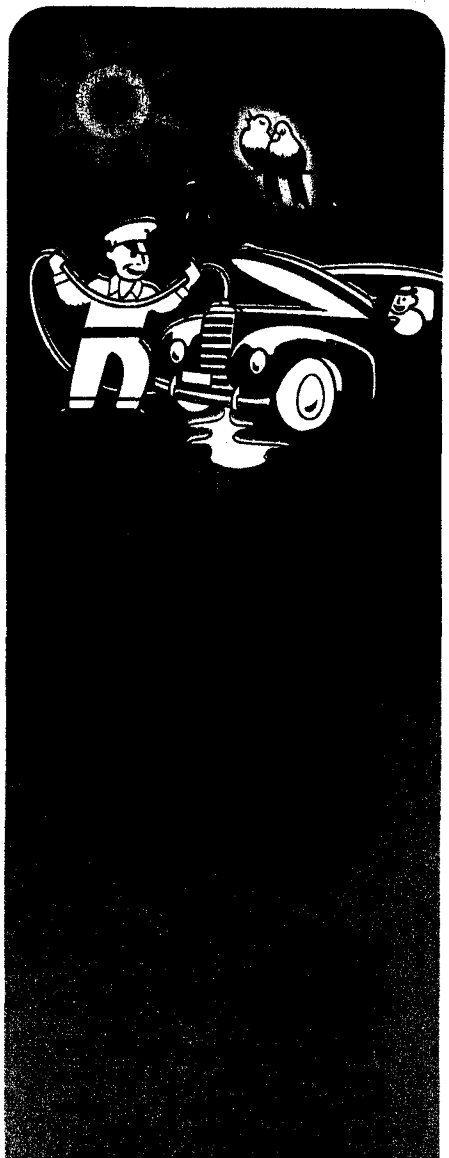

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because it frightened the shy, foreign-tongued woman and her son. Finally, smiling at their suspicious eyes, he told them to come back on the next clinic day. He hoped they would come; they probably would not.

Back in the office, he picked up the telephone and told the switchboard girl to get him Mrs. Hathaway at her hotel. He was picking her and Erin up as soon as the clinic was over, to drive them to the hospital. Probably the old lady had heard of a more exclusive hospital. Or dear Erin had decided to marry Lloyd Curran, after all, and have the operation done with klieg lights in Hollywood.

Dane wished he could show them real ruin—the ruin of the child he had just left. He said: "This is Dane. Did you call me?"

"Where's Erin?" Mrs. Hathaway demanded.

He blinked. "I beg your pardon?"

"I want to know where Erin is," she said sharply. "I want her back here immediately."

"I don't know where she is," he said. "And, to tell the truth, I don't care."

THERE was a long pause, and then Mrs. Hathaway said, "She's gone. She left before I got up."

Dane frowned; her voice did not sound right. The pitch was false, a mask hiding something else.

"She's probably out visiting," he said. "She'll be back before I get there."

"I've telephoned everyone we know."

"It's just possible she knows someone you don't," Dane told her dryly.

There was a little pause, and then Caroline Hathaway's voice again, cold and controlled. "She left a note."

Dane repressed a sudden irritation; he wished the woman would say what she meant and not hide it under that iron self-control. "Doesn't the note tell where she is?"

"I'll read it to you: 'This is more than I can take. I'm sorry. Give my love to Daddy. . . . Erin.' That's all it says."

Now, as his own stomach tightened and grew cold, Dane knew what it was that her voice was hiding. "Did she take any clothes with her?" he asked quietly.

"I'm not sure. It's hard to tell."

"Did she have any money?"

"She couldn't have had much. Perhaps a few dollars."

There was silence while he tried to make his mind think of what to say or do, and then her voice came to him again, suddenly stretched tight with panic.

"Dane—Dane, I'm frightened."

"Stop it!" he said. He forced a deep breath into lungs that seemed to have shrunk. "Look, Caroline. Find out what you can from the desk clerk. He may have noticed what she took with her. I'll be right over."

He hung up, putting the receiver slowly and heavily into its cradle.

Poor frightened brat, he thought. Poor, silly, frightened brat! And he knew that if what he feared was true, he would never again be able to live with himself. But it could not be true, he thought angrily. There was no reason to think so. Erin was just up to another of her arrogant, childish tricks.

That was it. That had to be it.

ERIN looked in the mirror for the thousandth time in a week and felt once more a sense of shock and rebellion, only a little diminished by repetition. It was not that the girl who looked back at her from the glass was so unattractive, but that she was a stranger, a girl Erin did not know. The hair which had been such a pale, straight blond was now dun-brown and had too many careful waves. The gray eyes were still handsome, even with blue eye-shadow, and the nose was familiar, soft-looking and rather shapeless. But the mouth tried too hard to be gay with bright lipstick which only emphasized the droop at one corner.

She left the mirror and moved impatiently around the little room, wishing that she would grow accustomed to herself, so that she did not feel so horribly self-conscious every time someone looked at her, as though her disguise were quite transparent and ridiculous. Well, self-conscious or not, she would have to go out tomorrow and talk to people. The time had come when she had to have a job, partly because she would go mad if she stayed in another day, and partly because her money was running out.

She looked out of the window at endless receding rows of brownstone houses; the seventh floor of the Mary Chase Norton Hotel for Women offered quite a different view from the hotel across the park where she and her mother had always stayed. At first she had liked this view; it was new and exciting. Most of the houses she could see were rooming houses, filled with the sort of people she had never had a chance to know—theater ushers and salesclerks, struggling actors and singing teachers and medical students and artists and prostitutes and policemen; all the people who fill West Side rooming houses. She would know them soon; she would be one of them—a girl working with other girls, getting to know them, making friends with them.

But the view was beginning to pall. The houses were shabby and without variety; the back yards which she could glimpse were ugly and bare except for an occasional struggling tree; the people on the streets looked tired with a winter tiredness. The weather was gray and chilly, with a flat sky pressing down on the buildings like a too heavy blanket. The trouble was, Erin thought, that she did not really like this city, or any city.

Besides, she was lonely. So far she had spoken to nobody except waitresses and the operator in the beauty shop (how shocked that lady had been at the thought of dyeing blond hair) and the floor maid—except, of course, old Miss Wing, who occupied the next room and shared a bathroom with Erin.

As though the thought were a spell, Miss Wing immediately appeared. There was a light knock, the door opened, and a head peered around it. The face was pale, except for carefully rouged lips, unwrinkled by the years and painstakingly powdered. The hair was white and piled in a high pompadour. The eyes were large and soft and heavily mascaraed.

"Hello, dear! May I come in? It's such a nasty day out, I thought I'd get us a little something to cheer us up."

She came in bearing a bottle of sherry for which Erin obediently found glasses. Every day Miss Wing bought a bottle of sherry, and after Erin took one glass, Miss Wing finished it, in a perfectly genteel and ladylike way. She liked to remember her past—a past which she made seem staid and respectable for all it was full of theaters and night-club entertaining and even a stretch with a carnival.

"I suppose you haven't been out all day," she said now. "I don't know how you stand it, a young girl like you, sitting here, brooding. About that man, probably."

"What man?" Erin asked, startled.

"Your husband, of course."

Erin blushed. "Oh—oh, yes."

She was always startled when the mythical husband with whom she had endowed herself entered the conversation. She had not spoken about him much, but he had already assumed a definite personality, a personality rather like Stephen's.

"The trouble is," she said sadly, "I'm afraid I still love him."

"Isn't it the truth! The worse they are, the more we adore them. But we shouldn't brood. Really we shouldn't. Look at that poor Hathaway girl. I think we're silly to brood when there are so many nice men in the world."

Erin set her glass down carefully. "Hathaway girl? What happened to her?"

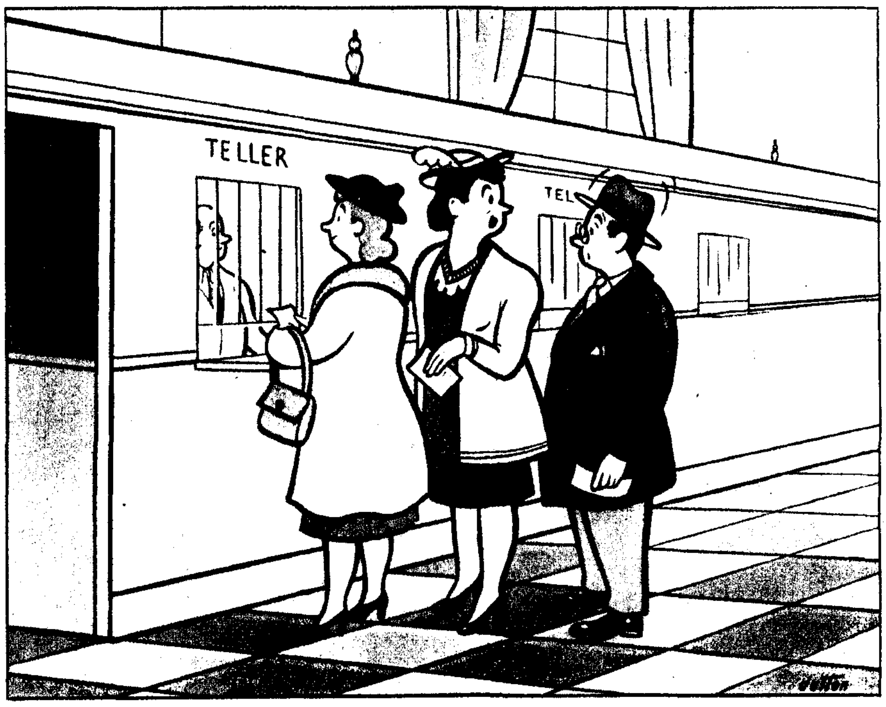
"The river!" Miss Wing said cheerfully. "Didn't you see the papers? Been gone a week, but they just notified the police. Look." She handed an afternoon paper to Erin. "The river, it sounds like to me. Or maybe Buenos Aires."

THE paper was a lurid journal. It could not ignore the war news, but a large part of the front page was taken up by a portrait of Erin and a sensational story of her disappearance. Erin read it stupidly, learning that her family was prostrate with grief and that the police had tried to link her with several unidentified bodies.

"But this is silly!" she said aloud. "This is silly!"

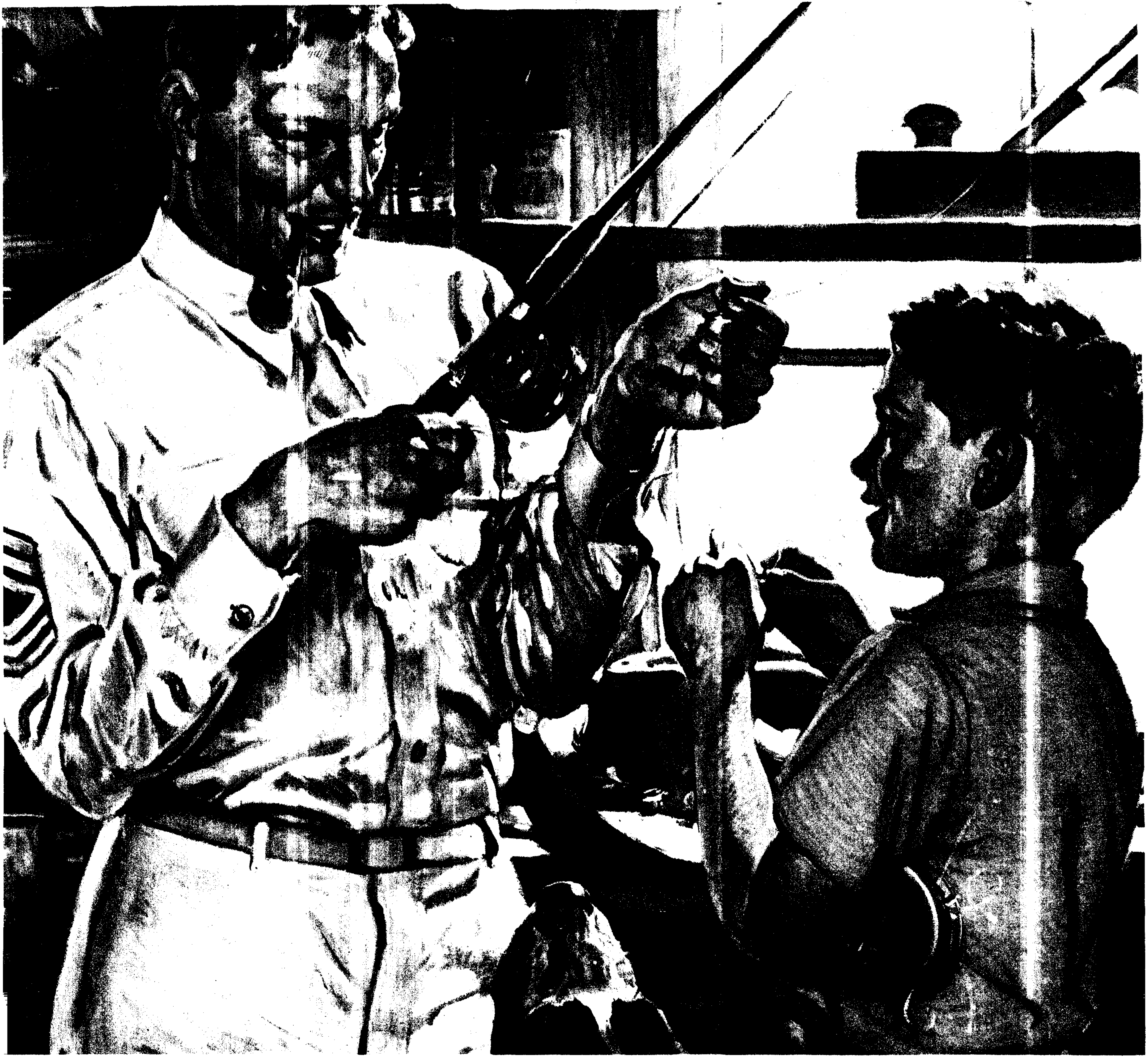
"Isn't it?" Miss Wing agreed. "She had an accident to her face, and she lost her man. Poor child! She was very beautiful before." She looked owlishly at Erin. "Were you ever beautiful, dear? You have a perfectly gorgeous figure!"

Erin glanced at her, startled, but the old lady only blinked and smiled vaguely. Erin turned back to the paper in her hands and thought suddenly of her father, won-



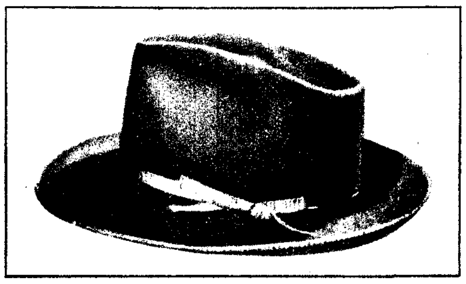
"You'd better get in front of me, Henry. I'm withdrawing what you're going to deposit!"

COLLIER'S AUBREY DUTTON



Let's bring him home quicker!

Now more than ever, the enemy wants to learn our war plans and efforts. It's his one hope of staving off defeat. Don't help him—don't let up on your vigilance one bit just because victory seems certain. Every day by which this war is shortened will save thousands of lives. Loose talk is still dangerous.



Loose talk can lengthen the war. So—whatever you hear, whatever you know, whatever you learn, don't let it get to the enemy. ***Keep it under your Stetson.***

Keep it under the Stetson "Stratoliner"—made tougher and springier by the exclusive Stetson Vita-Felt Process... $7.50.*
John B. Stetson Company, U. S. and Canada, hats for men and women.

Keep it under your Stetson

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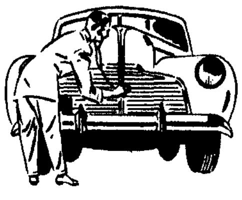
IT'S TIME FOR YOUR CAR TO HAVE A 'PHYSICAL'



With parts so hard to get, it doesn't pay to guess at the condition of your car. A thorough check-up now can save a lot of trouble later. If it is overheating, knocking, wasting gas, oil and power . . . all these conditions might be due to a rusted, muck-choked *cooling system.* The remedy is simple and inexpensive.

Ask your service man to check your *cooling system.* He will probably suggest, first, cleaning it thoroughly to remove rust, scale and oil muck and *to restore free circulation. This should* always be done immediately after removing anti-freeze.

Second, he will doubtless suggest an inhibitor to prevent further rusting and to guard the metals against injurious chemical action from water. And, it is quite likely he will recommend WARNER RADIATOR CLEANER for the cleaning job and WARNER COOLING SYSTEM PROTECTOR as the inhibitor.

You can perform this job yourself if you prefer. But see that it gets done . . . *keep that car of yours rolling* . . . Drive slowly . . . drive carefully!

FOR LEAKS . . . WARNER LIQUID SOLDER

added to the water, after cleaning,
will effect a quick, permanent repair
. . . even in cracked cylinder blocks.

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WARNER RADIATOR CLEANER
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STANDARD OF PROTECTION

dering if he actually believed any of these things. But, it *was* silly, they were all silly, even to dream of suicide. Surely there had been nothing in her note to suggest it.

"Of course," Miss Wing said, "your hair is brown and hers was yellow."

Erin smiled stiffly. "Of course."

Obviously the old lady was just talking at random, but nevertheless Erin was filled with sudden panic. Everyone in the city would be watching for her now, any casual drugstore clerk or newsboy might look into her face and know her. Every policeman at every corner would be searching faces to find her face, and sooner or later one of them would find it.

"I do hope they'll find the poor thing," Miss Wing said, pouring herself another glass of sherry. "It said something about private detectives, but I don't trust them. I'd call in the F.B.I."

Of course, Erin thought. Of course! Jean Desalles would want to get the story out of the papers as soon as possible; he would use the whole power of his wealth to do so. He would find her, no matter how much it cost, or how long it took.

She had to get out of here. She had to get out of here at once. Somebody would have to help her. She shooed Miss Wing back to her room with her bottle, and sat down on the bed to think. Who was there to help her, to take her in and hide her from Jean Desalles? Whom could she trust? After half an hour, she was still sitting there, tense and afraid. She could think of no one.

JEAN DESALLES had two sets of offices. One occupied a floor in Radio City. It had wood paneling and thick carpets and was peopled by expensively dressed and efficient-looking young men and women. In those offices, his own room was enormous, with an oval desk big as a boat and a row of glittering windows giving onto a private terrace planted with a lawn and flowers in season.

The other office was different. It was on a shabby street downtown—two rooms above a cigar store. They were little rooms, each furnished with a battered desk and chair. The only difference between the two rooms was that one had filing cabinets and the other a safe. The room with the safe was Jean Desalles'; the other was Aristide Baker's.

Aristide Baker was sixty years old, tall and stooping and kindly-looking in a timid way. He was half English and half French, and had worked for Desalles for thirty years. He hated Jean, but loved his job. It permitted him to play with enormous sums of money—and he knew more about money than any man alive.

All day long he did nothing but read and think of money, and at night in his tiny flat he dreamed of money. Jean Desalles listened to his thoughts and to his dreams, and in consequence the lives of men who never heard of either of them were shaped to ends of which they were not even aware. Things planned in these two small rooms were far-reaching and devious in their results, but all of them had one result in common—profit for Jean Desalles.

Every paper published in New York came to Aristide Baker's desk every day, and today their front pages made a fine display of Erin's disappearance. Aristide rubbed the top of his head with the palm of his hand and alternately groaned and chuckled. He hated to think of harm befalling the poor young girl, but she was Jean's sister-in-law, as every paper pointed out, calling Jean the Man of Mystery. Jean would be angry. He hated all publicity and, in particular, he hated to be called the Man of Mystery.

But, worse, practically all the papers had printed again the only picture they had ever managed to get of Jean standing beside his wife, the one that made him look like a dwarf. Moira was not tall, but she had been wearing high heels, and the picture showed her towering inches above him. Jean hated that picture. His old dislike of publicity had become almost pathological after its first publication.

Aristide gloated for a minute and then took the papers into his chief's office. He arranged them on the desk, with the ones which carried the picture on top. He stood back to admire the display, and decided to be out to lunch when Jean arrived. It would be nice to hear the music, but it would be safer to be elsewhere.

He was halfway down the stairs, thinking with delight of how angry Jean would be, when he realized how *very* angry Jean would be—and on whom the anger might vent itself. He turned and scuttled back to the office, snatched the papers from Jean's desk and returned them to his own, headlines face down.

He was on the stairs again when the door at the bottom opened, and Jean came in. He was so little—barely five feet tall—and so gray—gray skin, gray hair, gray clothes, gray eyes—and so very neat. And so full of rage. You could feel it radiating from him, as cold and as burning as dry ice.

Aristide drew back against the wall, shrinking into himself to minimize the contrast of his tallness, bowing and looking at the floor, the walls, the stair railing.

"Good morning, Mr. Desalles."

Jean gave him a glance of such malevolence that he could feel the sweat spring sudden and cold into his palms. He waited until he heard the door close at the top of the stairs, and then he ran the rest of the way to the sunlit street, wiping his forehead and muttering to himself. . . .

Dane walked slowly down the wide stairs of the big Victorian house that was his children's sanitarium. He rarely came down those stairs without looking around him with pride and pleasure, but today he was too tired to notice how bright and clean everything was, how the woodwork shone and how the sunlight poured through clean windows.

This was the third day since the newspaper stories had broken, and there was still no sign of Erin. Almost, he was beginning to agree with her mother's hysterical conviction that the girl was dead. If she were alive, she must know that her father was frantic, and Erin was very fond of her father. She would not want him to suffer.

In his office, he threw himself into his chair, wiping his face wearily with antiseptic-smelling hands. It was quite possible, of course, that she was neither dead nor staying away voluntarily. She might be a victim of amnesia. The concussion she had suffered justified considering the possibility.

But that was worse, almost. What might happen to a girl like Erin, a girl who had been wrapped all her life in cotton wool, if she were left to wander around a great city, frightened and lost, knowing nothing of herself, knowing nothing of such a world or how to get along in it alone?

A WHITE-HAIRED, white-uniformed, rosy-cheeked nurse opened the door of his office.

"A young lady to see you, Doctor Johns."

"Send her in."

He did not realize how desperately he hoped that it would be Erin until his stomach gave a sick lurch of disappointment when he saw that it was not. This was only a rather common-looking girl with a lot of brown curls under a big red beret and too much make-up on her face.

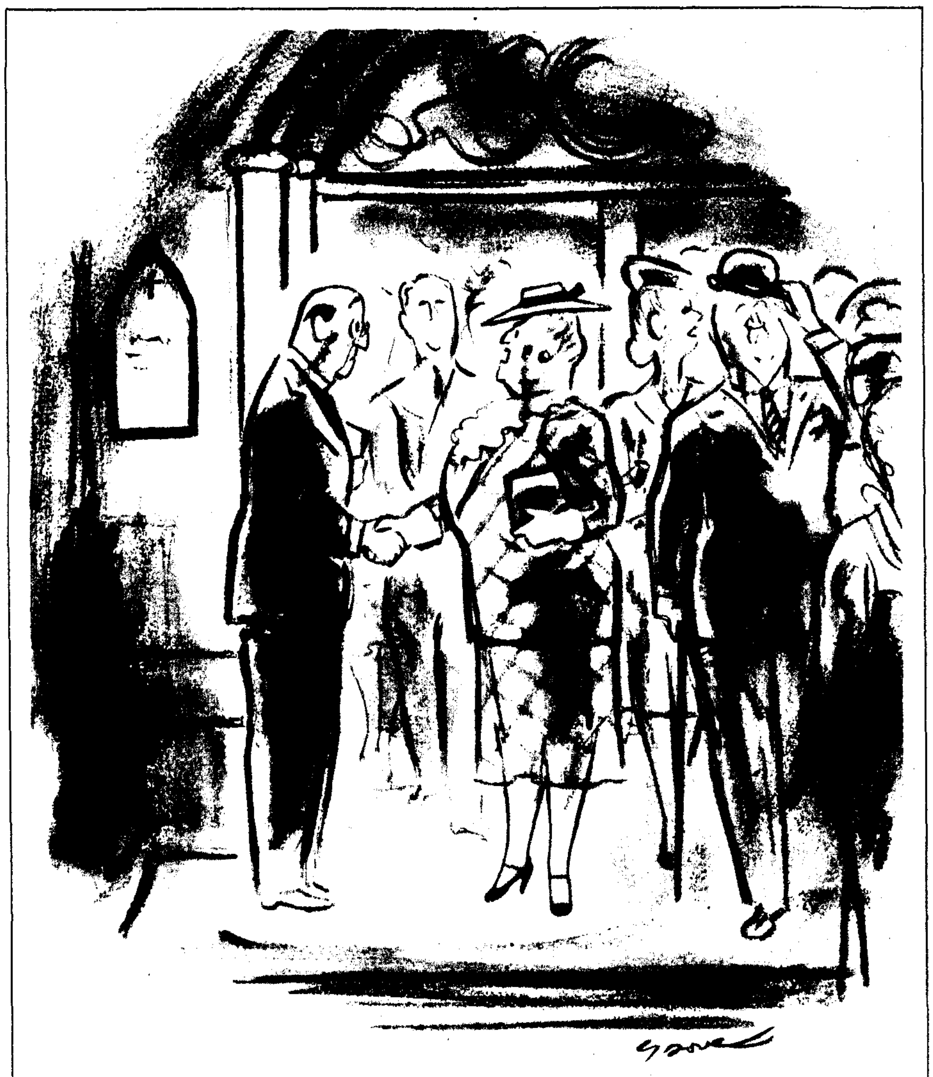
"What can I do for you?" He tried to force his dead voice into interest.

She did not answer, and he looked at her sharply. She was standing in front of his desk, staring at him, and when his eyes met hers, he felt his scalp begin to tingle.

"Erin," he said slowly, disbelievingly. "Erin!"

"You've got to help me," she said, without preamble.

He could not tell at what second the

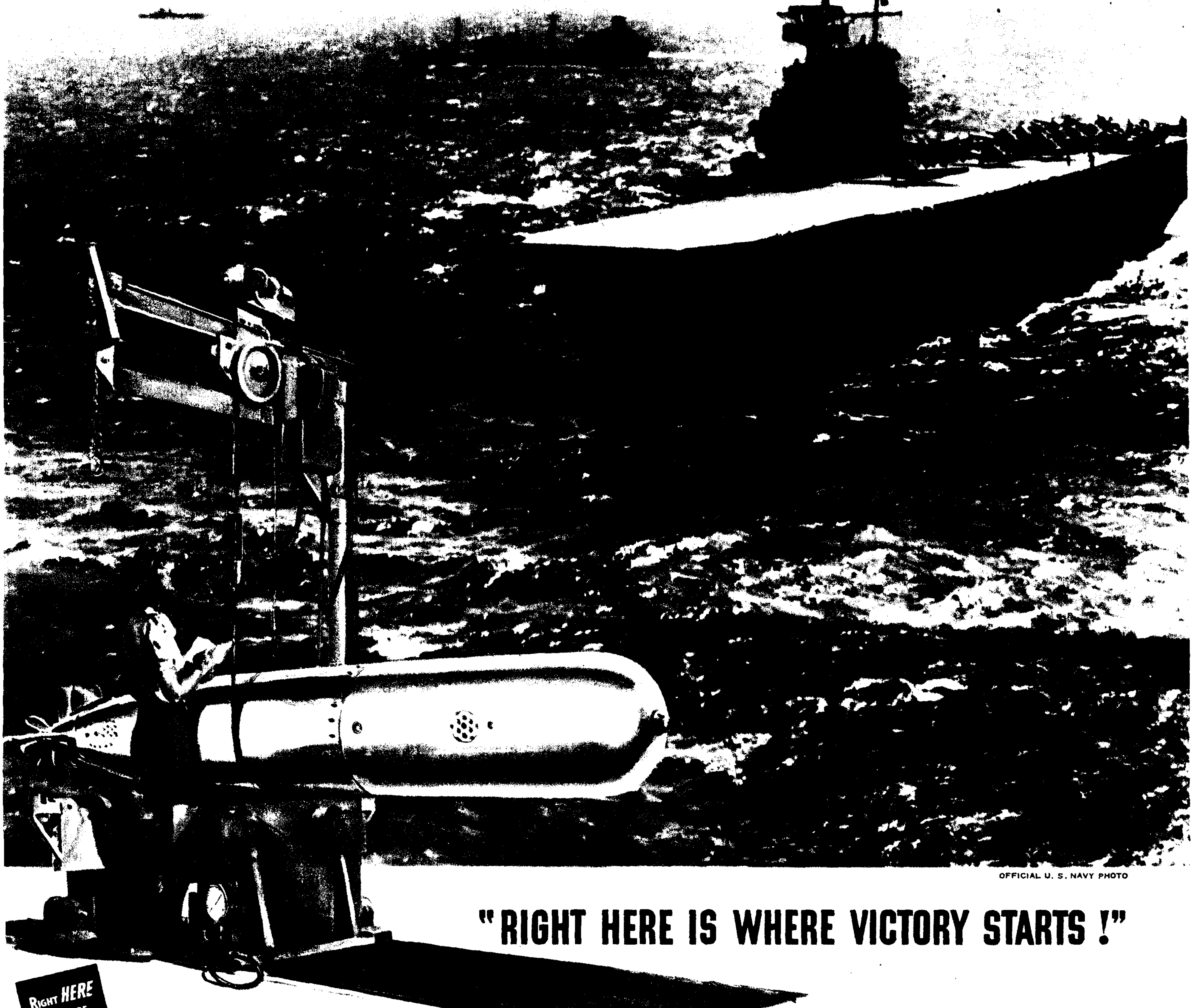


"Been playing quite a bit of golf, Reverend? We don't see much of you at the Red Cross these days"

COLLIER'S

LEONARD DOVE

PONTIAC



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

"RIGHT HERE IS WHERE VICTORY STARTS!"

Right HERE
is where
Victory
Starts!

When we at Pontiac Motor Division undertook production of Aircraft Torpedoes, we knew and fully appreciated the manufacturing trials and problems involved. And, we were able to subscribe fully to the words of a high ranking Navy officer who described the Aircraft Torpedo as "the deadliest weapon of the sea, and *the most difficult to make . . .*"

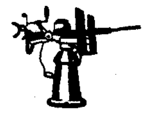
But we fully understood, too, the terrible urgency with which this weapon was needed by our Navy!

That is why Pontiac craftsmen hurled themselves into the job. That is why they responded so willingly to factory bulletin board messages such as the one reproduced above. And that is why, in due time, sleek, slippery and deadly Aircraft Torpedoes began emerging . . . began rolling from our production line.

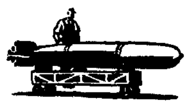
Yes, Pontiac workmen know that "Right Here Is Where Victory Starts!"—right here where the weapons of war are being built. But they know *it is only a start!* Our task is simply to build fast and build well, so that courageous men on the firing fronts will have the necessary tools *in volume* and *on time* to *finish the job.* To them goes full credit for the final and glorious Victory ahead!

Every Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

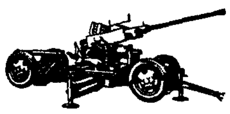
PONTIAC DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



Oerlikon 20-mm.
Anti-Aircraft Cannon



Aircraft Torpedoes
for the Navy



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When you're always "run off" like this . . .

When you'd rather "run off" like this . . .

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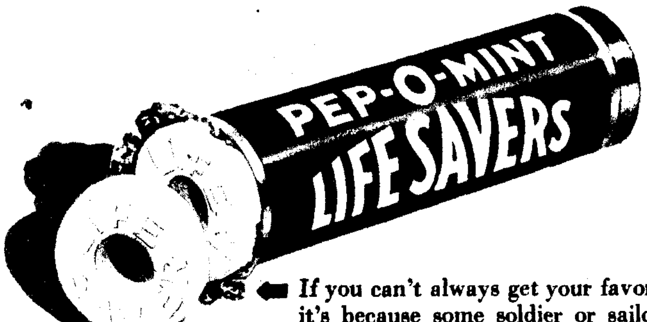
MORAL: ***Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.***



If you can't always get your favorite flavor . . . it's because some soldier or sailor or marine likes that flavor too. And we think you'll agree he deserves first call.

relief inside him turned into disgust—a disgust as violent as physical sickness. He looked at her, self-assured and unattractive, demanding something and not doubting she would get it, and it was as much as he could do not to strike her.

"Help you?" he said. "I'll send you back to your father, and I hope he'll give you what you deserve!"

He reached for the phone, and she turned and started for the door. He dropped the phone and sprang to his feet.

"Erin! Wait!" He could not help shouting.

She turned with her hand on the knob. "Stay away from the telephone."

Now he was trapped by the fear that she would go away again. If he were not so tired, he thought, he might be able to deal with her competently, as she deserved to be dealt with; he might be able to think of something.

"I've got to let your people know you're safe. How could you deliberately leave a note like that?"

"It wasn't that kind of note," she said angrily. "How could I know you were all such fools?"

"How could anybody know what you'd do?" he asked. "Any more than I know what you want of me now?"

"I want you to call off the police," she said. "And I want some money."

He looked at her in astonishment. "Money? Why should I give you money?"

"You gave the story to the papers. Now I can't look for a job."

"Go back to your family."

"I'm not going back. I'm free and I'm going to stay free," she told him flatly. "When this blows over, I want to work. I want to find out what I can do."

He stared at her in bafflement, wishing again that he were not too tired to think. If he gave her money, she would go away again. If he did not, she would go, anyway. The problem was to keep her where he could have an eye on her. He frowned at his desk in an effort to make his mind work.

His memorandum pad read, "Maid for Children's House," and he repeated the words to himself a few times, trying to concentrate. Then the words suddenly meant something, and he knew the answer. It was dangerous, he thought. It was damn' dangerous. But it was worth the risk. And, anyway, there was no alternative.

He looked back at Erin, grinning a little. "I won't give you any money," he said. "But perhaps I could find you a job." He made his voice hard. "On one condition. First, you call Whitestone. Your father and mother have been down there for a week, waiting for your body to turn up somewhere."

"What kind of job?" Erin asked suspiciously.

"I'll tell you when you've finished calling your father," he said.

Slowly Erin put out her hand and took up the receiver.

SITTING beside Dane in his car, Erin watched with troubled eyes as the high wall of Jean Desalles' estate rolled by them. It was a well-camouflaged wall, half hidden by shrubbery and creepers, but she knew that it circled the whole estate, except where steep cliffs stood up protectively from the sea. In a few minutes, she would be inside that wall.

"There's supposed to be an electric wire all along the top," she said. "Is that true?"

"I've never had occasion to find out," Dane said dryly. "I wouldn't doubt it."

He stopped the car in front of high, ornamental gates of wrought iron, and they waited until the gatekeeper came from his pleasant cottage and scrutinized them carefully. His blue eyes were keen and hard in his kindly face, and Erin braced herself not to shrink as he examined her.

"Maid for the Children's House," Dane said laconically.

The man smiled and nodded and went back to his cottage. In a second, the great locks were released, apparently by electricity, and the gates swung open. They closed again immediately behind the car, and the gatekeeper stood at his door to wave them on their way.

"Dane," she said, as soon as they were out of earshot, "he had a gun under his coat."

"Only the elect enter this paradise. That gent is the Angel with the Flaming Sword."

Erin felt more lonely and insecure than ever. She huddled in her seat as the car rolled up the sweeping drive that led toward the towering chimneys which were all she could see of Jean Desalles' house, and wished that she had never let Dane persuade her into this. It was all very well to say that it was just a job, but he was not the one who was to be locked in here, behind these walls.

ABRUPTLY, they turned from the main driveway into a narrower one that led away from it through the trees.

Erin looked up puzzled. "Where are we going?"

"I told you. To the Children's House."

"Is it so far from the main house?"

"Half a mile or more. Far enough so that Madame and Monsieur won't be disturbed by the uncouth noises of their young."

They rolled through woods where dark pine and leafless birch and dogwood intermingled in perfectly planned confusion. It seemed a long time to Erin before they came into a sudden, wide, sloping clearing and drew to a stop in front of a little red-brick house, a perfect miniature of a house that suited its name, the Children's House.

"Well, here we are," Dane said.

Erin did not move. "Dane, I can't go through with it. Somebody's sure to know me. Moira or Jean—"

"I told you, you'll probably never see them," he said impatiently. "And if you do, they're not likely to be examining the help with an eagle eye."

"But, Miss Mary—"

"She hasn't seen you in ten years. Are you coming?"

Erin still was not reassured, but there was nothing to do, and so she got out of the car and followed Dane up to the little porch. Her breath quickened as he pressed the bell.

Miss Mary answered it. She looked older than she had ten years ago, when she had retired after twenty years of teaching at the Whitestone High School, but she was as terrifying as ever, tall and grim and leather-faced. Her eyes, gimlet-keen, went immediately to Erin's face, and Erin wanted to turn and run, certain she had been recognized.

"This is Mrs. Hanscom, our new maid," Dane said. "I'm afraid she's completely inexperienced, Miss Mary, but she's willing to learn."

Miss Mary held the door open for them. "These days, we take what we can get. What's your first name, Mrs. Hanscom?"

Erin took a deep breath. "Emma."

Miss Mary nodded. "Good. I hope you can start right now?"

Erin wanted time to get used to the idea, perhaps even time to think of something else and to escape altogether. But as she hesitated, Dane spoke for her.

"Her bag's in the car," he said cheerfully.

Again Miss Mary nodded. "In that case, she may as well meet the children."

She went to the bottom of the stairs and called, and after a moment the children came quietly down, staring at Erin.

She had not seen them in several years, but she remembered them as they stood in a row in front of her, regarding her with level and terrifying stares. Yvonne, the tallest and the oldest, must be twelve now. She had hair like Sheila and Erin, silken and milky blond, and in a few years she would be a very great beauty. Now, acknowledging her introduction to Erin, she was self-consciously ladylike, but her eyes still retained the bright and suspicious curiosity of childhood.

"How do you do," she said. "I do hope we'll be friends."

Erin could not help grinning, and she had the satisfaction of seeing Yvonne flush rosily before she turned to be introduced to Jeanette, who was nine. Jeanette had red hair, dark and glorious, and a face that, at first glance, seemed as plain as it was honest. But it wasn't plain, Erin saw. When the time came, Jeanette would be lovelier than her sister, lovelier than her mother or either of her aunts had been.

"How are you?" Jeanette said. "Did you have an accident to your face?"

Erin's fingers flew to her mouth, but she managed a smile. "Yes," she said. "I did. I'll tell you about it sometime."

Pierre was seven, a little boy almost perfectly square. Even standing quiet, he seemed to be bouncing, as though the vitality within him was too great for his small, sturdy body to hold comfortably. He did not say anything at all or answer Erin's smile, but gave her an obedient hand and thrust out his lower lip a little further, observing her out of gray eyes under black lashes. . . .

"I've got to go," Dane said. "I hope everything will be all right, Miss Mary."

"I'm sure it will be," she said serenely. "Thank you for taking so much trouble, Doctor Johns."

He smiled and turned to Erin, and the smile became a grin to mock her. "I hope this will be the beginning of a happy and useful existence, Mrs.—ah—Mrs. Hanscom."

She hated him at that moment, but as he went out of the door she wanted to run after him and cling to him. He was her last link to reality, to security, and now he was going, leaving her alone in this strange place, with these three strange children.

Miss Mary closed the door behind him with a little click that had all the finality of doom and turned back to Erin.

"Now, if you'll bring your bag," she said briskly, "I'll show you your room. And then we'll put the children to bed."

ERIN spent the next weeks learning to do things she had never done before; her job included all of the physical work of the house but the cooking and the laundry. She was kept busy, and it might have been tiresome, except that there were always the children. She worked very hard to be friends with them, and slowly, very slowly, they seemed to be learning to like her and to trust her.

Then one morning, a month after she had come to the Children's House, she woke to loud hammering on her door, and the children came tumbling into her room, shrieking with laughter. The girls were still in their bathrobes, and Yvonne was spluttering and sneezing happily. Jeanette was carrying her slippers, hopping from foot to foot as though she were on a hot stove. Pierre, half in and half out of his trousers, was tumbling around like a one-legged duck.

Erin, still half asleep, was almost winded under the weight of three sturdy bodies. She struggled for a minute and finally managed to sit up, pushing the sweet-smelling and fighting heap down toward the foot of the bed.

"What's this?" she demanded coolly. "A commando raid?"

"Who put pepper in Yvonne's tooth powder?" Jeanette demanded. "And sand in my slippers?"

Pierre was struggling too hard for breath to say anything, but mutely he held up a half-covered lower end to show trouser legs neatly sewn together. Erin

"George, are you sure you locked up the gin after you made the cocktails?"

COLLIER'S
CHESTER GARDE

DERMATOLOGISTS POINT THE WAY TO EASY SHAVING

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t a eas

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. CWT .m. PWT

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Remember—pre-ground coffee days or weeks old cannot possibly match the full flavor of really fresh coffee. *So... if you want coffee that's really "tops" every time—it's time to turn to A&P Coffee!*

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EIGHT O'CLOCK COFFEE

RICH AND FULL-BODIED

RED CIRCLE COFFEE

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FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

HAVE ANOTHER CUP

AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES

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leaned over swiftly and pinched his bottom. Howling with laughter, he rolled away.

"Who put hairbrushes in my bed last night?" she asked. "And old shoes? And a rubber snake?"

"Were you frightened of the snake?" Jeanette asked eagerly.

"Terrified. I jumped right up on the chandelier and didn't come down for hours."

"There isn't any chandelier."

"I know. That's why I finally came down." She looked at her watch and was startled. "Good heavens, the time! Get out of here, you brats, and let me get dressed. You'll be late for breakfast, and then you'll be late for lessons and Miss Mary will scalp us all."

But there were no lessons that morning. Miss Mary had a cold and stayed in bed. After breakfast, to keep the house as quiet as possible, Erin took the children for a walk in the woods. It was a lovely day, and out of earshot of the Children's House they shouted and played.

And then, suddenly, they were quiet. Their game of hide-and-seek had brought them to the edge of the lawn, brown now with winter, which swept up to the main house. They drew closer to Erin and stood for a minute looking up at the lovely Georgian house, so gracious and so quiet in the winter sunshine.

"Why, somebody's on the terrace," Erin said suddenly, noticing a still figure looking away from them out over the rose gardens.

"That's Mamma," Jeanette said in an odd voice.

ERIN looked at them wonderingly. They were all standing close to her, and their faces, so full of laughter a moment ago, were closed and still.

"Why don't you run and see her?" she asked.

"We'll see her this afternoon," Yvonne answered evasively.

Erin knew that ritual. Every afternoon at four, Miss Mary took the children to the main house and stayed there with them for exactly half an hour.

"But don't you want to see her now?" Erin asked.

"No," Jeanette said decisively, and the three children turned as one and ran back into the woods. They did not shout and play again until they were well away from the main house.

Erin followed them, silent and wondering. Later that afternoon, when they were sitting in front of the Children's House in the sunshine, she tried again.

"What's your papa's house like inside?" she asked.

"It's perfectly beautiful," Yvonne said. "Very full of art. Miss Mary says it's an education in itself."

"It's awfully quiet," Jeanette said.

"You can't scratch the floor," Pierre observed morosely.

"Your mother must be very beautiful," Erin said. "I've seen pictures of her."

And immediately the children were closed against her, their tongues stilled, their eyes evasive. Erin was puzzled and a little irritated.

Miss Mary's cold was worse that evening; she sat sniffly and miserable by the fireplace after the children had gone to bed. Erin sat with her in silence for a long time, still curious about the children's reticence about their mother. Finally, she told the old lady about it.

"I think it's queer," she ended defensively, after waiting for a comment that did not come. "And why are the children stuck off by themselves down here?"

Miss Mary said nothing, but her face, red-eyed and red-nosed, looked disapproving and a little frightened.

"You'd almost think they were afraid of their mother," Erin said. "Or she of them."

"Not of their mother," Miss Mary said.

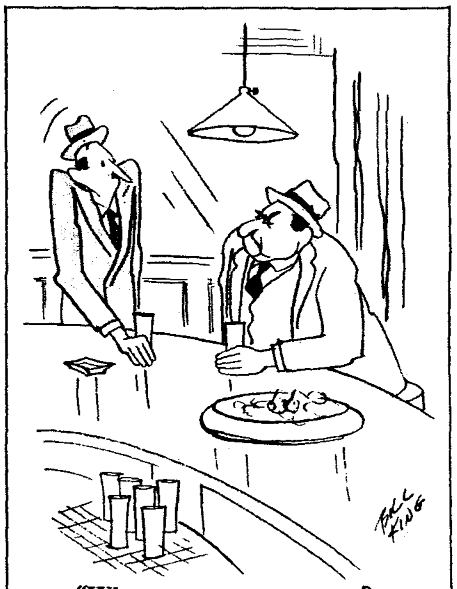
"What do you mean?"

"You've never met Mr. Desalles," Miss Mary said, and for a moment Erin thought she was going on. But then the old lady got up. "I'm afraid it's none of our business," she added, and went off to bed.

Later, as Erin went from room to room, making sure the children were well covered before going to bed herself, she found herself insisting that even if all this was none of Miss Mary's business, it was certainly hers. After all, Moira was her sister, and these were her nieces and her nephew.

Impulsively, she touched sleeping Pierre's forehead with her lips, and was startled at her lapse into sentiment. But when she came to Jeanette's room, she repeated it, and the little girl woke immediately. For a minute, golden-brown eyes stared at her, and then thin arms reached up and locked around her neck, hugging her fiercely. Erin disengaged herself gently and turned out the light.

But back in her own room, she felt shaken and a little angry. What was the matter with Moira, she wondered, to let all that affection, all that need for love, go to waste, go to a stranger when it might have been her own? What kind of mother was it who could be such an idiot as not to know what she was missing, what she was actually turning away? . . .



"Where are your manners? *I* was interrupting *you!*"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

In the morning, Miss Mary's cold was rather worse, and Erin telephoned Dane. It was late before he could call, and Erin was out with the children. She did not see him until she came back and went into the old lady's room to find out if there was anything she could do. He was ready to leave then, and he nodded solemnly to her from the bedside.

"We were talking about you. Miss Mary tells me you're turning into one of the best maids she's ever had."

"Thank you, sir," Erin said.

Miss Mary gave her a smile. "The doctor tells me I shall have to stay in bed, my dear," she said. "I'm afraid that means more work for you."

"I don't mind the work," Erin said, and felt the mockery of Dane's eyes.

"Thank you," Miss Mary said, and looked at her watch. "It's almost time the children went to see their parents. You'll have to take them today. Do please be careful not to upset Mr. Desalles. He's—he may be a little difficult."

Erin was nervous and upset as she walked with Dane out to his car. She did not quite know what she wanted to say, but she had to speak to him.

"I have to take the children up there, Dane."

He looked a little worried, but his voice, when he answered, sounded confident. "Don't be silly. You'll just be something in a uniform. They won't even see you."

"It isn't Moira or Jean," she said. "It's the children."

"What about them?"

"I don't know," she said, and tried to tell herself that she was being irrational. But when Dane drove away, she could not throw off the sense of foreboding.

As she accompanied the children a little while later, they must have felt her nervousness, because Jeanette's hand crept into hers before they had gone many steps, and Pierre's followed a few minutes later. When they were close to the main house, the children automatically stopped and looked at Erin.

"Are we all right?" Yvonne asked nervously. "Are we all clean?"

It was as though they were soldiers about to be inspected by a superior officer, rather than children visiting their parents, Erin thought, and a sense of outrage came to lighten her nervousness. She looked them over carefully and removed some dust from their shoes with her handkerchief.

They were hesitating briefly in front of the doorway of the big house, while Erin tried to decide whether she should ring the bell or just walk in, when she heard a voice. It was a high, quick, familiar voice, and it froze her in quick panic and disbelief. She stood listening to the words that came to her, mingling with the soft, desultory notes of a piano.

"Is that your last word on the pictures, Desalles?"

Somebody murmured something inaudible, and the familiar voice—Stephen's voice—came again, thick with anger.

"Somebody is going to kill you someday, Desalles. Somebody will get tired of your playing God, and kill you."

Then there was silence, except for the graceful musical tinkling of the piano. Erin stood for a moment with her hand on the door, frightened more by the fact of Stephen's presence than by the bitterness of his voice. This was impossible, she thought. She could not hope to fool Stephen.

Jeanette pulled at her skirt. "Come on in!"

Erin longed for flight and knew she could not run away. If she ran, there could be no stopping at the Children's House, and she now could not leave the children. Something was wrong, and she had to keep close to them till she learned what it was. She took a deep breath and pushed open the wide front door.

They were in a big oval hall from which a splendid hanging staircase soared to the upper stories of the house. Through an open door at one side came the sound of the piano, oddly hesitant, and Erin followed the children toward it, tense and scarcely able to breathe.

Moira was sitting in a huge chair by the fireplace. She wore a gown of old brocade cut in a Renaissance pattern, cloudy with rich colors, sparkling with bright small gleams of gold. There were two gold-and-pearl ornaments in her dark hair, holding it away from her face. She looked strange and dated and more beautiful than anyone Erin had ever seen.

Jean Desalles was at the piano in the big window, and his fingers touched the keys lightly, as though he was not sure they were playing. His feet, like a child's feet, reached down to touch the pedals with the tips of their toes.

STEPHEN was standing by Moira's chair, staring gloomily into the fire. Jean Desalles was watching him, and Erin felt chilled by the hatred in his eyes.

One of the children spoke tentatively, and all the faces in the room turned toward them. Jean Desalles stopped playing the piano. Stephen turned around. Moira's thin, beautiful hands went to her mouth, and her great dark eyes grew enormous as she looked at Erin.

"Oh, my dear!" she said. "Oh, my poor dear!"

For a long moment there was complete silence in the big room. Everyone—Jean, Stephen, the children—looked at Erin and then turned to Moira. Erin stared at her with bitter reproach, furious that her disguise should have been so easily penetrated and so thoughtlessly betrayed. The taste of defeat was in her mouth, and she felt ridiculous and childish, standing there in her silly uniform, with her face painted and her hair dyed.

But no one else spoke, and finally Jean Desalles got up from the piano bench and crossed the room to his wife. His small, delicate hand closed and tightened around her wrist.

"What is it, my dear?" he asked, in a soft voice. "What startled you?"

(To be continued next week)

Any Week

Continued from page 4

them, what with wages-while-you-learn classes, bonuses, almost free housing, free medical services, insurance policies, and so forth, that, when it becomes absolutely necessary to go to work, they may become rebellious.

THE question of what this country is going to do after the war with the millions of women who have gone into war-production industry is answered by Mrs. Florence Thutter of Unadilla, Georgia. Mrs. Thutter is about to organize her sister war workers. Her object she says is to "make sure that there will be somebody left at home to work in the plants and factories when our menfolks will be marching on Washington demanding bonuses and the like. Only the other night, some of our men down here were saying that they wish peace would come so's they could start a few good insurrections."

WE'VE just received a V-mail letter assuring us that one of our Joes fighting in Italy was overheard giving a bit of sound advice to a native who had been the mayor of a town which no longer exists, being now merely a spot where there used to be a town. "Well," said our Joe, when the ex-mayor had finished his jeremiad, "it's all your own fault. Why don't you people move? This Europe's a bad neighborhood."

ASIDE from all that there's very little doing. Mrs. Dora E. Goner, 76 years old, a household domestic in Los Angeles, California, has joined Willkie and Bricker and announced her candidacy for the Republican nomination. . . . And Mr. Irving Sporn of New York City protests Hiram J. Herbert's recent contribution to Collier's that one John Gilleland, during the Civil War (the War Between the States), invented the first double-barreled cannon. Mr. Sporn says that the first was the creation of an unidentified Swede who made it for Gustavus Adolphus who licked Wallenstein with it in 1632 at Lützen. Furthermore, France's General Jean Baptiste de Gribeauval used it in the eighteenth century. . . . And Mr. Andrew B. Boarst of Rocky Ford, Colorado, predicts that the Presidential contest will be a neck-and-neck affair until the final furlong, with Mr. Roosevelt winning with a last-moment promise of Free Jeeps for Everybody. . . . W. D.

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Burton's Birds

Continued from page 13

deep in one act, Burton can give an order and the birds will promptly begin a different performance.

For a long time, Burton thought the birds took no interest in their acts.

"As soon as one bird finished his act, he ran to me to be picked up and put back with his mate," he explained. "But one day while I was working in a circus, Tarzan, one of my best birds, got frightened by some children and flew off to the bracers at the top of the tent and wouldn't come down.

"Now each bird has a stand-in in case of just such an accident. I took out Tarzan's stand-in and tried to make him go through the act. The poor substitute had stage fright and massacred the routine. He was supposed to drive a toy jeep over to a model grind organ and then turn the handle of the organ, which played My Country, 'Tis of Thee, while another bird ran up an American flag. I stole occasional glances at Tarzan. He had taken months to learn to drive that jeep, and I saw him running up and down his bracer, wringing his wings as he watched the other bird mesh the gears.

No Stand-in for Tarzan

"Finally the substitute got to the organ. He was completely flustered by then, but still very hopeful. He grabbed the handle and started to crank the wrong way.

"That was enough for Tarzan. He came flying back, screaming all the way down. When he hit the table, he rushed at his poor stand-in so savagely I was afraid he'd be killed. But he just shoved the other bird aside and started turning. The audience gave him three encores and he took them all—with bows."

Tarzan is Burton's most brilliant actor. He knows over thirty routines and if another bird falls down on his turn, Tarzan will frequently come over and do it for him. Curiously, Tarzan was a poor buy. One of the Burtons' prize birds died in Chicago and they were trying to find a successor.

No one can foretell how good a student a bird will be, so Burton picks his birds for brilliance and variety of color. Tarzan was a curious russet color, and the Burtons thought he would stand out in the act as a curiosity and they bought him.

The poor woman who sold them the bird told the Burtons brokenly that the parakeet was her last possession. Her invalid child was devoted to the bird, but they could no longer keep him. The Burtons were inclined to consider this part of the sales talk and closed the deal.

They went out that evening, leaving Tarzan comfortably ensconced in their room. When they got back, they found the neighbors had called in the police, the S.P.C.A. and an ambulance. A furious crowd wanted to know why they had left a sick child locked in their room.

"But there is no sick child there," Mrs. Burton insisted.

"Don't try to deny it, you brute!" shrilled their landlady. "Just listen!"

Through the closed door came the unmistakable moaning of a deathly ill baby. It was Tarzan, imitating the sound he must have been hearing for months. The Burtons were never able to find the woman again.

Burton explains, "When Tarzan molted, he lost his distinctive russet coloration, and we would have been willing to give him back. Once we started training him and found how smart he was . . . well, it would have been harder then."

All the parakeets are very quick to pick up sounds and imitate them. All the Burton birds know their own names and at least a dozen or so commands.

"Sometimes," says Burton, "the birds' memory for faces and sounds is a nuisance. Once while Superman, another of my birds, was preparing to do his Slide for Life down a slack wire, a busboy dropped a stack of dishes. Superman was scared clean down to his pinfeathers and went through his whole act shaking. Would you believe it, the next evening the same busboy dropped a plate at just the same time! After that, whenever the busboy appeared, Superman would stop in the middle of his act, lay down his balancing pole, and wait quietly until the busboy had gone. Then he would pick up his pole and go on again."

Burton has twenty-five birds, but only fourteen of them work in any one show. The others rest and act as supernumeraries. Many talented prospective actors never make the grade because of stage fright. They may do beautifully in Burton's hotel room, but the excitement of a show is too much for them. They just collapse, literally, falling over backward and feebly waving their feet in the air. Burton either sells them or gives them away to friends.

The birds travel in a special suitcase composed of little compartments. Their regular living quarters are two-foot-square cages with glass sides so that they can't scatter seed on the hotel's rugs. Burton lets the cast fly around his room and puts a pan of water and a pan of sand in the bathroom for them to take either a water or a dust bath as they wish.

The Burtons drive everywhere in their car, and the birds sit on the back seats and sing. They enjoy traveling and like to look out of the window. Wild birds particularly interest them, and after a tanager or an oriole has flown by, the parakeets will discuss the stranger in shrill squawks for miles.

Whenever Burton sees a likely looking stream, he stops and gets the birds fresh sand, as he thinks pet-store sand is ground too fine. Burton keeps his eye open for old buildings being torn down. He picks up bits of plaster for the birds to crack with their beaks.

Doctor for His Birds

Fortunately for the Burtons, the birds stay amazingly healthy. Most parakeets take a year to train before they can appear in even bit parts. A sudden epidemic could close the show overnight. The most common accident is a broken leg, and Burton has become an expert at setting them. He uses quills for splints, and spirit gum, and he has almost a 100 per cent record of cures.

Burton refuses to clip the birds' wings not only because he thinks it ruins their looks but because the parakeets need their wings to balance themselves in certain routines. But often the birds are so eager to begin their acts that they fly from their owner's stick to the table and, not being very expert fliers, they occasionally crack up. One bird flew into an electric fan last season and was months growing his feathers back. Burton refuses to work in a room with mirrors because the birds often fly into them.

The Burtons don't miss their horses any more. "After all, we were getting a little old for stunt riders," Burton admits. "And in the spring when we're driving along the highroads listening to our birds singing beside us or stopping by a stream to give them a chance to drink or have a fly, why, my wife and I think it's about the nicest work in the world."

THE END

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BOTTLED AT THE WINERY

Here's a gun that shoots planes—together!

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

Ordinary riveting requires two workers — the one who handles the gun and the "bucker" who stands on the other side and backs up the rivets.

When you build airplanes, however, you frequently don't have room for a "bucker." In the fabrication of some parts, there isn't even room for a human hand.

The explosive rivet is used in just such tight places. Only one worker is needed. The head of the rivet is heated, setting off a small charge of powder which literally "fires" the rivet into place.

But explosive rivets were heated by the conventional soldering iron. It took half an hour to bring this iron to detonating temperature. Then, out of Goodyear Research came an entirely new device — something that looks and acts like a real gun . . . heats in a few seconds, is easy to handle, inexpensive to operate.

The Goodyear worker simply squeezes the trigger. Electric current causes the tip of the gun to heat almost instantly. The rivet is detonated . . . and — bang! — there goes another nail in the coffin of the enemy!

A pioneer in rubber, Goodyear also uses years of experience working with metals, fabrics, chemicals . . . and from the new Goodyear Research Laboratory "the best is yet to come" — new and finer products for you.

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GOODYEAR

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WHATEVER YOUR WORK, whatever your favorite relaxation, science can measure accurately the amount of energy your body expends in action or at rest. A device captures exhaled breath in a large, sealed bag. The contents are analyzed to reveal how much "body fuel" has been used. Since science recognizes that all energy can be expressed in units of dextrose, this device may well be called a "dextrose-energy meter". Actually, it indicates the amount of dextrose needed to replace the energy consumed. As you know, most of the energy of the body comes from dextrose; it is the sugar used directly for energy within the body.

MODELING CLOTHES in an exclusive New York shop is regarded as tiring work. Yet the dextrose-energy meter found that Miss Mattie Reid used up energy at the rate of only 1½ ounces of dextrose per hour. In fast tennis, however, Miss Reid used up energy at the rate of 4¼ ounces of dextrose per hour.

takes more energy?

A VICTORY GARDEN, to Cliff Raynor of Chicago, is a great place to relax after a hard day in the defense plant. Swinging a hoe takes only 3¾ ounces of dextrose per hour. Swinging a heavy grinder calls for dextrose at the rate of 4¼ ounces.

A BICYCLE RIDE is welcome relaxation to Miss Margaret Young of Playa del Rey, Cal., after housework. Yet, the dextrose-energy meter showed that the bicycling takes more than twice as much energy as the housework—3¾ ounces per hour for the bicycling, as against an average 1¾ ounces for the various activities of housework.

AFTER A BUSY DAY in his big modern food market—using up energy at the rate of 2¼ ounces of dextrose per hour—Mr. Patsy d'Agostino asks nothing better than to spend a quiet evening with a book. Even reading takes almost 1 ounce of dextrose per hour. Mr. d'Agostino is a prominent figure in grocery trade organizations. He is deeply interested in nutrition, knows much about it. While the energy tests were being made, he pointed out many items on his shelves that are rich in dextrose. These include canned fruits and juices, soft drinks, baked goods, candy, jams and jellies, table syrups, and many others. To all these foods, dextrose adds food-energy value and generally improves texture and flavor. Look for the word "dextrose" on food labels. It means genuine food-energy value at no extra cost.

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because they are already creased and shaped just the way you want to wear them.

Men of importance wear hats because they're smart...

(*Continued from page* 42) from the line in front of the sergeant, she leaned over the counter with a nudging cough. The private looked up and grinned. Her heart shied as he started to get up.

"I'll take care of her," the sergeant said. The private sat down again.

"Why can't he take me?" Uvalde asked. "I'm in a hurry."

"Take her, then."

The soldier rose with alacrity. He checked the "Hi, Toots" on his lips and made it "Good afternoon" by visible effort.

"I want to join the Wacs."

"On you, that uniform'll look good."

Uvalde squirmed happily. "I bet you say that to every girl that comes in here."

"Can I move over to his house tonight, Mom? Right away?"

Uvalde felt hurt. It wasn't that she wanted to have Frankie grieve for her but she did feel she rated at least a token bellow. "I should think you'd want to stay with Mamma as long as you can. It'll only be two-three days."

The shrill tune Mr. Galwey's saw was playing changed from *allegro* to *rallentando,* then stopped. He drew on his pipe with a troubled look. "Mebbe I hadn't ought to say for sure I'll keep him till I talk to Virgie. You know how she is sometimes."

"She won't care. Frankie'll be company for you when she and Ed go out nights. She's always scared for fear you'll set fire

One crew of American Airlines photographed in Arctic region by Ivan Dmitri

Yesterday 6 Weeks–Today 45 Minutes!

Forty-five minutes are less than a 1,000th part of six weeks. That shows the change in today's world.

Infinitely less change in transportation developed during past *centuries* than during the last few *years.*

Our Army's Air Transport Command makes thou-

They are easier to mentally digest in small doses. A report from New Guinea: a laborious six weeks' trip over mountain and jungle trails by horseback is now easily accomplished in 45 minutes by air, so whole divisions are moved that way. From the Navy: San Francisco to Hawaii in

Many of these are domestic airline crews, whose companies are playing a major role in global wartime air transport under the direction of our Army and Navy.

They are demonstrating that time and distance have been overcome as barriers to movement in

mustache alone and decided against it.

"Ed gave you two as good as new last week."

"By Jiminy, it's my money."

"All right, all right. I'll buy you some."

"I'll buy them myself."

Virgie counted out five dollars that she had earmarked for a new permanent, still puzzled. She watched him go out and join Uvalde and Frankie, who were waiting out in front. Frankie capered to the bus between them, a hand for each. Virgie's jaw sagged. Recovering, she added two and two and two till she got a dismaying total that proved itself when her father came home with two gay shirts and ties. Looking pleased but weary, he inched his feet out of his best shoes and into his old ones. He changed his Sunday pants for overalls and put on his flapping straw hat with the evident intention of working in the garden.

"You better tie up those pole beans," Virgie said. "And spray the tomatoes, too."

"I haven't time. I'm digging up a Vic-t'ry Garden for Mis' Wilkens."

"She's better able to do it herself than you are. And I need some potatoes dug, too."

"If Ed'd dig potatoes Sunday instead of hanging round Joe's place, maybe he'd be able to show up at work Monday for a change."

"You leave Ed alone. At least he's not running after a beanpole young enough to be his granddaughter."

Mr. Galwey looked at her in indignant astonishment. "Why—why—" he began, and went out muttering.

SEVERAL hot days followed. Mr. Galwey labored in his neighbor's garden under cheerful supervision while pests held carnival in his own, and its dry furrows panted for water. Virgie, digging potatoes for herself, could hear them talking about what to plant.

"Carrots and tomatoes are fine," Uvalde said, "and onions and peas. But nix on squash. Plant one and first thing you know you've got fifty. The farm bureau had ought to ask that Margaret Sanger what to do about squash."

"Seems to me Frankie's been awful quiet this morning," Mr. Galwey said. "Haven't heard a peep out of him."

"I'll go see what he's up to."

Uvalde came back leading Frankie with a lasso in his hand, his face blotched with tears and dust.

"Go on now, tell him what you've done to his rabbits," Uvalde said.

"I never meant to," Frankie whimpered. "I just let 'em out to see if I could rope 'em and they got away."

Mr. Galwey's arm reached out toward him impulsively, then dropped. "No use crying over spilt milk," he said quietly. "They're gone."

More than ever, Uvalde felt that a disposition like that made up for a lot. Frankie would be in kind hands when she was busy with the Japs.

Two or three days passed. The furrows of the new garden were hispid with green. Radishes, Uvalde said. Weeds, Mr. Galwey said and pulled a few to prove his point. A distant rumble from the highway and the peep of some day-old chicks which had taken the place of rabbits in the hutches made the only sound tracks on the quiet of the back lot. Frankie had been sentenced to spend the forenoon in the trailer as a punishment for breaking a window with his slingshot.

"I don't like to be hard on him," his mother said, "but it's the second one in a week. I told him to sit there and think about it."

Mr. Galwey was sniffing. "Seems like I smell smoke."

A hasty glance toward her trailer showed Uvalde nothing amiss. "It's your pipe." She knelt again and pulled weeds.

Then Virgie came running toward them. "The fence is burning," she shrieked. "Frankie set fire to the grass."

They grabbed pails of water and wet sacks and followed her. Through the smoke they could see Frankie standing like a popeyed Casabianca. Despite wet sacks and bucket passing, the flames spread, and the clang of a fire engine was music in their ears. In ten minutes, the fire was out and the engine gone, but the fence was so much charcoal. Mr. Galwey looked at it, and the veins on his forehead swelled alarmingly.

"If that kid belonged to me, I'd warm his seat good," Virgie said.

"I—I guess I'll go in and lay down," Mr. Galwey said. "I'm sort of tuckered out."

Holding Frankie firmly by the shoulder, Uvalde broke off a peach switch and moved homeward so fast that the tips of his toes touched the ground only now and then. From the trailer, loud wails issued in spurts.

Under the wet towel that covered Mr. Galwey's face as he rested in his hammock, the taut line of his mouth relaxed in a contented smile.

UVALDE and Frankie, very much dressed up, were waiting in Mr. Galwey's front yard for him to come out. Tomorrow they were going to apply for a marriage license, and tonight he was taking them to Playland Park for a prenuptial fete. In their eagerness they were fifteen minutes early.

"No, I'm not going in after him."

"Why won't you, Mom? Huh? Why won't you?"

"Because Virgie's mad at me."

"Why?"

"I don't know. Quit pestering me or you can't go."

The front door closed quietly, and Mr. Galwey came down the steps putting on his coat.

"Hi!" Frankie shouted, running to take his hand.

It was dark when they got to Playland Park. Lights in wartime hoods made pale pools on walks and lawns. Frankie ran ahead and his silhouette against them was like a darting waterbug. A band in the pavilion played a waltz that dripped honey on the warm air. Overcome by a hundred recollections, Uvalde sat down on a bench to dream, eyes wide, lips parted. She looked at the linked hearts tattooed on her right forearm with a vague but pleasant memory. *What had that guy's name been?* She hummed with the band and shut her eyes. It wasn't Mr. Galwey sitting beside her but a composite of younger men.

"Ho-hum," Mr. Galwey said, shaking a pill into his hand from a bottle. "That stew Virgie had for supper don't set good on my stomach."

UVALDE opened her eyes with the start of one rudely awakened. She rose. "We might as well get over to the midway. Frankie! Frank-e-e-e! Where is that young one!" She loped after him with Mr. Galwey following an appreciable distance behind. She overtook Frankie and held his hand.

Mr. Galwey played the lavish host. "Have another hot dog," he urged.

Uvalde shook her head. "Mongrels they are now. By Chuck out of Cereal or breeding unknown."

She began looking around for a shooting gallery just to keep her hand in. They were out for the duration and she had to content herself with slings and bows and arrows and baseballs with which she broke so many bottles and rang so many bells that in no time she was surrounded by an admiring gallery. Frankie grew bored and pulled her skirt.

"Cut it out!" she said. "Mr. Galwey'll take you."

"I wanna go on the merry-go-round. Why can't I go on the merry-go-round?"

"Oh, all right."

Mr. Galwey bought a sheaf of tickets and held one out to her. She waved it away.

"Aren't you going to ride with us?"

"I wouldn't be caught dead on a wooden horse." Of all *ersatz* amusements, a merry-go-round was most futile, to her way of thinking.

Mr. Galwey chose a zebra, Frankie a plunging horse with a mean eye and distended red nostrils. The music started. The merry-go-round went faster. Mr. Galwey hunched his knees and clutched the brass pole, his beard blowing out behind. Frankie tried standing up in the saddle till the attendant jerked him down. His mother watched him with proud, misty eyes. Some day I'll make a comeback in rodeos and learn him to sure enough ride, she thought.

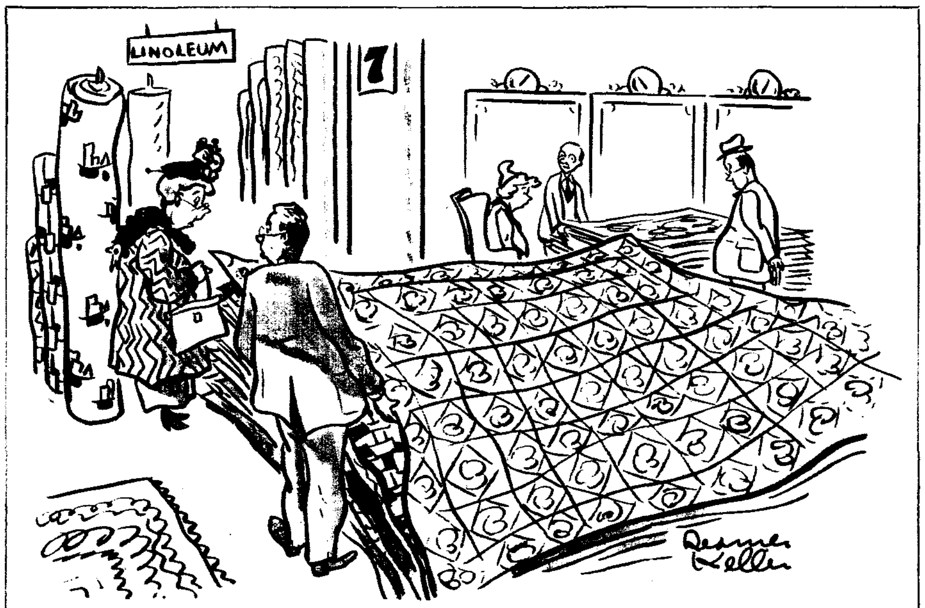
The merry-go-round stopped. Mr. Galwey eased himself off the zebra and changed to a swan boat. Uvalde moved away. She couldn't take any more.

"I'll be over watching the dancing," she called.

The music was going full blast. Mr. Galwey cupped his hand against his good ear. "Hey?"

She pointed in the general direction of the pavilion.

Ladies free. She went in and sat by the door, fairly quivering with rhythm, but no one asked her to dance. They said there were three women to every man in California, and she thought the estimate was too low. Then with a fluttering in her stomach, she saw a soldier trying to catch her eye. It was the first-class private, the



"Have you the same pattern in a small piece for the bottom of a bird cage?"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

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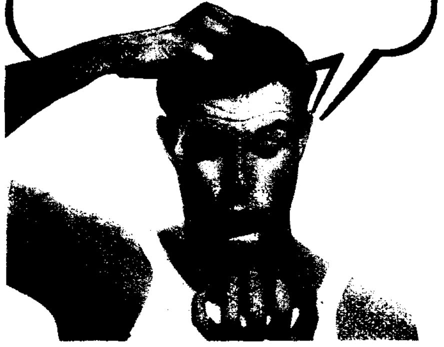

1. Scratch your head and see! If you find signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil-Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size.

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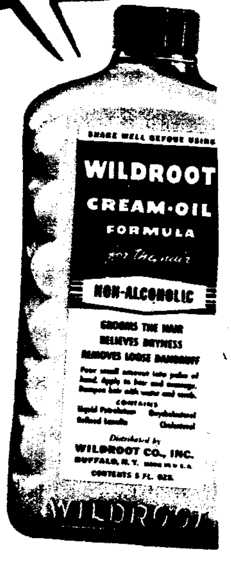

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Use Wildroot Cream-Oil sparingly. Pour into the palm of your hand just enough to cover a spot the size of a 25¢ piece. Rub hands together, apply to hair and massage scalp with finger tips. Hair may be dampened if desired before combing.

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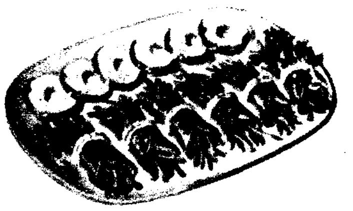

Families deserve "Party Style" meals just as much as guests and, with Swift's Premium Table-Ready Meats, it's easy. These fine meats save time, points, money. As for the "partifying": **Dinner tonight** might feature 3 contrasting varieties such as mild Swift's Premium Bologna, tasty Braunschweiger, and New England Cooked Specialty Meat. Arrange individual helpings of the tempting, protein-rich meats around a center of colorful cole slaw; add a hot vegetable and creamed potatoes. There's a speedy, *delectable* "Party Style" meal!

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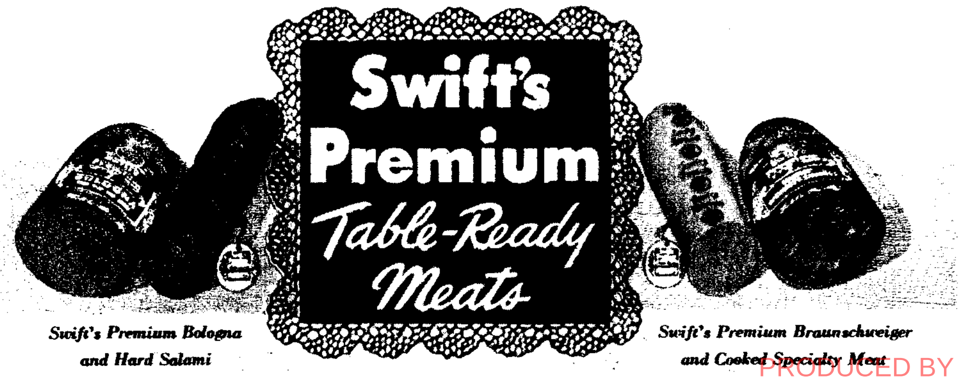
Dinner tomorrow . . . Swift's Premium Bologna and New England wrapped around bundles of cooked green beans, "tied" with circles of parboiled onion. Heat in 350° oven with apple slices for about 20 min.



Swift's Premium Bologna and Hard Salami

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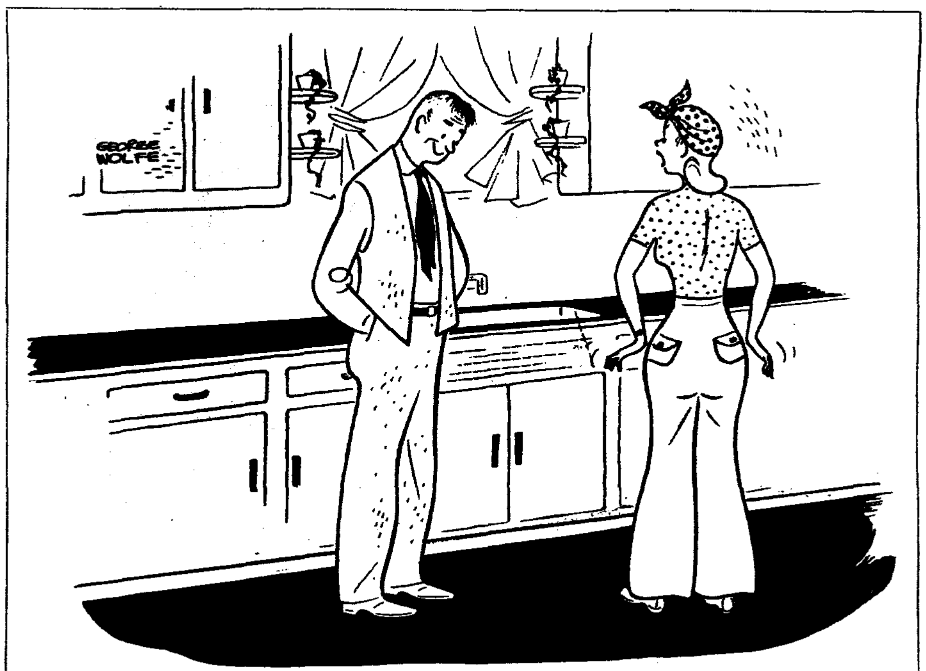


"How do you men carry things in your back pockets? I can't even open mine!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

cute one, she had seen in the recruiting office.

"Hi!" she said.

"Hello. What you doing here?"

"Nothing. Just looking on."

"How's it to dance?"

"Okay."

She danced with loose-legged ease, smoothly, like a single-footer.

"I'm a pushover for the outdoor type like you," he said.

"Is your wife athaletic?" As well to find out if he had one, though it was too late to do her any good now if he hadn't.

"Haven't any." He squeezed her hand. "How about a date tomorrow night?"

She shook her head mournfully. "I can't on account of I'm going to get married right off."

"What are you doing here alone, then?"

"He's over on the merry-go-round with my little boy. I better go over and see how they're getting along."

The soldier said he'd walk that far with her.

Frankie was still doing a "Hi-yo, Silver" act. Mr. Galwey was asleep in the swan boat.

"Lookit at the kid riding with both feet in the air!"

"That's my Frankie."

"He's a card. Which one's the boy friend?"

Truth prevailed over Uvalde's temptation to point out a likely-looking man in his thirties. The soldier was silent.

"He'll be good to Frankie when I'm in the Wacs," she said loyally.

"You sure want to get into the Wacs awful bad."

"I don't know now if I do or not," she said uncertainly.

"You mean you don't want to marry the old bird?"

"I've got to go through with it. I just can't disappoint him. He's set his heart on being a stepfather. He's mighty fond of me, too." She sighed. "We've got time for another dance. They haven't missed me."

SHE didn't know the hour when they left the pavilion but she had a feeling it was late because the crowd had thinned and most of the concessions had closed. They walked down the midway looking for Mr. Galwey and Frankie. They weren't on the merry-go-round. They had been on the roller coaster several times, inquiry showed, and on the giant swing and in and out of all the sideshows, but they weren't on or in any of them now. Then Uvalde spied them asleep on a bench near the gate under a light.

"Tell him you changed your mind about being a Wac and you're going to get a job at Lockheed," the soldier said, "so you're not going to get married after all."

"Tonight?"

"Sure. Get it over."

"He's going to take it awful hard."

The soldier leaned forward suddenly, and she jerked her head up like a horse dodging a bridle. "Not till I get unengaged to Mr. Galwey."

"See you tomorrow night," the soldier said.

SHE watched him through the gates, then sighed and turned troubled eyes on the sleepers on the bench. Twice she laid her hand on Mr. Galwey's shoulder and twice she withdrew it. It would be easier if I had a ring or some letters to give back, she thought, though there's the vegetables from the Vict'ry Garden, of course. Her eyes filled. He's such a nice old gentleman and he'll be awful cut up, especially on account of Frankie.

She steeled herself. "Hey, wake up! Time to go home."

Mr. Galwey sat up, stretching and blinking. He stayed her hand as she was on the point of rousing Frankie.

"Leave him be a while, Uvalde. There's something I've got to say to you first. No use beating round the bush. H-r-r-rumph! It ain't going to be easy, and I don't want you to feel bad. H-r-r-rumph. I've decided we better call the deal off."

"You mean not get married?"

"That's about the size of it."

"Well, on account of me being so much younger—"

"It ain't that at all." Mr. Galwey disclaimed hastily. "I'm young for my age. Arteries like a man of forty, doctor says. It's Frankie."

"Frankie!" Uvalde stood over her son like a hen defending her chick from the pecks of an aging rooster. "Why—"

"Now, now, Uvalde, he's a fine little chap. I ain't saying a thing against him. But he's active. Yes, I'd say he was active. I just ain't equal to keeping up with him with you off in the Army some place."

"Maybe you know best."

"No hard feelings?"

"No, it's all right." Uvalde smiled radiantly and held out her hand.

Mr. Galwey stood by while she waked Frankie. They walked out through the gates with a small, red-polled figure staggering with sleep between them. Mr. Galwey coughed. "If—if there's ever anything I can do for you, Uvalde—"

"There's one little thing. Would you mind sort of keeping an eye on Frankie tomorrow night? A friend of mine wants me to go to the movies."

THE END

Peepsight's Easter Party

Continued from page 20

ain't on the detail. I think I will take along Sergeant MacPherson, the combat correspondent, and Ringwood."

"Change my skivvies! What a fouled-up bunch! Don't you know that MacPherson hates Ringwood?"

"They'll get along on this job," said Survey, "or I'll grab them both by the stacking swivels and bump their heads together. Anyway, I'm going to tell Ringwood that it would pay him to bang ears with these here public relations fellows. If there's anybody needs a good press agent it's Peepsight, what with his old man and his mamma thinking bad things about him. MacPherson could send some stories to the Oklahoma City and Tulsa papers about Peepsight being with the Raiders down here and winning the Silver Star, and all that sort of stuff. And, maybe, old man Ringwood would read these yarns, or somebody would tell him, and he'd quit being ashamed of Peepsight."

I got so curious to see how Ringwood and MacPherson would do in a working party together, that I decided to go along. I figured they'd have two fist fights before we got halfway to the big village.

Ringwood sure wasn't happy. He carried his B.A.R. at Chinese port, like he wished he could bring it up and mow us all down. He looked at Survey and said:

"It looks like you have missed too many boats for home—going on Easter egg hunts with a bunch of kids. The next thing we know, you will be playing drop-the-handkerchief with the gook gals."

"That ain't a bad idea," said Survey. Then he fell behind and began whispering, very earnestly, to Ringwood.

Sergeant MacPherson regarded both of them suspiciously through his glasses. He was a big, burly man, about thirty years of age, and he had worked for New York newspapers before he joined up with the Corps and became one of the best writers in Marine public relations.

Peepsight and Survey whispered for a few minutes. Then Ringwood walked fast so as to catch up with the combat correspondent, and he said:

"Hey, Mac, how about us burying the hatchet? We'll probably be in the big fighting on Bougainville soon, so there isn't no point in having hard feelings now."

I could hardly believe what I was hearing. This didn't sound at all like Peepsight. But he behaved so sincerely that MacPherson, after hesitating for a few seconds, shook hands and answered:

"There never should have been any hard feelings, Ringwood. I've got nothing against you."

WHEN we got to the edge of the big village, Tommy Meliai was waiting for us. He still had on his Jap colonel's blouse and the plug hat and lap-lap. But he didn't look ridiculous. Tommy had a magnificent physique and a fine, intelligent face, and he was the picture of a leader. However, Ringwood must not have recognized him for he said:

"How, boy! We here for helpum in big party. You go tellum chief chop-chop that we here."

"Really, chap," replied Tommy Meliai, "is that horrible gibberish for my benefit?"

"Knock it off, eightball," said Survey to Ringwood. "I'm in charge of this detail."

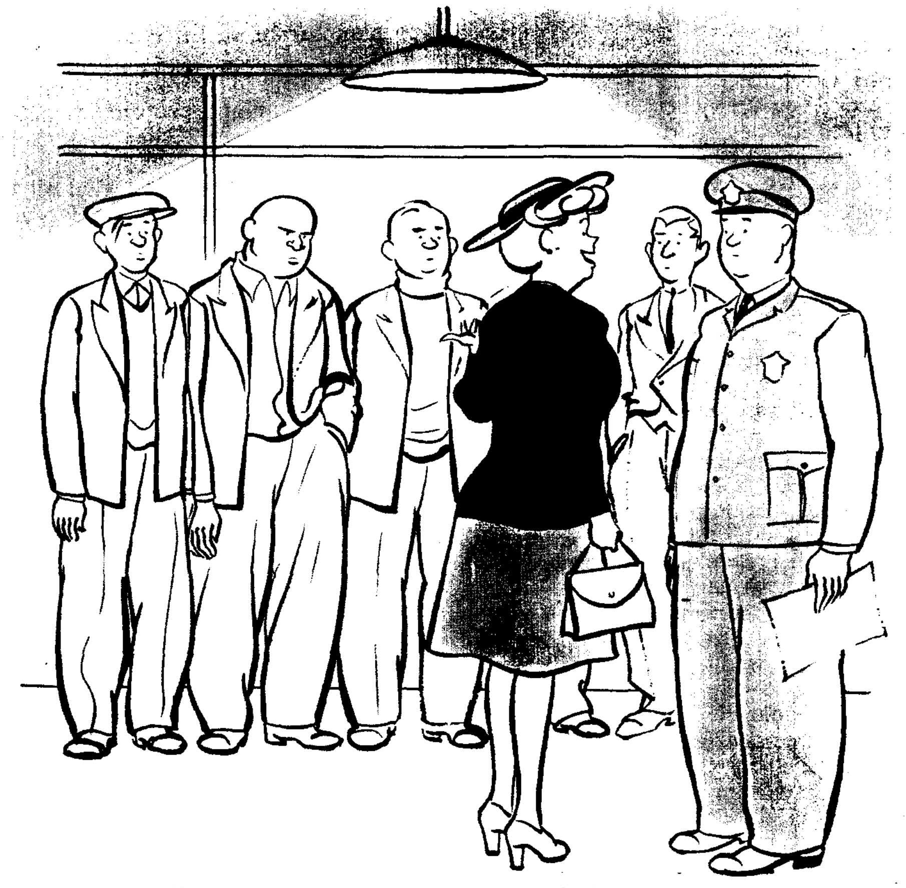
Tommy looked at Ringwood closely. Peepsight is a tall, rangy fellow with a beaky nose. He'd shaved his red beard recently and his helmet covered his carrot-colored hair. The chief said to Survey:

"I'm sorry if I seem rude in making this inquiry. But isn't this fellow one of your Indians? I've seen them in the cinema."

"He's part Injun," said Survey, "and never got much schooling."

"As soon as we can get money for a building and other equipment," said Tommy Meliai, "we hope to have a good school here in which I and others of the island will tutor the children and the unlettered elders of our people. Perhaps this Amerindian will like to attend our night classes?"

"Night school wouldn't hurt him none,"



"I'm pretty sure it wasn't one of them—I just found my jewels in a corner of my dresser drawer!"

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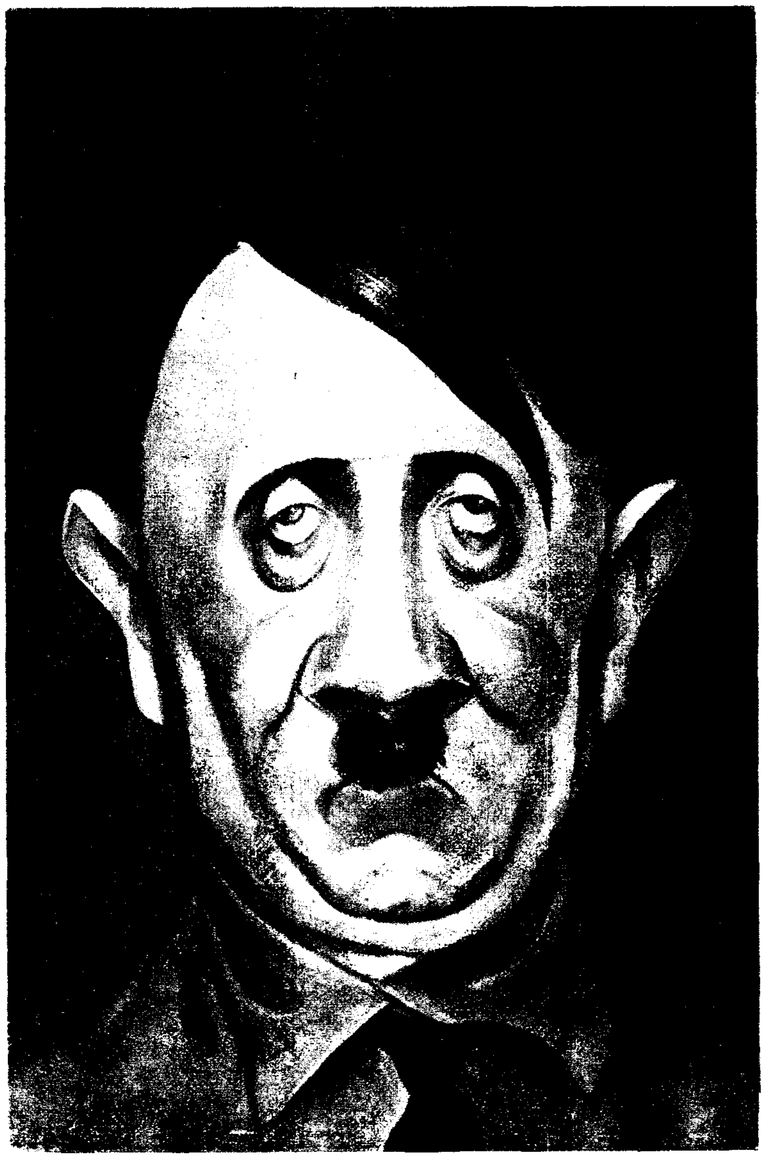
THE Guilty



ADOLF HITLER

XXXVII

THE whole world accepts Adolf Hitler's conviction and execution as a foregone conclusion. But is it? Back in 1919, the victorious Allies indicted the Kaiser for "a supreme offense against international morality and the sanctity of treaties." Holland however, refused extradition on the ground that treaty-breaking was not listed as a crime either in Dutch law or in the various conventions that governed the conduct of nations. As a result, William Hohenzollern lived out a long, pleasant life in Doorn, his château a shrine to which German leaders repaired with true religious devotion.

Profiting by this example, may it not be wise to proceed against the Fuehrer as a common murderer, no more entitled to sanctuary than was Louis (Lepke) Buchalter or any other homicidal gangster? Instead of any indictment based on violated treaties with Poland, Russia, France, Czechoslovakia, Denmark and Norway, is it not better to arraign him for the assassinations in which he himself took part, or that he ordered personally? Why dignify him as a war lord when it is possible to hang him as headman in a German version of Murder, Incorporated? As a brutal racketeer who killed out of his hates, his fears and even his suspicions?

Take the case of Mathias Erzberger, Germany's greatest statesman, shot from ambush because he had signed the Treaty of Versailles. Ulrich Klintsch, arrested for the cowardly crime, was Hitler's intimate and leader of his private army. Not only did the Fuehrer force his release but thanked him publicly for his "splendid services" and cheered when Storm Troopers carried Klintsch around the hall on their shoulders. One year later, Walter Rathenau, Minister of Foreign Affairs, met death at the hands of Brown Shirt assassins. Two were killed resisting arrest, and when the Fuehrer came into power, one of his first acts was to raise monuments in their honor. Publicly, and for all to hear, he declared that "only the republican mind of guilt-conscious small rascals condemned assassination."

As late as 1932, Hitler still murdered as a matter of daily routine, seemingly intoxicated by the smell of blood. Hundreds of his enemies were shot or stabbed, and one particular case even sent a shudder through the nation.

In the dead of night, five Storm Troopers broke into a home in Upper Silesia and dragged a miner by the name of Pietrzuch from his bed. Before the eyes of his anguished family, they stamped on his face and chest with their heavy boots until they waded in bloody pulp.

The brutes were arrested, and a court found them guilty, whereupon Hitler denounced the judges as "traitors to the Fatherland" and sent the murderers this telegram: "My comrades! In the face of this most hideous blood sentence I feel myself bound to you in unlimited loyalty. In our movement, comradeship does not cease when someone makes a mistake." Moreover, on coming to be Chancellor, he pardoned all five and gave them high place in his immediate entourage.

For sheer blood lust, however, the "purge" of 1934 has no parallel in history. And Adolf Hitler led it in person, braining defenseless men with his loaded crop! With his own hands he tore open the door of the room where Ernst Roehm, once his closest friend, lay sleeping. Granted that the creature was a pervert and a butcher, well deserving death, they filled him with bullets as he begged for mercy. Granted that General von Schleicher planned betrayal, he had a right to trial in open court. Instead of that, they shot him down and killed his wife as she tried to protect her husband.

All through the night without sleep, and all through the day without rest, Hitler hurried from place to place, commanding Goering and Himmler to swifter and more deadly action. One hundred and fifty men, imprisoned in a coal cellar, were taken out four at a time and placed before a firing squad. By late afternoon, the yard was so foul with blood and torn flesh that the executioners sickened and had to be changed at regular intervals. All of those killed had been Hitler's comrades and were largely responsible for his elevation to power.

Personal revenge, as well as political reasons, entered into many of the butcheries. Back in 1923, General Gustav von Kahr had smashed Hitler's beer-hall Putsch. For this, the feeble old man was dragged from his home and chopped to pieces with an ax. Father Bernhard Stempfle was supposed to have read a letter written by the Fuehrer to his niece—a letter in which there was more than a hint of incest—and some days after the purge, the body of the priest was found in a wood, not only mutilated but bullet-riddled.

These are the crimes for which he should be condemned. Not after victory but *now!* All necessary proof of guilt is provided by his own schizophrenic boasts, and a meeting of the United Nations can brand him as a fugitive from justice whose execution only waits on capture.

True, his treacheries and lusts have drenched a world in blood, but how much better to let him go down into history as a murderous gangster—not as a Genghis Khan or a Napoleon! . . . G.C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

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replied Survey. "What say, Chief, we quit shooting the breeze and get right to work coloring these wigi-wigi bird eggs so your youngsters will have all afternoon to hunt them. We brung along plenty kinds of dye, though it is supposed to be for clothes and not for Easter eggs. I went out to the cruiser's ship's store and got the dye."

"Capital," said the headman. "Our children are as eager as if it were the night before Christmas."

The wigi-wigi bird eggs are about the size of a hand grenade, and the Gawgians had rounded up hundreds of them. So it was 1300 o'clock before we got through dyeing them. Then Tommy Meliai sent about thirty of his men out to hide the eggs.

The egg hunt was to start at the head of Toviana lagoon and go through a steep little ravine for a quarter of a mile or so to the beach. This ravine was just like a deep trench, for its sides were almost unscalable. Tommy Meliai chose the ravine as a course for the egg hunt because he figured the kids couldn't get out of it and wander off into the banyan forest. The floor of the ravine was covered with shoulder-high grass and there were a few banyan trees. So there were lots of places to hide the wigi-wigi bird eggs.

Before we shoved off on the hunt, the chief made a long speech about how this Easter egg party was going to be an annual event, only the next one would be held on Easter Sunday, or thereabouts. He talked part of the time in Gawgian and part of the time in English, and the speech lasted more than an hour.

All of the time the Gawgi kids were just dancing up and down with eagerness. And when Tommy Meliai gave them the word to start hunting, they all went off at a gallop.

It was then that we noticed that Sergeant MacPherson and Peepsight were no longer with us.

"The Amerindian corporal and the bespectacled sergeant have vanished," said the chief. "I hope I did n say anything to offend them."

Survey forced a grin and replied, "Naw, Chief, I se them off on a little errand. They'll probably be back soon."

Meliai said, "You chaps come along and see the fun." And he started off up the ravine. Survey cussed for some time and then he asked me:

"Do you know where them two scoundrels went?"

"No, Survey. I just saw Ringwood talking kind of low to MacPherson. Maybe they got tired of the chief's speech and are over corking off in the big village somewhere."

"I'll have them both up before Colonel Robertson when we get back to camp," said Survey, and he loped down the trail to catch up with the chief.

SURVEY says this was the darnedest Easter egg party he ever went on. This sounds like kind of exaggeration, however, for Survey was raised on a cow ranch and he spent most of his time after he joined the Marine Corps in North China. I doubt if Survey had ever been on an Easter egg hunt before, so he is not much of a judge of them.

The gook kids fanned out like so many young bird dogs, but it was a good five minutes before any one of them came to point on some eggs. Then they started yelling bloody murder.

We ran through the tall grass to see what all the commotion was about. And there was a big Jap non-com, all trussed up with Marine toggle ropes. He was sitting down, tied in a V-shape, and glaring like a setting hen on a nest. Near him was a big pile of wigi-wigi bird eggs of assorted colors. The Jap had busted a few of the eggs, I guess by struggling to get free of the ropes, but most of the eggs were all right. The Gawgi kids ignored the Nip and started grabbing armfuls of eggs.

A hundred yards further up the ravine, another gang of the gook children was gathered around a Shambo superior private, also trussed up, near another mound of Easter eggs.

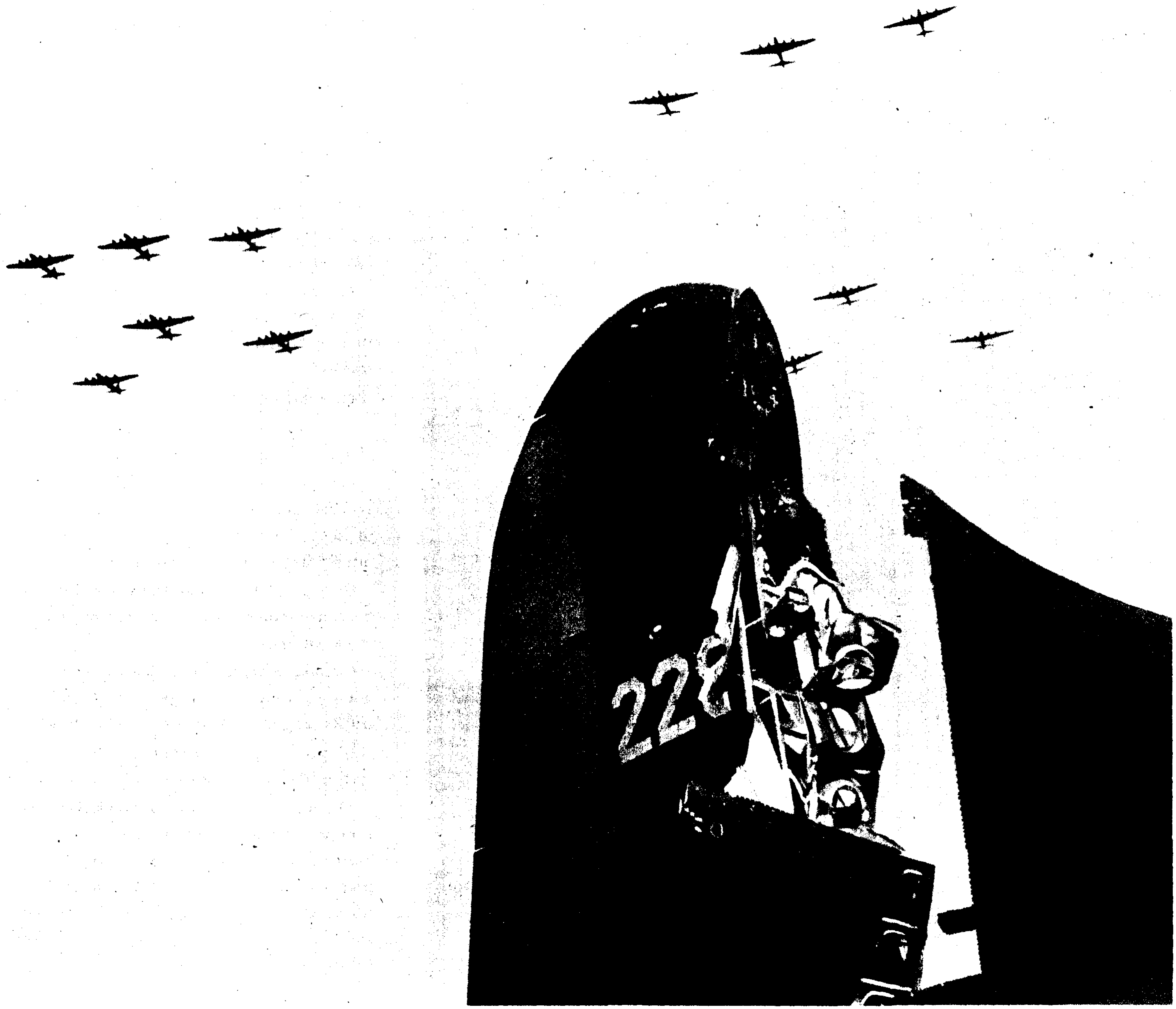
By the time we got to the end of the ravine, the Easter egg hunt was a flat failure but the kids had found seven more hog-tied Japs.

Tommy Meliai yodeled up some of his huskiest lads, and each one of them carried a Shambo prisoner on top of his head. We came out on the beach with the nine Japanese soldiers riding on top of the Gawgians' fuzzy heads and blinking and glaring in the sun. The Gawgi youngsters were scrapping over the wigi-wigi bird eggs, probably wondering what was the point of this Easter egg-hunting business.

"Peepsight Ringwood used to be one of the best calf ropers in the Oklahoma Panhandle," observed Survey.

"Yeah," I answered, "what has that got to do with this goofy Easter egg party?"

"Just the way them toggle ropes are tied. It's the same knots that Peepsight uses on calves," said Survey. "I'm beginning to see everything clear about all of this



Finish the Fight with War Bonds

"How can they come back?"

"It was a miracle the ship didn't break in two up there," said an Army Air Force Sergeant, holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor for his part in bringing home a badly crippled Boeing Flying Fortress. "I'd like to shake hands personally with the people who built it."

Many Fortress crews, home from combat, echo that sentiment. They have seen planes limp in with three out of four engines dead, with controls shot away, wings and tails riddled like saltcellars, or with shell holes as large as wash tubs. *How can they do it?* Here are some of the answers:

1. Fortress wings are built with substantial, truss-type spars like a bridge, covered with a double skin of tough metal. The truss spars carry 1/3 of the load; the reinforced skin, 2/3. This structure tends to keep gunfire damage local, rather than basically affecting wing strength.

2. Boeing engineers have always insisted on alternate methods of control. And even if battle damage prevents use of all other control methods, the automatic pilot can be used for near-normal maneuverability.

3. Virtually all mechanisms are electrically operated. Damage to one circuit will not affect others, and dispersal of these circuits reduces vulnerability. Moreover, a single electric circuit can be readily repaired, even in flight.

4. The "dorsal fin," as developed by Boeing, is a spectacular advance in airplane design, giving the Flying Fortress inherent stability. With the vertical or horizontal tail surfaces partially destroyed in battle, or with one or more engines shot away, a Fortress can still be flown successfully because of its excellent tail design.

5. But one of the most important reasons why the Forts fight off enemy opposition, hit their targets and "come back" is the confidence, based on the record, which causes many a Fortress crew to stay with the ship long past normal bail-out time, knowing that somehow it WILL bring them safely home.

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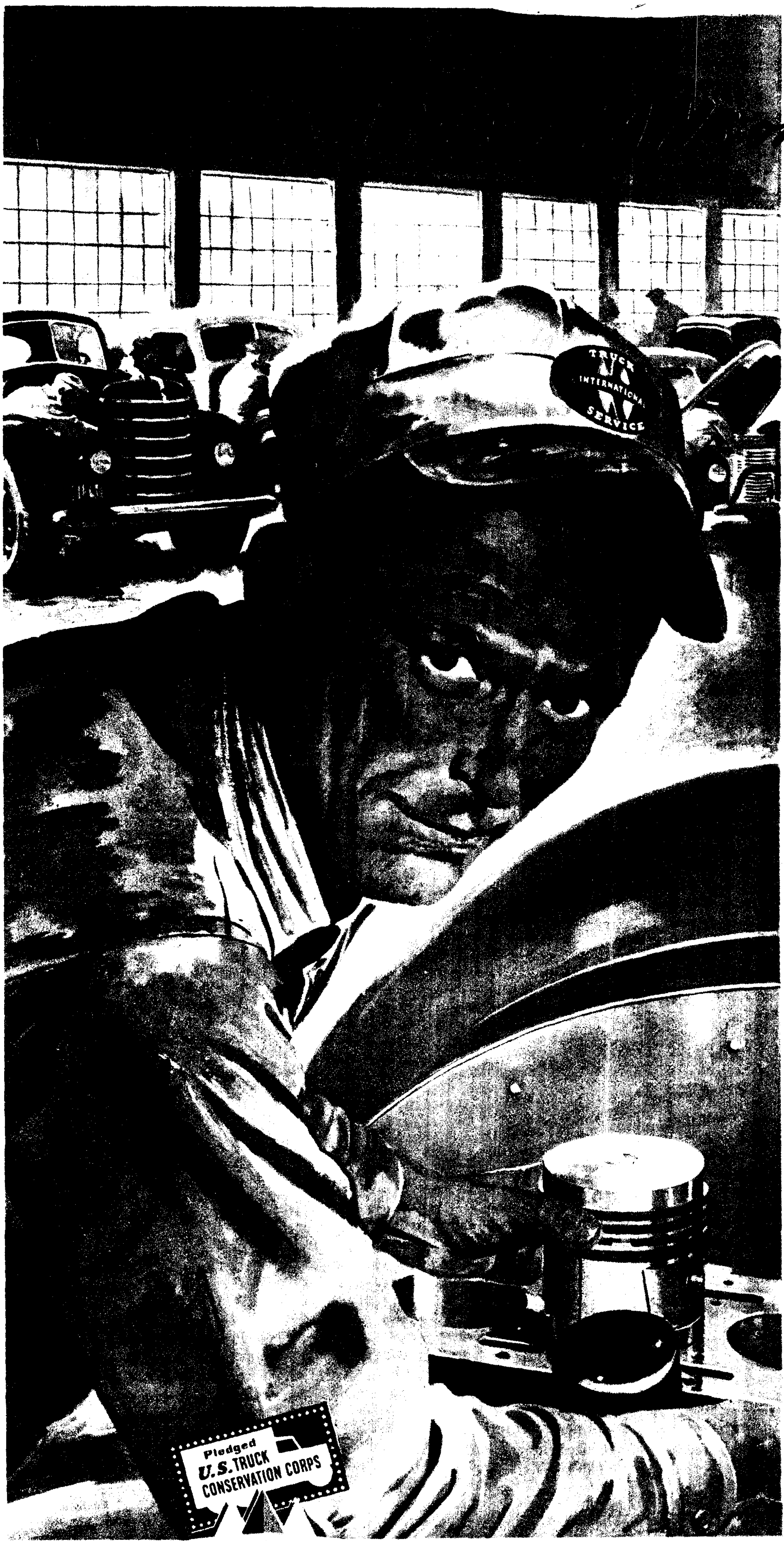

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCK

except where they got all the toggle ropes."

And, sure enough, when we got well out on the beach there was Peepsight, sitting on a thick-chested Japanese lieutenant. And Sergeant MacPherson was off a few paces writing in a little notebook.

"Mac here," said Ringwood, nodding at the correspondent, "is a very handy hombre in a fight. We borrowed a bunch of toggle ropes in the big village. We just lacked two ropes of having enough and that's why I'm sitting on this lootenant."

To Tommy Meliai, Ringwood said:

"I'm awfully sorry, Chief, if we spoiled the Easter egg party. These Japs was probably one of the last outfits operating here on Gawgi. They was out of supplies, I guess, and hungry as a bunch of coyotes. They watched your men from the top of the ravine when the eggs was hid, and that's when Sergeant MacPherson and I spotted them. Then they went down into the ravine and started gathering the eggs into piles before toting them out. They was separated and busy sucking eggs as they worked, so we didn't have no trouble creeping and crawling through the grass and knocking them off, one by one, with tent stakes. Mac, here, is very handy with a tent stake. If we'd had something to tie up this lootenant with, we'd gone back and hid the eggs again, Chief."

"Your diction has improved somewhat," said Tommy Meliai. "If you wish, I will send some of my men to help bring in your prisoners. I know your colonel will be glad to hear of this."

"I've been thinking, Chief," said Ringwood, "that them Japs are worth more to you folks than they are to Mac and me. Besides, we couldn't never carry them on our heads. So you just fetch them to Colonel Robertson and collect the bounty."

TOMMY MELIAI hesitated for a while before he answered. His face was kind of shining when he spoke:

"If it were not for our need of the school and other equipment, I would not accept your generous offer of these ten Japanese. However, I insist on making a full report of this action before I collect the bounty."

The chief turned to speak to Sergeant MacPherson, but the correspondent had loped off down the trail toward camp. I guess he was going to his typewriter.

"We shall name the church in honor of Ringwood and MacPherson," said Tommy Meliai, and he put on his infantryman's pack and led the men bearing the prisoners down the trail.

Survey announced that he was going to give some pogey bait to the gook kid that found the most wigi-wigi eggs. But the kids rushed him so much that he finally had to throw the candy in the air and let them scramble for it. And after this we all went home.

About six weeks later, Peepsight Ringwood was sitting among the banyan tree roots, trying to write a letter. He worked over the letter for a few minutes and then he cussed and threw his paper and pencil in the sand. He picked up his B.A.R. and walked off down the beach.

He dropped what he'd written on the deck right by where I was corking off, so I couldn't help but read it. The letter started out this way:

"Dear Papa:

"How are things at home? I guess the horse and mule business ought to be pretty good. I am sorry to learn from your last letter that Mamma and you are still awfully ashamed of me, but you don't really have much reason to be. That newspaper story you saw in the Oklahoma City paper about me conducting an Easter egg hunt down here in the islands kind of gave the wrong impression. There was a lot more to the story than just hunting for eggs. No, I am not going back to my old job in the post office at Frisco. I never had no job there—"

Peepsight gave up there and threw the letter away. I left it there on the deck in case he came back some time to finish it.

Survey, the mess sergeant, came up about that time and sat down among the banyan roots and relaxed his big shoulders and let the sweat roll down his moon face.

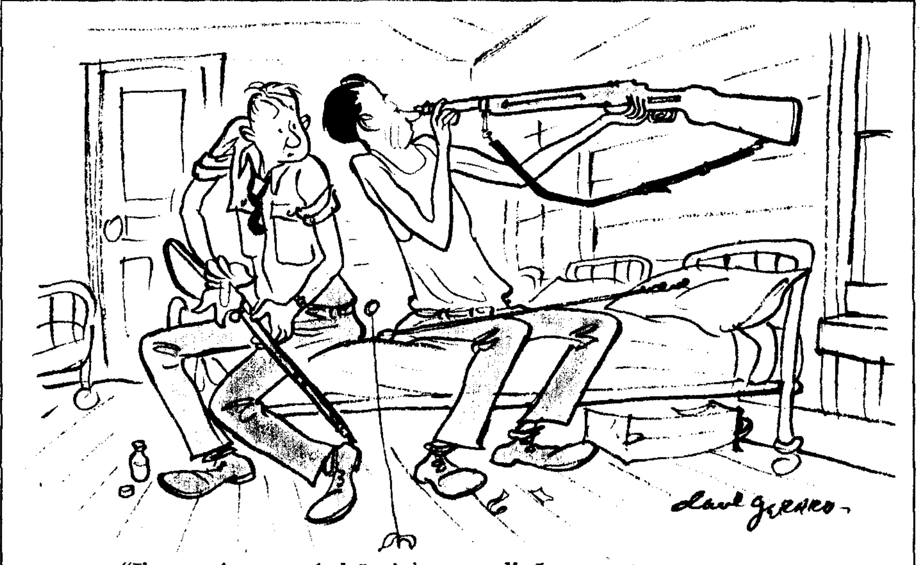
"Why is it, Survey," I asked, "that Leroy's folks are still so ashamed of him? I thought he would be a big hero by now with them, what with Sergeant MacPherson's giving him a big write-up in the home-town papers about them capturing all those Shambos in the ravine."

"Peepsight is not no hero back there," replied Survey. "I got a clipping of the story. Sergeant MacPherson undoubtedly wrote a swell yarn. But the censors must have gotten hold of it and chopped sentences and paragraphs until there wasn't anything left but an account of them gook kids hunting for Easter eggs. And it said in the story that among them that helped dye the wigi-wigi bird eggs was Corporal Leroy Ringwood. Old Man Ringwood probably hit the roof when he read that Peepsight is down here going on Easter egg hunts."

I looked down toward the beach and there was Ringwood and Sergeant MacPherson. They'd taken off their shirts so Mac's stripes wouldn't matter and they were really having a fist fight.

I never have learned how the fight came out. For about that time Gunnery Sergeant Stamps yelled, "Fall in!" And we went off on the Tairamboco raid. And I haven't seen Peepsight or Mac for some months now.

THE END



"I'm getting worried I ain't normal! I concentrate on some dame like Gypsy Rose Lee and pretty soon my mind goes wandering off on military tactics and stuff like that!"

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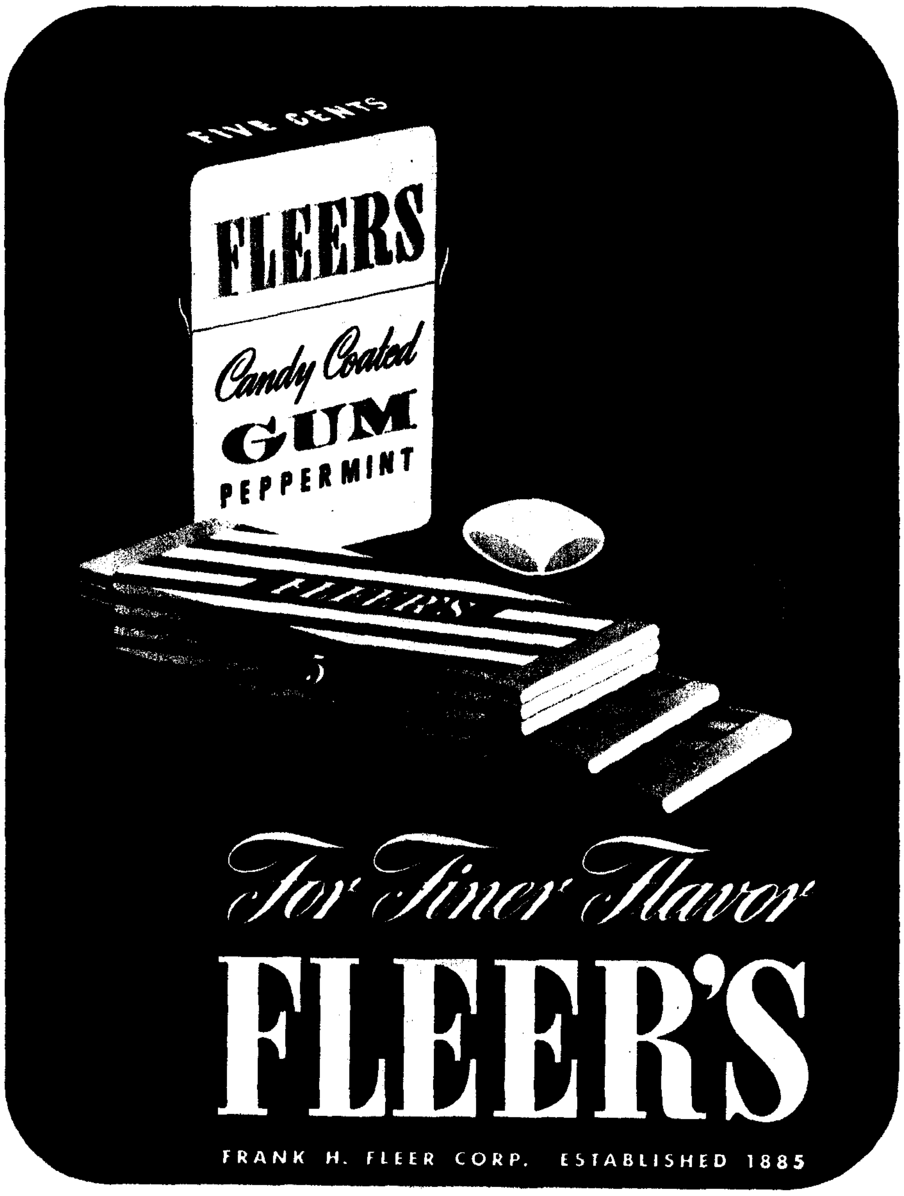

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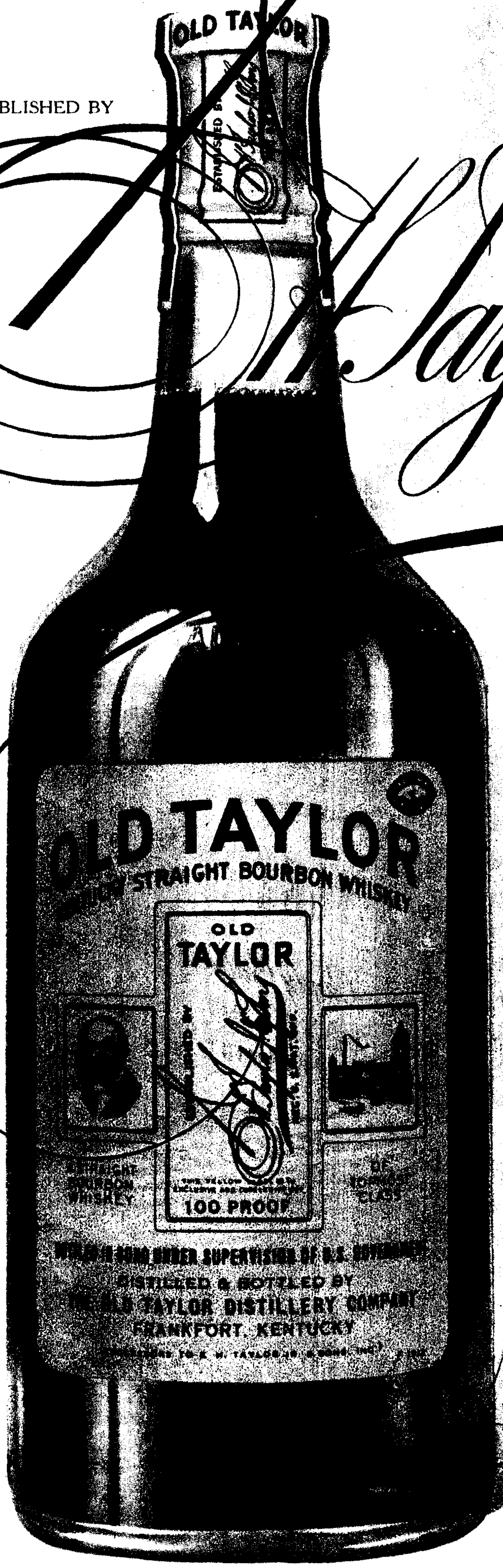
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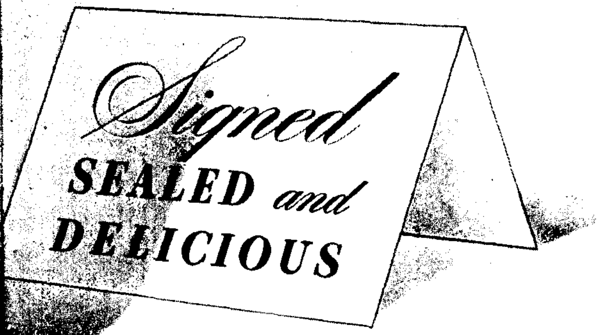
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National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

or combat instruction—and three bomb- r-escort missions over France—they inged their way to Algeria and found hemselves in a war after flying 8,000 miles.

It was on this ferry flight that Newbury urvived "That" take-off, which cemented is trust in Dear John. The squadron flew onstant patrols while waiting in Green- and for weather, and Big Ed soon found slight hump in the runway which shot Dear John high into the air on every take- ff. With almost empty belly tanks, that was. Came then the take-off for Iceland. Newbury rolled over his favorite hump, ounced into the air and sucked in his wheels.

"That was a hot rock for fair," says he. I'd forgotten that my belly tanks were hock-full. The extra weight pulled John back down. He settled—and settled—with the wheels out of sight and no time o drop them. I horsed back until the udders scraped the runway, and John inally pulled me out of there, but the war ooked awful short to me for a minute."

There is precedent for this in Big Ed's prewar days, when he was flapping around n a 40-horsepower Porterfield sport plane. He established a distance record of 22 miles flying from Glendale to Burbank, separated by a thin dotted line on the map, and he was the first and last man ever to fly this journey by way of the Los Angeles River.

"There were two of us and our baggage," explains Newbury, blushing. "My pal weighed two hundred and sixty pounds and I was at two-fifteen even then, which is a lot of weight for forty horses. I didn't realize that until we were at the end of the runway, going too fast to stop. So I pulled her up and then dropped her, hard. We bounced clear over a high-tension power line that had me sweating, but we settled again. I turned into the river bed because it gave us more room to settle, and we went down out of sight between the banks. We flew up that dry river for fifteen miles, dodging boulders and collecting tumbleweed in our landing gear, before I could climb out over the bank and head back to Burbank.

"That was worse than the trip down Flak Alley to Bizerte; it was the first time my gum ever stuck to the dry roof of my mouth, as it always does in combat. Come to think of it, I'll take combat."

WILLIAM LAWTON WRIGHT

The Risen Soldier

Continued from page 11

bidding them Godspeed, I humbly ac- cepted their messages.

"Tell my wife you were with me," said one, and another bade me, "Tell my mother I know she is the real hero."

Too, there were scribbled open notes to be delivered "if I don't come back." "Dearest Mother and Dad, don't cry. Just pray, and God bless you!" and "Au revoir until we meet again with God."

Yes, each mother's son imaged the soul and the hope of mankind, as valiantly and resolutely he prepared to take off into the inferno of the sky, into the fathomless heaven of America's future. These young men were the living embodiment of American ideals, the living depositaries of her endeavors, the still-living monuments to her glory!

One of the pilots that morning was a boy I had known at home—one of the millions of American soldiers waging this war for earthly and everlasting victory and peace. It was my unforgettable privilege to have been with him before he took flight on his twenty-fifth mission, the last one before returning to his homeland!

A Prep Graduation Memory

It was eight years since I had last seen him on the night of his graduation from high school. Good student and athlete he was—a normal American boy, strong and straight in body and mind, with a zest for living, playing and working. Mother, father and younger brother were there, happy, and sharing happiness each with the others. Joyful and confident they were, not alone in successes attained but also at those in prospect.

"Heirs to America's future, heirs to America's greatness," the speaker at graduation had said, and *that* day America's future seemed rooted in peace and her security founded on her greatness! Young, strong and free, radiance flashed in the boy's eyes and on his face—a radiance mirrored on the faces of his family around him.

His mother, a typical American mother, proud and devoted, held his diploma—to her a more precious and more meaning- ul possession than any jewel could have been, though jewels there were, calluses of hard work, on the hands that long and lovingly had labored for her son.

Yes, he was going to college, she told me. He had passed his examinations, had won a partial scholarship, and she and Dad "would work overtime and all the time."

Confidently we said good night. It was a long good night—eight years long! I heard of him occasionally during his college years. From time to time, I noticed his name in box scores and line-ups. I learned of his graduation from college, of ambitions becoming achievements, his full ripening to manhood—a man with something to do, and much with which to do it. He had entered into his heritage and was partaking of America's greatness and participating in America's future.

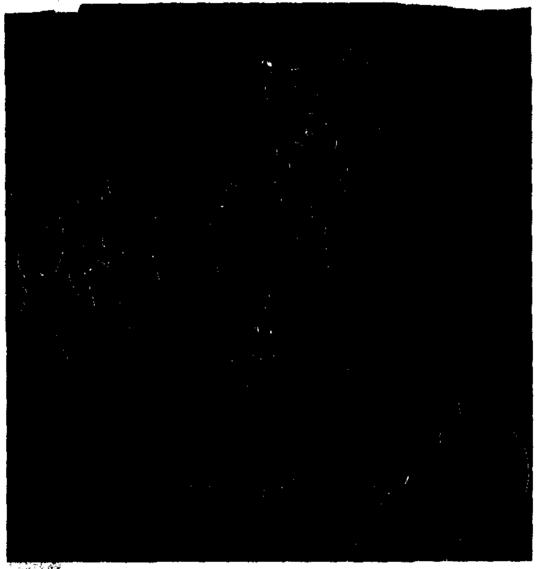
Now I see him again, meet him here thousands of miles from loved ones and home, thousands of days from boyhood—an American soldier! America's future had been challenged, America's greatness imperiled, and he was called to defend and insure them.

Eight years long had been the night and day since I had seen him, and now he was a youthful veteran soldier. Tall, strong, alert, brimful of life he was. His high, broad forehead, bronzed and prematurely wrinkled, his dark hair fringed and flecked with gray, his characterful eyes, his firm face, all bespoke his crusading spirit.

Sensitive and sentimental, yet hardened and determined, he said calmly, "Life is not complex; I have a God to serve, a soul to save, a family and a country to love, to live and die for. I don't mind dying," he continued, "but I *do want* to make my life and, if necessary, my death count for *something good!*" Forceful, simple declaration, nevertheless it startled me with its familiarity and its newness.

Where before had I heard that eloquent, immortal truth? Was it from another soldier? Was it perhaps the general who, on the night before his death in victory, had said that instead of capturing a city on the morrow, he would rather have written: "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." Yes, it was another Soldier, one who had vision and mission beyond

The Week's Work



Mario Cooper by George de Zayas

Marjory Collins

MACKINLAY KANTOR'S coffee got cold that morning, and his children were late to school and the war headlines went unread. All because the master of the house happened to tune in for the first time on Burl Ives, ballad singer. You'll understand why it was such a cataclysmic event when you read Kantor's article on p. 21.

"I caught the children as they were leaving for school," Kantor says, "and called them in to listen. They cried that they would be late, and I told them that schools could come and schools could go, but a voice and a song like Ives' might exist only for a single moment."

Eventually Kantor met the object of his admiration, and they became close friends. Kantor has contributed several old songs to Ives' ballad repertoire, including one called Nicodemus, which Kantor's grandmother had learned during the Civil War. And some of Kantor's own ballads, from his book, Turkey in the Straw, are melodiously rendered by Ives.

Kantor's main business, however, is not ballads. He's a novelist turned war correspondent, due to leave at any moment on his second trip to the European theater. Before he leaves he will buy Ives' new album of records for the further edification of his children.

SINCE the war began, Photographer Marjory Collins has been trying to get to some war front to take pictures, but potential sponsors all said, "We have men for that sort of work." So Marjory, who is a never-say-die girl, decided to make a try for the Alaskan front by the back door. She applied to the U. S. Employment Service for an Alaskan office job. They sent her close to her objective, to Edmonton, Can., to do clerical work for a construction company. She showed her boss some of her photographs and he said, "You should be a photographer, not a clerk." She said, "I am a photographer." And soon she was on leave to make photographs in Alaska. You see some of the results in the picture spread on p. 22.

Marjory loves the clothes she wears up there—parka lined with wool batting, flying boots lined with sheepskin, fur mitts lined with wool. When she comes back she hopes to work with some manufacturer to introduce similar costumes to fashionable but chilly women here at home.

Frank X. Tolbert

A LARGE proportion of the lovely-women drawings in Collier's are the work of Mario Cooper, and the reason is that Art Editor William Chessman believes that few artists can excel Cooper at capturing the essential spirit of a story (see illustrations for Escape from Beauty, p. 18).

Cooper has been almost a part of Collier's, from the day in 1930 when he first came into the office loaded down with a tremendous bundle of drawings. Chessman says he felt sorry for the "poor little guy," who looked so tired and over-burdened, but when he saw Cooper's good work he realized that here was a man who could take care of himself.

And that is just what Cooper has always done. He was born in Mexico City, went to California with his father when he was nine. His mother, a native of Mexico, stayed behind to graduate with highest honors from the Mexico City medical school and to practice medicine there. Mario's working career began at about ten, progressing from selling newspapers to running errands, to mending bicycles, to professional fighting at $5 a bout.

Through all the work and fighting, Cooper studied art at night. When he was 21 he married a Los Angeles girl and came to New York, with $200 in his pocket, to seek his fortune.

Lettering and layout work supported him through more studying at Columbia and Grand Central Art School (where he now teaches).

"It's simple," says Cooper. "Once you know where you're going it's an open track and all you need is a lot of night-oil."

Mr. Cooper, by the way, is a handy fellow to have around in a crisis. Take the other night, for instance. Two husky gents offended a girl in Mario's party at a certain hot spot, and things happened. The husky gents subdued two regular-size men with great ease and then turned to five-foot Mario. Mario, with a quick flip of the wrist, threw one husky gent over his shoulder. The other took a powder.

"It was just a fortunate accident," says Mario. "Something I learned from a judo book when I was 11 years old."

IT'S TOUGH luck for most soldiers when they have to leave good jobs behind them. Frank X. Tolbert felt that way, too, when he joined the Marines and had to say goodby to the Fort Worth Star-Telegram where he'd been very happy for six years writing sports.

But the ill wind blew him into a new career, which he can cultivate even while he is in the service. About 15 months ago he started writing fiction.

"I sold a half dozen yarns to other magazines, and then more than a dozen to Collier's," he writes. "I'd do more but I only have Sundays for it.

"The character, Corporal Leroy (Peep-sight) Ringwood, in this series is based on two Marines I know." (See p. 20).

Tolbert is a sergeant, and combat correspondent for The Leatherneck, magazine of the U. S. Marines.

A.P.

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the grave, a Soldier who died for something good—to save His fellow men.

This other Soldier rises before me. Tall and straight like the cedars of Lebanon, the warmth of the Syrian sun in the bronze of His face, the clear depth of the Syrian lakes in His soulful eyes, His face a mirror of love and compassion, He is a warrior "Heaven-flung and heart-fleshed." He too is wearing a helmet—"the helmet of salvation." He is armed with "the sword of the spirit" "against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirit of wickedness in high places." He, too, is a pilot to all who go down to the sea in ships, to all who take wings and fly through the air, to all who walk human pathways.

This Soldier said: "He that shall lose his life for my sake shall find it." He, too, had been a baby whose only skies were once His mother's eyes, who waxed strong in wisdom, age and grace before God and man in a home that was the sanctuary of love and peace. All men were His brothers and to them He gave a new commandment: that they love one another. He was a captain who bivouacked with His men, sharing privations and hardships. He charted the road to victory and peace and gave a charter for humanity which would have rendered needless any other charter, if sightless, sickened humanity had heeded His commandment: Totalitarianism of love of God and neighbor, and not, totalitarianism of hate and war.

Startling us, came the time for the pilots to board their planes. From the cup of his helmet the airman took a letter and, pressing it within our handclasp, he said: "If I am called to permanent service with Him, please read this letter and bring it to my mother!"

A crescendo of roaring, rushing and rising! Waves of living light, the planes are airborne and gone! Prayerfully I watch them fly into the morning sun and the silence, following them in retrospect and prospect. I meditate on the contradiction between the philosophies of war and peace, between hatred and fraternal love, between destructive death and abundant life; for war, hatred, destruction and death seem charioted in overwhelming dominance over God's free-will dictatorship of love.

Dusk is falling. Clouds, wind, rain and gloom saturate the air strip. After hours, centuries long, I go alone to the control tower to count the planes back, to see *for how many today had become forever.* Eighteen, nineteen, twenty . . . thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two! Into the rain-curtained, melancholy horizon I strained my vision. All too soon the counting is over!

Did the soldier return? No, he had gone home after his twenty-fifth mission. Into the sun and the silence he had flown, to become like another Victor-Victim who once lived and died for something good—for "Peace on earth to men of good will!"

He had met another Soldier, one who said: "Blessed are the peacemakers!"

Have they died in vain? The other Soldier returns to tell me that love never sacrifices in vain. He bids me look with shining eyes toward the day when men ". . . shall turn their swords into plowshares and their spears into sickles. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they be exercised any more to war."

The other Soldier tells me that peace is more than prosperity and progress, more than external tranquillity of order, more than triumph in battle. For neither militarism, nor diplomacy, nor materialistic planning avails unless the spirit of the Man of Peace prevails. Soldiers do not die in vain, though they can die in vain for godless men who scoff them. I know because the other Soldier told me so.

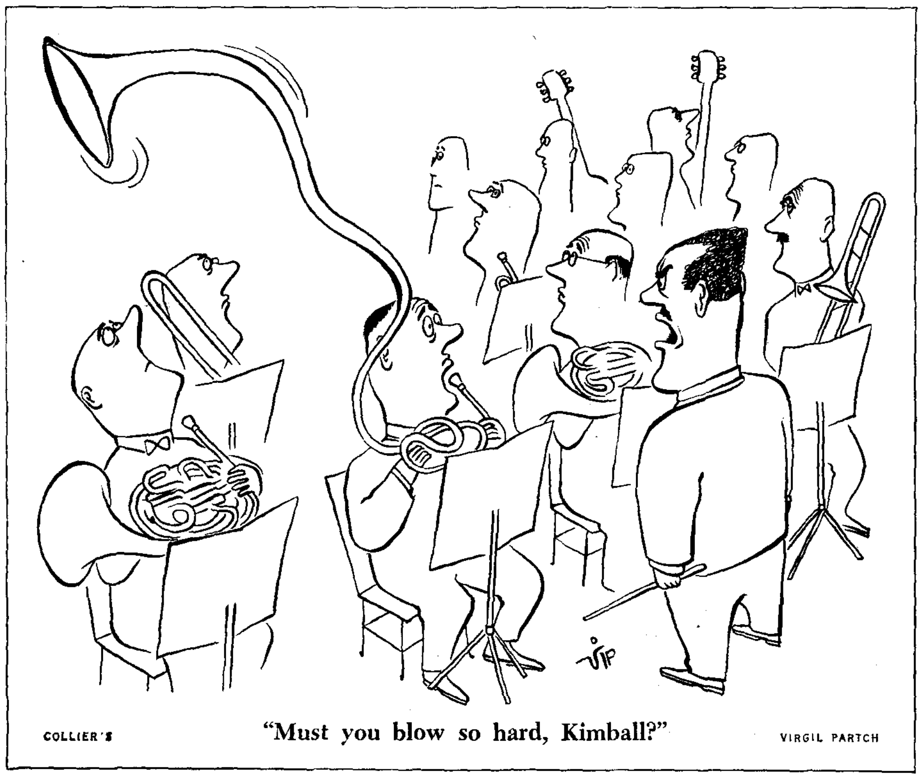
It is evening, and again I see that Soldier, this time with twelve men. A Soldier, yet Man of Peace, he walks among mortal men . . . Man of Charity and Sorrows. Divinity shines through His humanity, as with human hands, He opens the eyes of the blind, and the ears of the deaf, helps the lame to walk and raises the dead to life.

I see Him sit with these twelve men, bless bread, break it, and I hear Him say: "Take ye and eat: This is My body." And He consecrates wine which thus becomes His blood that is to be shed for the forgiveness of the sins of men.

The Night of His Betrayal

The full moon is rising. The Soldier and eleven men go to the Mount of Olives and into the Garden of Gethsemane. Overpowered by grief and the awareness of man's unceasing inhumanity to man, the Soldier falls upon the ground and prays and sweats with blood; as men of peace, soldiers today, fall upon *their* battlegrounds and pray and sweat with blood.

The traitorous twelfth comes into the garden with a hostile mob armed with swords and clubs. They lay hands on the Man and take Him away. He is mocked, reviled, falsely accused and condemned. He is spat upon and struck. He is imprisoned and scourged. I shudder as I witness the savagery of the flagellation, for His body becomes one open wound, and His blood spouts on the hands of the demons of violence who scourge Him. He is bleeding for *their* freedom, for *their* peace and salvation, and they, ruthless, ignorant and blind, do not know it! He is brought to "justice," and I hear the governor say, "I find no cause in Him." I hear the mob cry, "Crucify Him," hear the governor, finding Him innocent, condemn Him to death.



"Must you blow so hard, Kimball?"

I think then of millions of men, powerless victims of today's warring world, also condemned in their helplessness to slavery and death. They place a crown of thorns upon His head, a purple robe upon His body, a reed within His hand. Then, removing those robes of mockery, they clothe Him in His own garments and lay a Cross on His bruised and mercilessly mangled shoulders. A centurion and his company close in around Him, and the group moves into the roadway. Slowly and painfully, the victim of man's sin and of God's love drags His bleeding and broken body along the sorrowful Way of the Cross.

The executioners lose no time, and the Man is placed on the Cross. His hands and feet are stretched and strained, and the victim nerves Himself for the pain. Under heavy blows, great nails crush and tear through flesh and bone to wood. The Cross is lifted, jarred into the earth and made firm with stones and trampled clay. And so He is crucified. But the Cross is not only His deathbed; it is also His pulpit and throne. From the Cross, His horizon widens to include all the world. Time and space vanish; past and future merge into the present; all generations are one, as the broken bleeding lips begin to move: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The sun darkens, the heavens peal with thunder, the earth quakes. Yet amid the violence of man and nature, the dying Soldier is calm. He cries: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Repose comes over the haggard face and to the tortured body. The Soldier is dead.

Friends come to take down the body of the Soldier. Reverently they lift the crown of thorns from His head. Gently they remove the nails and take Him down from the Cross.

The body of the Soldier is placed in the tomb, the sepulcher is sealed, and guards are set to watch. As well put a seal on night's curtain to stop the dawn of day, or post guards to stop the rising of the sun, for at morn on the first Easter Sunday, the Soldier rises from the dead.

The earth trembles; the watchmen flee. The tomb opens, and all that is found is an empty shroud—yesterday, testimony to death; today, testimony to life! His stubborn friends will not believe that He has risen until they have seen Him, talked and broken bread with Him. And not once or twice nor in one place do they see Him, but many times, in several places and for a period of forty days. Seeing and touching His wounds healed their wounds of unbelief and changed them from distrustful and doubting men into fearless, faithful followers. They and hundreds of others to whom the Soldier appeared became witnesses to His Return!

Humanity's Crown of Thorns

Nineteen centuries have passed and I find myself walking with Him in the Holy Land as He looks, this Eastertide, upon war's desolation from earth's end to end. Appalled and heartsick, He realizes that the world has failed to learn the lesson of peace, for the gift of peace comes only to such hearts as desire it and have the capacity to receive it.

Troubled and grieved, the Soldier sees the meek oppressed, the just persecuted, and the innocent condemned and put to death; the slaughter of men, the destruc-

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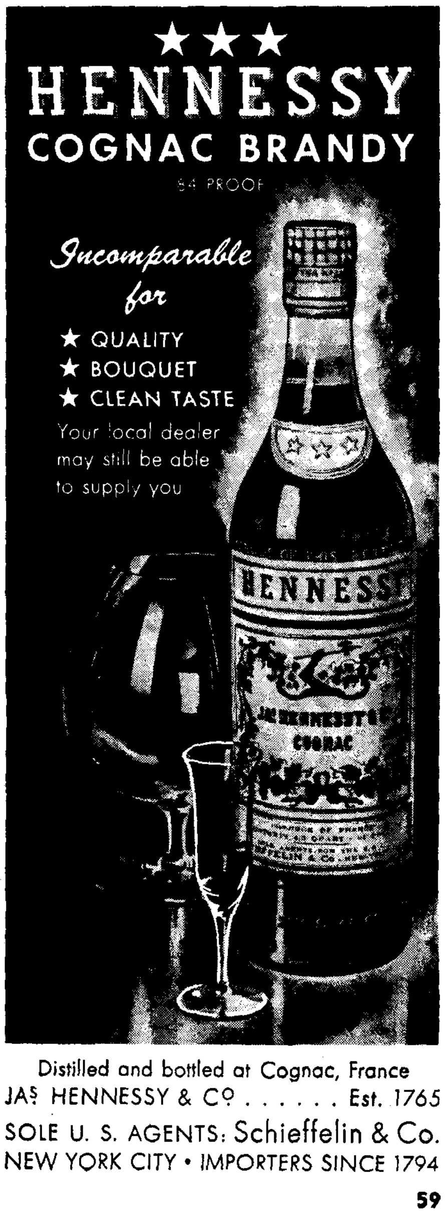
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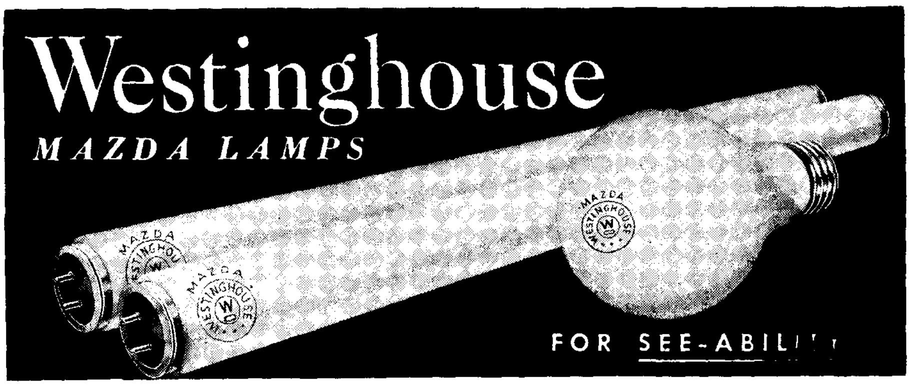
LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK . . . KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS!

Westinghouse

MAZDA LAMPS



tion of cities, the desecration of the good and the triumph of evil. Craters of hatred vomit forth the lava of war covering the world.

The Man of Peace is horrified and saddened to witness tyranny invading, prostrating, crushing men and mankind, brutalizing humanity in order more brutally to kill, ravage and destroy. Dictators, both great and puny, rouse ever-widening, swirling cyclones of humanity that devastate the universe with murder and plunder, desecration and destruction. The spreading virus of war and bigotry infects mankind with political and social evils, tainting, diseasing and killing minds and bodies. Piled-up corpses rotting under the desert's blazing sun, bloated bodies matting the ocean's floor, human torches plummeting from the sky, all these the Soldier sees and knows that man himself has wrought man's crucifixion!

Why does man persist in nailing himself to the cross? When will the lantern of lost liberty gather light and glow again? When will man, perpetually proclaiming peace, learn that neither knowledge of its definition nor lofty thoughts and eloquence can supplant fitness for peace?

Over mountains, through valleys and plains, the Soldier watches streaming, staggering lines of starving women and children as they are driven to death, slavery and exile. Frightened, groveling children and their mothers burrow into the earth in vain efforts to shelter and save themselves from shrieking, shattering bombs. And with pity He looks to the children of the future, born in civilization's night, blighted, broken, barren of opportunities, nourished on black, bitter bread! All are victims of these self-made gods.

Night ends. Day dawns. I turn to the Soldier and ask Him what man, hungering for peace, can and must do to gain it and, gaining it, maintain it. He tells me that every day, every man casts seeds of thought, word and action, and that crops, for weal or woe, grow from them. The harvest comes as the seed falls, and injustice, cruelty and hatred crop war, famine and misery. A good harvest, I learn, grows from seeds of truth, justice, charity and peace planted in human hearts, cultivated in the sunlight of God's laws, moistened with the Soldier's blood and His mother's tears. And other soldiers' blood and mothers' tears, chaliced together, are freely offered and poured forth for a fruitful harvest for humanity's salvation. But man must do his part, for otherwise there will be no fruits of victory and peace, nor can there be!

Man must reap the harvest with his own free will, which is freedom to do, not as he pleases, but the freedom to choose to do what is right. All-powerful as is the Man of Peace, He *cannot* help the world so long as it hates Him; and all-loving though He is, He will not help the world as long as it rejects Him. The Soldier will not take the world down from the cross of war until the world is willing to climb the cross of love. He *will* not give peace to the world without its help. The light to see the right is always clear, but man can shut his eyes and blindly, wildly, sow and scatter seeds of evil. He thinks he can ignore and escape God's laws, but his own selfishness captures, chains and imprisons him.

Will complete darkness blanket the earth? Will it always be night? The answer rests with man. If the example of the Soldier and all the soldier dead is not compelling and arresting enough to teach men the lesson of peace, night *will* always be! Civilization will continue its mad careening through blood-drenched shambles and stenchy battlefields toward world chaos. Enmity and war will continue to stalk the earth unhindered!

The human race is at the crossroads—and beyond! However, the Soldier knows that peace will come despite the rending of the earth! This age of doubt may reject Him; this age of sadness distrust Him; this age of forgetfulness ignore Him. But He is confident that His breath, the peace of the Spirit, is so deep in the multitude of soldiers that even the vising clasp of war's fingers cannot wring it from their hearts. He is consoled that soldier spirits kindred to His own will plant the good seed of their own lives in world soil, for world brotherhood.

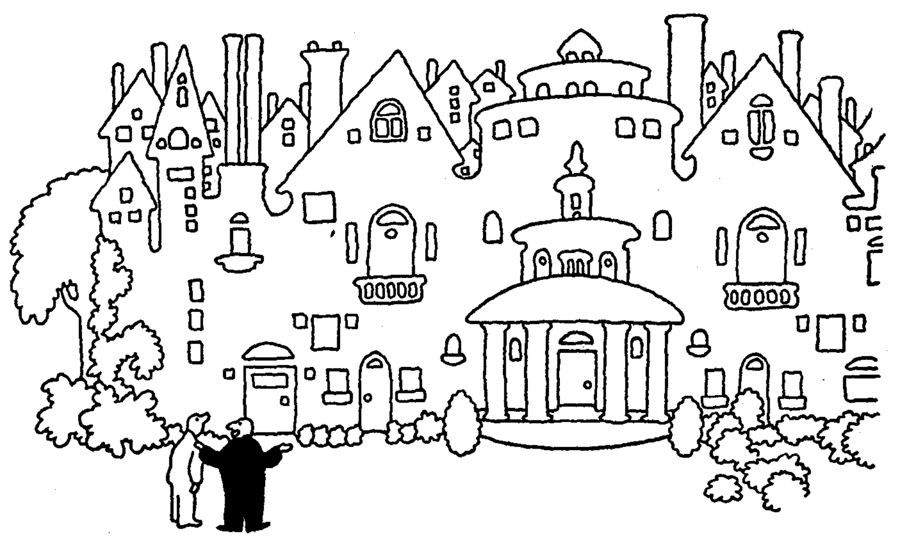
Soldiers are told that they wage wars to gain peace and democracy and to banish evils of hatred and tyranny from the earth. But while it is true that wars do overthrow individual tyrants, nevertheless hatred and tyranny survive. And they will continue to live on, spawning wickedness and sorrow, until man makes God's law the foundation of his life.

A Road to Victory and Peace

Millions of maimed, tortured and dead lie on gaping roads which wind toward sunsets that mirage peace but mirror war. The Soldier points to another road, covered with clouds and shadows but lighted with lamps of reason and faith. Its signposts read, "Victory" and "Peace." The road is difficult and dangerous, and there are many enemies to overcome.

The first battle must be won in man's own heart. He must conquer evil in himself and evil along the way. The Soldier offers three weapons of defense and attack: Obedience, Discipline and Love: Obedience to the Commandments; Discipline, conquering self, winning daily battles of truth over falsehood, right over wrong; Love, charity to neighbor with especial consideration for the sinful, sick and sorrowful. These weapons will insure victory, freedom and peace.

Are victory, freedom and peace too

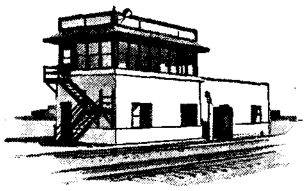


COLLIER'S

"The wife and I've split up. I understand she's keeping a separate establishment around the house somewhere"

GARDNER REA

The "SIGNAL CORPS" in action!



How the Men of Tower X Speed Wartime Trains on the Water Level Route

THIS IS Signal Tower X. You may have glimpsed it from the car window as your train clicked by over the maze of switches. Just a little, two-story building beside the tracks. Yet, from here are set the signals and switches that control and guide the steel giants of the rails. And here, day and night, men of New York Central's "signal corps" are on the alert . . . playing their vital part in today's critical battle of transportation.

Once, Tower X bristled with tall levers, laboriously worked by hand. Today, its electric controls set the heaviest switch at the twist of a towerman's wrist.

And tomorrow? Well, in New York Central's newest towers, even quicker and more automatic controls are already installed. And when Victory again frees production, Tower X and others along the Water Level Route will get still finer equipment to serve the faster, more efficient rail transportation of the future.

50 MILES AT A GLANCE
This chart maps the part of the Water Level Route controlled by Tower X . . . a 50-mile network of tracks. Electric lights and indicators show instantly the movement of every train and the setting of every switch.

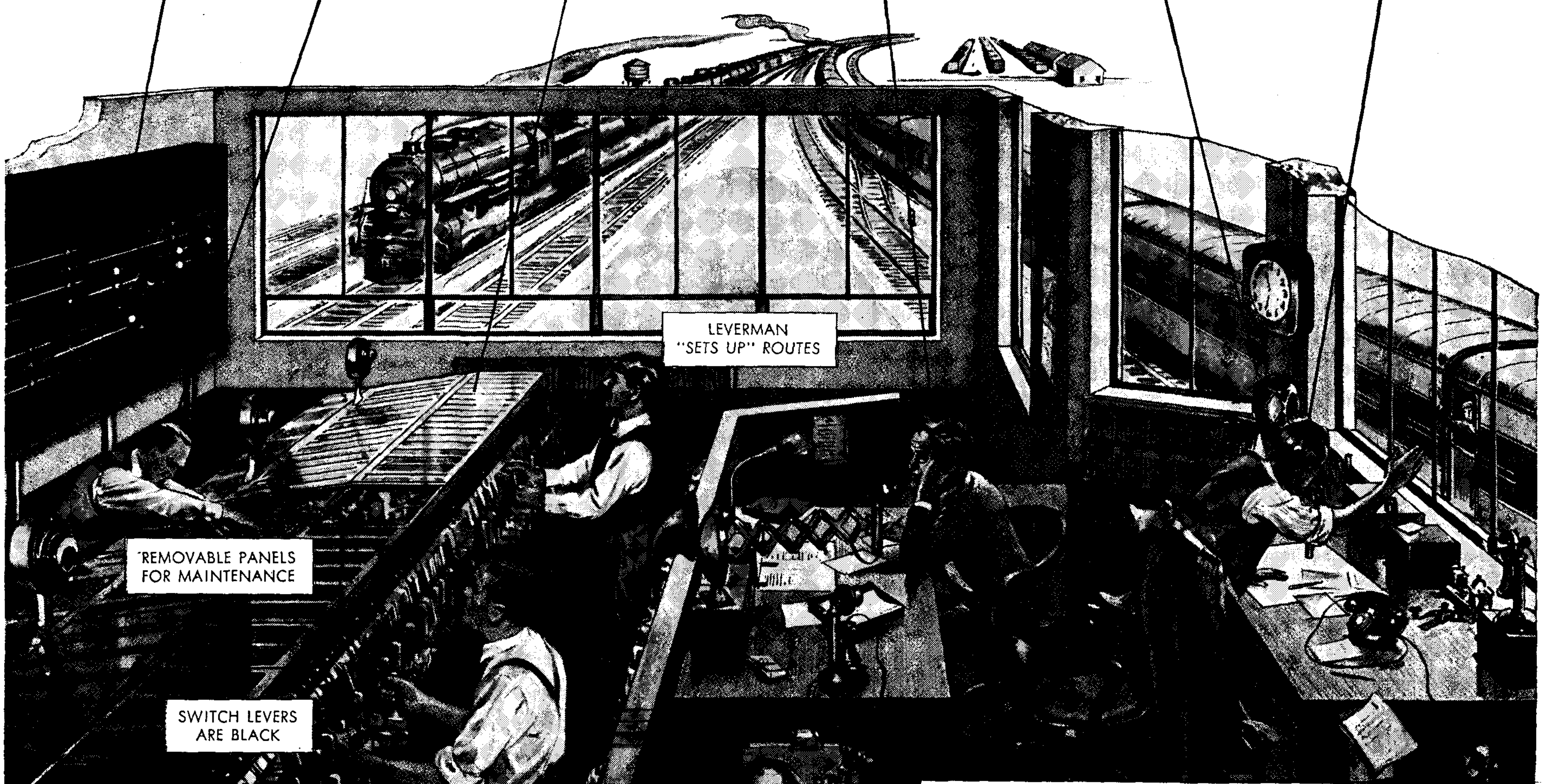
CIRCUIT SLEUTH
A Signal Maintainer is constantly on duty in every large New York Central Tower, checking the hundreds of electric circuits and keeping equipment in perfect order. Other Maintainers, working out in the yards and on the line, communicate with the tower by portable phone.

MISTAKE-PROOF MACHINE
This modern electric signal machine is typical New York Central tower equipment. Controls are so "interlocked" that Levermen cannot possibly set up conflicting routes, or clear a signal until switches are in position.

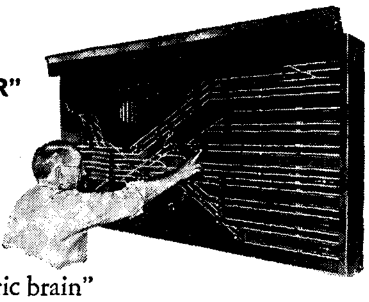
MASTER STRATEGIST
On the Tower Director's quick thinking depends the smooth flow of wartime traffic over this busy portion of New York Central. He "calls the routes" to the Levermen both for regular trains and for scores of special moves ordered from the dispatcher's office, the freight yards and other points.

PARTY LINE WITH A PURPOSE
By loud-speaker circuit and telegraph, the Operator "listens in" to train reports from many miles away. He notifies the Director of approaching trains in ample time to plan the proper routing.

ALL EYES AND EARS
The Operator notes the exact time each train passes Tower X, its engine number, the number and type of cars. He records this on his Train Sheet and reports it to the Dispatcher. He also watches and listens to make sure equipment is operating smoothly, and signals his observation to the rear brakeman.



"POST-WAR" TOWER TODAY!



This "electric brain" is already at work in New York Central's latest signal tower. It automatically selects routes and sets all needed switches and signals at the touch of a button!

New York Central

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS — NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM — ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

THE JONESES HAVE A

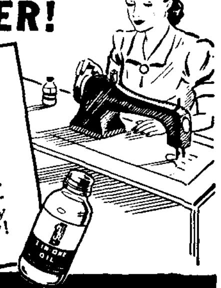
Septic Tank

But of course Mrs. Jones doesn't scrub her toilet bowl to get it clean! Like thousands of other women, she has learned that *Sani-Flush is absolutely safe in septic tanks.* She uses it just as city housewives do, to remove ugly stains, quickly and easily.

Unlike ordinary cleansers, Sani-Flush works *chemically.* It cleans the hidden trap—removes a cause of toilet odors and the invisible, unsanitary film where toilet germs lurk. No special disinfectants are needed. Begin using Sani-Flush today. Sold everywhere—two handy sizes.

FREE! Let us send you a scientific report explaining why Sani-Flush, used as directed on the can, doesn't harm septic tanks or their action. It's free. Address The Hygienic Products Co., Dept. Q-2, Canton 2, O.

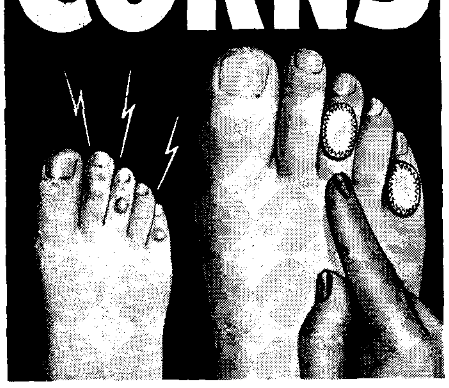
Sani-Flush
SAFE FOR SEPTIC TANKS



Make it Last LONGER!

3-IN-ONE Oil lubricates Sewing Machines for easy and quiet running, keeps bearings cleaner, prevents rust that causes costly repairs. Get it at your Hardware, Drug, Grocery or 10¢ Store—today!

"3-IN-ONE" OIL



STOP THOSE CORNS

DON'T *suffer* needless torture from corns or sore toes. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for fast relief. These thin, soothing, cushioning protective pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction and lift painful pressure—the causes of misery from corns. They ease new or tight shoes—stop corns, sore toes, blisters *before* they can develop! Included with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are separate wonder-working *Medications* for speedily removing corns. No other method does all these things for you! Costs but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Department Stores, Toilet Goods Counters. Get a box today!

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

much to hope for? Will there be a resurrection after the world's crucifixion? Will it come to pass in this generation? The Risen Soldier answers that peace *can* come and *will* come if mankind recognizes and observes the essential brotherhood of man under God. Theories on peace and the art of finding peace come and go with the days; but as long as God is left out of the formulas, they are as useless as food to a corpse.

Men, even of good will, have tried to unite mankind and failed. Some, forgetful of dead tyrants and disdainful of soldier dead, have sought unity through force. Others have tried union through a common language, ignoring that what man has most to fear is not diversity of tongues but opposition of hearts. Others have envisioned the airplane and the radio as effective unifying forces of mankind. The airplane has brought joyless days and terror-saturated nights, has wrought death and devastation, and has spread bitterness among peoples. The radio has been used to disseminate hatred and falsehood, deceiving people and spreading dissension. These abuses of science are results of the abuse of a fundamental freedom: freedom to do good! For if men would practice loving neighbor as self, then hate, greed, injustice, intolerance, cruelty and war would perish from the earth. Man would be immunized against the contagion of evil, and good would grow into life and in life. For the exclusion of the Soldier and His teachings from lives—personal, family, civic, scientific, artistic and cultural—has resulted in the flaunting of natural and moral laws and the birth of an aimless and homeless age. Millions of the sons of men are dying by the rivers of modern Babylons, while daughters live tortured lives of solitary days and die of aching griefs.

I thought of my airman who had flown into untellable light, and of untellable millions of his dead soldier brothers who had died for liberty, and, dying, hoped they died for "something good."

I asked the Risen Soldier if He would sit at the peace table.

He answered: "Only if it be a table of peace!"

Is it too idealistic to hope that He will be invited? It should not be, for He knows men's minds and plans for peace, men's hearts and desires for peace, and His Cross still remains the symbol and the secret of peace as well as its price.

Questions for Nations to Answer

Will men pay the price of His peace? Will the powerful leaders of the powerful nations that will make the peace remember the Risen Soldier and the other soldiers who have died? Will the heart of the world give and forgive? Will a flash from this heart change barren knowledge into fruitful wisdom? Will men no longer seek to improve their material position by conquest? Will justice ever give each man his due and take the place of force? Will strong, undaunted men remember that right alone is expedient, and thus give the world leadership to abolish not only the evils of war but also the evils of peace?

Yes, it is idealism to hope that the Man of Peace will be at the table of peace. But idealists are the realists of the future; and the realists of today are the defeatists of tomorrow if they do not make a peace with justice. If the mighty men of today are men of good will; if men of good will are the mighty men of tomorrow; if the spirit of justice, charity and tolerance survive in the survivors of this holocaust, then will men have triumphed over hate, over mistrust, over the principle that might makes right, over narrow nationalism and racism. Then will the world rise again with the Soldier, and Easter will be a day, an era or an age that will commemorate the triumph of mankind over disaster and despair. It will symbolize and signalize resurrection and hope for suffering humanity, and then the Soldier and the soldiers will not have died in vain!

Every free human being is challenged to prove that they did not vainly die. The proof will be given in each man's living! Each American must answer this challenge to make America stand before the world, an example of devotion to the ideals that have made her a great nation; a beacon of liberty; the hope of the oppressed; the refuge of the weak; the pledge that man can live with man in mutual respect following God's law, voiced in man's conscience, and in mutual esteem, based on the responsibility of democratic life.

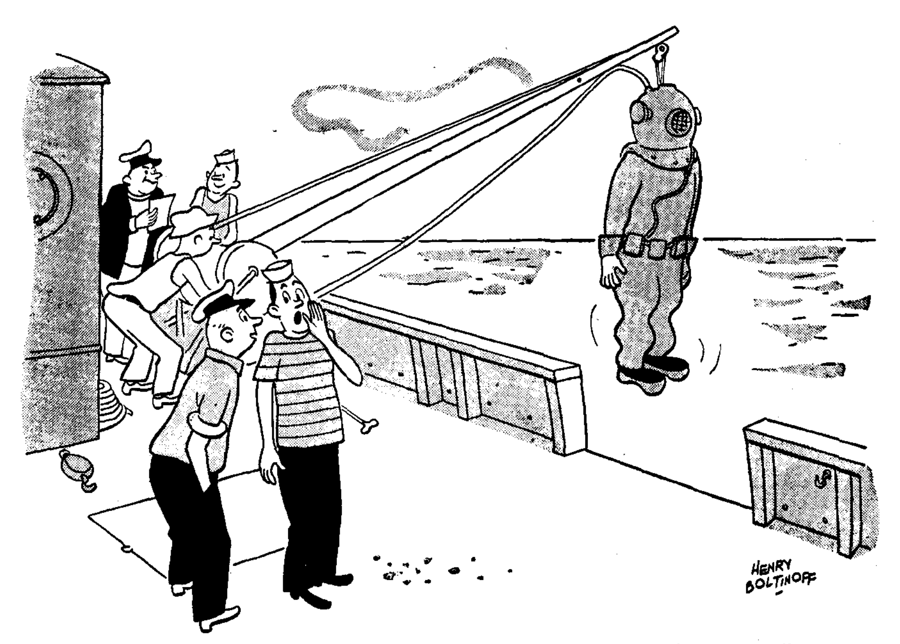
To the Risen Soldier, I pledge my life, that no soldier die in vain, that each soldier may say:

I am the risen soldier. I have come
From out a thousand towns, the city blocks,
The factories, the fields of this fair land
Whose name I whisper with a strange delight
Beneath these alien skies. Many am I,
Yet truly one, the son of many streams
That poured their wealth into a common cup—
The wide and golden cup of liberty,
Which elsewhere men had sought, yet found instead
But Circe's poisoned wine, toil without sleep.
I am a soldier lifted up by war's
Stern hands and this my nation's need, above
The petty round of pleasure; freed from wealth's
Sure chains, from labor's yoke, the snare of self,
And flung, an eagle, into atmosphere
That folds about me with immensity
Made intimate. I breast a world of clouds,
I climb, that men crushed low may find in me
A symbol of man's fondest hope, which now,
Like winter wheat, must bide beneath the chill
Of slavery, and trodden down by foes,
Dying give life to myriad golden shafts,
Each in its own true right an image clear
Of life and peace, of man with hand erect,
Unbowed and fearless, under friendly skies.

I am the risen soldier; once I knew
The thralldom of a thousand little needs,
And now I have but one—the need to give
All that I have and am, that men may know
How fair a dream America has dreamed
Of liberty, that now, as far as one
Lone fighter can achieve, that dream shall still
Come true for all mankind. I know that some
Will scoff and call my dream a wishful thing,
Saying wars have their origin in trade,
The ebb and flow of credit; that men are
But helpless flies within the web of commerce.
Let them drawl this if cynics they would be.
I know my soul, my heartbeats I have tallied;
Here lies my course; here gleams my compass needle.
Eastward I drive to straighten crooked crosses,
Till yet again they be the deathless sign
Of love that dies to break the bonds of men.
Westward I cleave into the setting sun,
Which still must farther set that there may be
A sunrise of democracy and hope
For all the lands and peoples that still lie
Within the shadows where we brought no light,
Or, when we did, too often dimmed its glow
With a fool's pride, a merchant's avarice
Or acts denying charity's sweet reign.
We could not free them, who ourselves were slaves;
We could not teach, who had not paused to learn,
Nor lead the blind, who had not eyes to see.

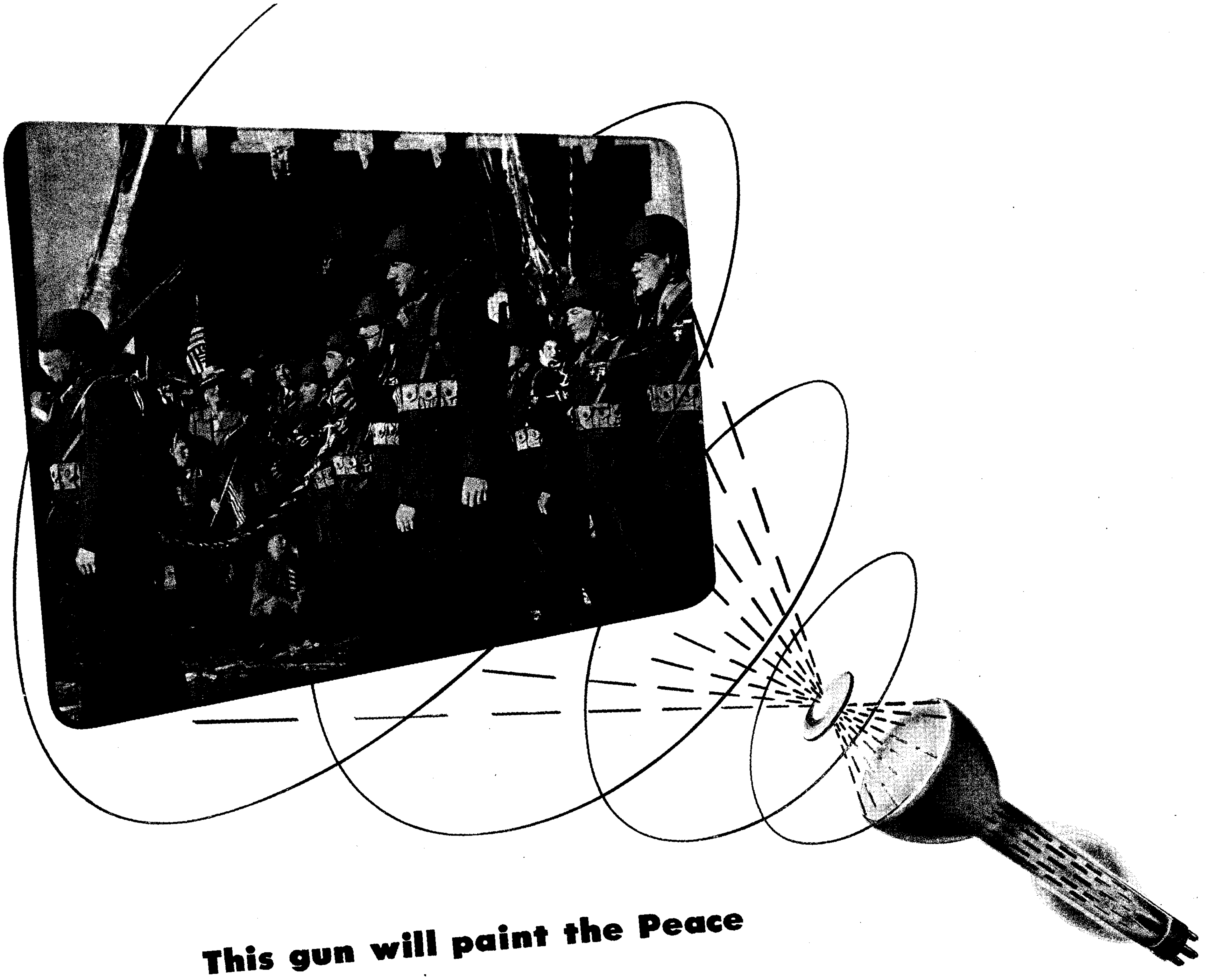
I am the risen soldier; though I die
I shall live on and, living, still achieve
My country's mission—liberty in truth
And truth in charity. I am aware
God made me for this nobler flight and fight,
A higher course than any I had deemed
Could ever be; and having found my course,
Whether I ground my plane on the home field
Or plunge a flaming banner from the skies,
I shall not turn again to petty things,
Nor change my plan of life till God has sealed
My papers with His seal. And if it be
My blood should mingle reverently with Christ's,
His Son's, in this my final missioning,
Shall I not whisper with my dying breath:
"Lord, it is sweet to die—as it were good
To live, to strive—for these United States,
Which in Your wisdom, You have willed should be
A beacon to the world, a living shrine
Of liberty and charity and peace."

THE END



"It's empty. Joe took the day off but the boss doesn't know it"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF



This gun will paint the Peace

When all the guns of war fall silent, another more potent gun will help millions share in the building of a peaceful world.

This is the *electron gun,* fabulous tool of the new science of electronics.

Among its countless services, the *electron gun* paints the pictures you see on a television receiving set, faithfully reproducing scenes and action taking place many miles away.

You can expect this invisible electronic servant in your home after the war. It will give you power to see and hear the leaders of Peace organizing a better world, the thrilling achievements of men and nations, news *as it is made,* entertainment and sports – all on your own television set.

Before war put a halt to television's public growth, programs were televised regularly in several countries, thousands of receiving sets were in use. Television is ready for big things now, barely 18 years after the first experimental electronic television equipment was built in an early Farnsworth laboratory!

Today all Farnsworth's production is for war. The talent that pioneered electronic television, the skills that perfected and made the superb Capehart, are used to the utmost in turning out precise military electronic instruments.

But we are learning much from this war work. Farnsworth will build finer phonograph-radios after the war. Then complete television equipment for studios and stations – and for commercial applications. And, of course, Farnsworth home television receiving sets to let you see – as well as hear – what's going on all over the "One World."

P.S. – Right now, War Bonds are your most potent weapon. Buy more.

Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana. Farnsworth Radio and Television Transmitters and Receivers; Aircraft Radio Equipment; Farnsworth Dissector Tube; the Capehart, the Capehart-Panamuse; the Farnsworth Phonograph-Radio.

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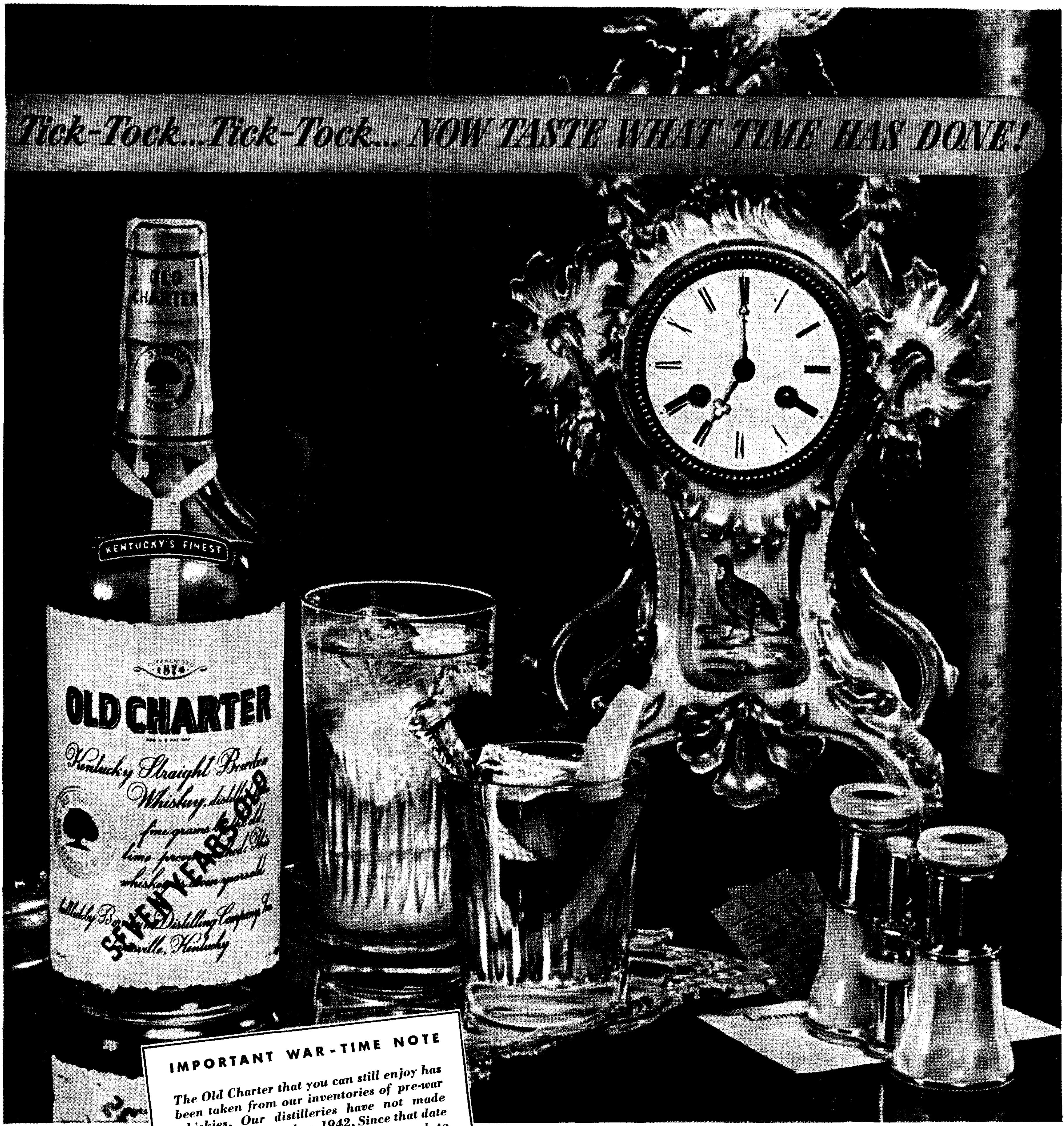

Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock...NOW TASTE WHAT TIME HAS DONE!
OLD CHARTER
KENTUCKY'S FINEST
1874
OLD CHARTER
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
SEVEN YEARS OLD
Louisville, Kentucky

IMPORTANT WAR-TIME NOTE

The Old Charter that you can still enjoy has been taken from our inventories of pre-war whiskies. Our distilleries have not made whiskey since October, 1942. Since that date their full capacity has been converted to production of alcohol for war use by the Government.

IF YOU STILL FEEL that silkiness, mellowness, smoothness are just advertising words . . . chances are you've never tasted Old Charter! If you still have no real choice between brands of whiskey . . . chances are you've never tasted Old Charter. If your own palate has never told you what long and leisured years of ripening can do for a noble whiskey . . . chances are you've never tasted Old Charter—and you ought to, soon!

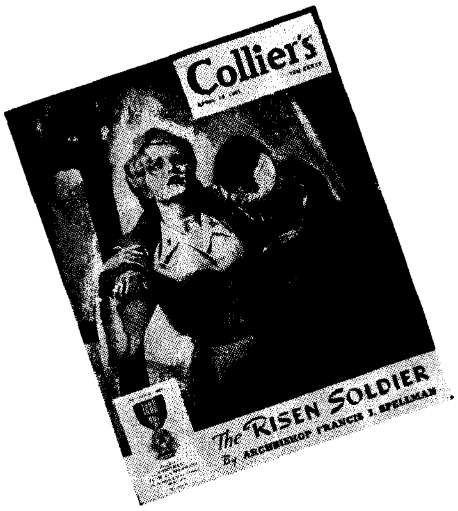
OLD CHARTER

A SUPERB
AMERICAN
WHISKEY

Buy More War Bonds and Hold 'Em!

This Whiskey is 7 Years Old • Straight Bourbon Whiskey • 90 Proof • Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. | *Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival." Every Wednesday Eve., C. B. S.*

The Heroine on the Cover



THE sun peeped ruddily over the rim of the Arizona desert. Lieutenant Edith Greenwood, U. S. Army Nurse Corps, checked the last bed patient in the three wards of Camp Edwards Hospital and walked into the little kitchen. She told the ward boy to light the marine range and prepare breakfast. He stooped and touched a match to the burners. Lieutenant Greenwood checked the breakfast diet list. She choked from smoke.

"Better shut that off," she told the ward boy. "It's not burning right."

She put the list back on a shelf. The boy closed the burners. He didn't see the swelling ball of yellow flame. Lieutenant Greenwood did.

"Look out!" she screamed.

The boy half fell into a corner. There was a sound like someone slamming an iron door, and the little kitchen was full of bright dots of fire, burning from floor and walls and ceiling. Outside, the sun was halfway over the rim and it burned red against the east wall of the long, one-story hospital building and threw long blue shadows across the sand.

The boy stood terrified in a corner. Then he started to scream. Lieutenant Greenwood reached through the flame and grasped his hand. She yanked. Hard. The kid came flying and bounced through the kitchen door out into the ward. Most of the soldiers were awake. Their heads turned on their pillows and they saw the agony on the boy's face. No one said a word. A soldier in pajamas got up and hobbled down the aisle to the kitchen door. Lieutenant Greenwood came out of the kitchen.

"Go get some help," she told the soldier. "There's a little fire in the kitchen range."

The soldier didn't salute. He didn't say, "Yes, sir," or "Yes, ma'am." He went.

Lieutenant Greenwood examined the boy. He had a few burns. She turned to the patients and smiled apologetically. "Can you fellows walk?"

They looked at one another and back at her. Some had broken feet. Most of them were burn cases.

"Those of you who can, get your shoes and bathrobes on." She helped the others. "Go out the far door," she yelled, pointing to the front.

She assisted a four-day appendectomy out onto the cold sand. She slung the arm of a Negro across her shoulders, taking care that she walked on the side next to his broken toes. He hopped out on the good foot and her sturdiness.

The sun was clear of the rim now. It stared unblinking at the crackling flame and the column of black smoke which rose high and straight over the windless desert. It made marionettes of the half-dressed men who came running from the eight other hospital buildings. And the last patient was out, sitting on the sand and staring at the roaring fire and mumbling, "Well, I'll be damned!"

That was on September 16, 1942. On June 10, 1943, there was a review on the desert, and the soldiers stood at attention as Brigadier General Sweet pinned the Soldier's Medal on Lieutenant Greenwood and the ward boy. He told the lieutenant that she was the first woman ever to win the Soldier's Medal.

Her milky skin colored and she stared straight ahead and said, "I think, sir, that the patients dramatized this thing."

Lieutenant Greenwood is twenty-three, and was born in North Dartmouth, New Hampshire.

In the same quietly authoritative voice she used when she said, ". . . Get your shoes and bathrobes on," she now says, "After the war, I am going to find a man That's definite." ★★★

A Guy Like Red

Continued from page 15

the world. You won't worry none about food with us."

"I got a whale of an appetite, old man."

Monahan laughed. "Wait'll ye meet me son Joe."

Red saw what he meant when they stepped into the main salon. Joe Monahan was standing in the middle of the room, stuffing tobacco in a pipe. Red stared at him and, for one of the few times in his life, felt small.

Joe was immense. He was four inches taller than Red and almost a hundred pounds heavier. His chest was like a cement barrel, his hand smothered Red's when they clasped, and his shoulders were built somewhat like an ox yoke. Yet he walked as silently as a cat, and his deft fingers did most of the needle threading for Toni.

Red met Toni when he went into the galley. She was bent over the stove, her face was flushed, and a lock of black hair was in her eyes. She swept it out of the way with the back of her hand and smiled up at Red.

Then she looked at her father with a simulated pout. "Must I be feeding giants all the time? Joe's bad enough."

Monahan slapped her shoulder and chuckled. "We've had that room for rent for weeks. But I like a man around."

Toni laughed softly. "So do I." She looked back at Red and said, "I was only kidding. I do hope you like my cooking. I—well—it's kind of a hobby of mine."

Monahan nodded his old head. "That's right. We don't need no boarder. That was Toni's idea. Never saw such a gal for liking to cook. Just like her mother." He sucked at his teeth for a moment, then added, as an afterthought, "She was Italian. I guess that explains it."

Nothing explained the Monahans to Red. The following day he told Hansen, one of the divers in the crew, "Odd bunch, those Monahans. They're not dumb, but the way they live, out on that old, broken-down boat—the old man was telling me this morning that he and Joe used to be crab fishermen."

Hansen chuckled and spat over the side of the diving barge. He commented, "Just because you make fifty bucks a day, it don't mean everyone else can get that sort of dough. The way I look at it, this big guy and his pop, they're satisfied the way they live."

"Yeah. Seems like it. But the girl, Toni—I don't think she's a day over nineteen, or twenty at the most. She's not my type, but she's sure a good-looking babe. She could do better than sit out on that old wreck and cook."

Hansen pulled on a diving helmet, and one of the helpers screwed it down. The front port was left open. Hansen squinted at Red. "She sounds like the homebody kind to me. Makes no difference how good-looking they are. If they're homebodies, they're homebodies and that's all there is to it." He said slyly, "That's the dangerous kind, if you ask me."

Red laughed at him. "Don't get ideas, you dumb Swede. I'm not the marrying kind."

IT WAS Hansen, three weeks later, who acted as Red's best man at the wedding. Hansen could understand why a man got married, but not a man like Red, and not so fast. But even if Hansen had asked, Red would have had difficulty giving him the answer.

It seemed to Red to be a lot of little things that led to one inevitable conclusion. For one thing, he had never before experienced such peace and quiet as he enjoyed on the old clipper hulk. It was located just far enough from shore to be out of range of sharp and high-pitched noises, and no one could drop in for a casual visit, unless he had a rowboat. It was solitude—with company.

Then, too, he liked the evenings, with the old man pulling at a jug of whisky until he fell asleep, and Joe and Toni sitting quietly at the table, listening to Red's adventures. They were the most attentive audience in the world, and Red glowed and expanded under their admiring glances.

But, of course, it was mostly Toni. The old man had been right when he had said she was the best damn' cook in the world. Red had never eaten so much in his life. If he had not been working hard on the sub every day, he would have put on ten pounds the first week.

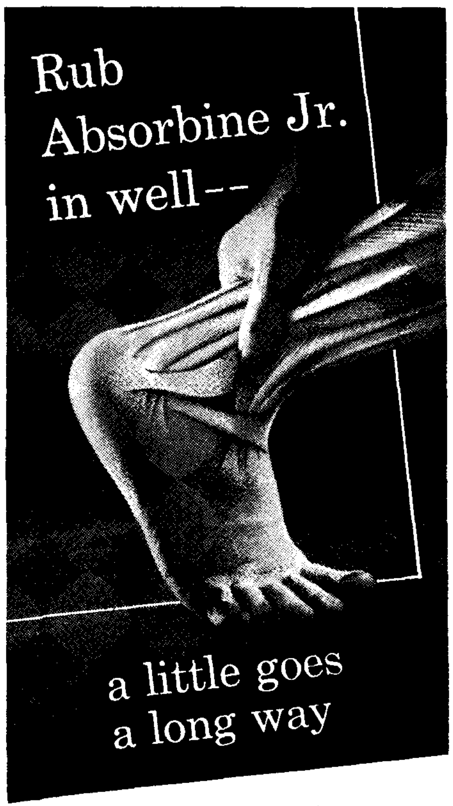
Red took her to dances and also for an occasional drive in his jaloppy. Toni seemed satisfied just to be near him, no matter where they went, and Red felt an uneasy sense of "belonging" with her at his side. He had never felt that way with other women. He tried to analyze the feeling, lying in the forepeak at nights, but Red was not a good analyst. He saw only Toni's eyes and her slow, warming smile.

So he married her.

They went to the Russian River for a two-day honeymoon, and Red came back to work strutting like a peacock, with a grin from ear to ear. He worked like a fool all that day, doing underwater welding on the hull of the pigboat and bossing the other four divers sealing the interior of the sub. But at quitting time, he hung around the barge, rather shy and embarrassed and seemingly reluctant to leave. When he did leave, he couldn't get away fast enough.

Toni was waiting for him in the forepeak of the clipper. She and Joe had rearranged the large room and moved in other furniture, in addition to all of Toni's possessions. When Red came in, she was putting flowers at the portholes and was wearing a peasant house dress. Red hugged her so tightly it hurt, and she had to squirm loose.

She stood off and looked him up and down and the pleased smile in her eyes deepened. Red, in corduroys, ten-inch boots, flannel shirt and oiled leather



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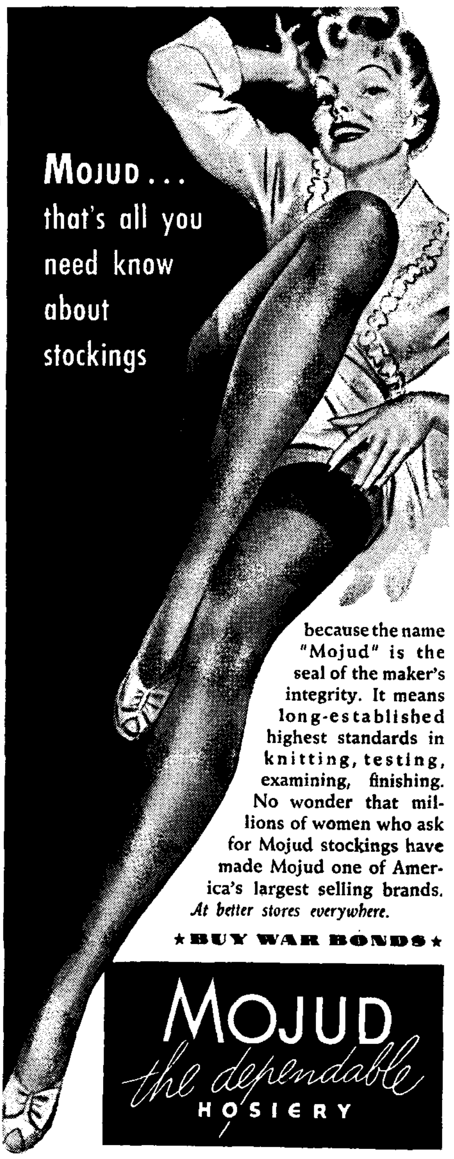

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jacket, was all man. She touched the corded muscles of his arms, and tears came into her eyes. She leaned her head against his chest and said, "I'm so happy I can't believe it."

Red sat on the edge of the bed and drew Toni down to his knee. He looked about him, then frowned and said, "Y'know, hon, there's only one thing wrong; I wish we were alone. I don't like the idea of living here with your brother and father—"

She laughed and placed a hand over his mouth. "Don't be silly. Where could we go? Anyway, they like you. Joe thinks you're great."

"Joe's a good guy."

THERE was an awkward silence for a moment, then Red said, "By the way, about money—" He took out his wallet and handed her five hundred dollars. "Here. You buy what you want."

Toni blushed and rolled the money into a little wad. "I don't really need anything—"

Red clumsily patted her shoulder. The transaction of money embarrassed him even more than it did Toni. He cleared his throat and said, "Plenty more where that came from. Anyway, you're my wife and I want you to have the best."

"I got the best when I got you."

Red flushed with pleasure. "Aw, nuts."

She looked up at him with a tiny frown he rather liked. "Red," she asked, "do you get a very good salary?"

He laughed and held her more tightly. "Good enough. I get fifty bucks a day, seven days a week, when I'm working. And I work most of the time."

Toni gasped and her eyes grew round. "Why," she cried, "that's tremendous. I had no idea. I thought you got six or seven dollars a day, like Joe."

"Well," he explained, his chest expanding, "good divers are hard to get."

Toni's eyes turned away from him thoughtfully, and she was silent for some time. Then she stated flatly, "You'll have to put it in the bank."

"Aw, look—I don't trust banks."

"Don't be ridiculous. I'll open a bank account for you first thing tomorrow. Do you have any more cash around?"

Red pulled at his lower lip, then pushed her aside and got to his feet. He opened a battered suitcase on the floor and took out a plain, bulky envelope. He tossed it onto her lap.

"Should be about seven thousand in there." He caught the startled look in her eyes, and his own eyes hardened. "This marriage business," he said, "takes a lot of organizing." Then he shouted, "I didn't think we had to get down to dollars and cents so damn' soon." He spun on his heel and stalked out to the deck.

At supper, he watched Toni's pale face across the table and felt like a heel. He wanted to tell her so, to apologize, but Joe and the old man were present. They seemed very happy and smiled at him and Toni, and winked at each other. The old man mumbled something under his breath about "lovers' spat" and chuckled. Red resented their presence. His eyes narrowed.

Later, in the privacy of their bedroom, he was still thinking of Joe and the old man, and he forgot to apologize to Toni. She did not mention his outburst and, in his arms, was content. Red forgot about it entirely.

When Toni showed him his bankbook two days later, while standing on a Sausalito street, Red chuckled and said, "I like the feel of the cash better, but I guess it's okay."

Toni sighed with relief. "We have to think of the future, Red."

"Sure," he grinned. "This marriage is for keeps."

She smiled up at him and timidly patted his cheek. "Later," she said, "we can buy a home and—"

"A home!" he roared. "What the heck do we want with a home? Nothing wrong with renting a place, is there?"

"Oh, but, Red, your own home is so nice—"

"Un-unh. Look: in my business I bang all over the world. It can't be helped. All ships aren't sunk in one spot, for my benefit. Anyway, I like knocking around."

"Of course you do, dear. But with a home to come back to each time—"

"Nothing doing. Just drop it. Understand? I'm not interested."

Toni's own temper flared for a brief moment. "But perhaps I am, Mr. McDermott. And we won't just drop it." Then she stared at him with a stricken expression and whispered, "I'm sorry." She stood up on tiptoes and kissed his cheek.

IT WAS Monday night that Red got into a fight. He stopped at a bar on the way home from work and bought a round of drinks for the stevedores and shipyard workers lined up in the room. He reached into his pocket to pay the bill and found exactly one dollar. He remembered, then, that he had given his pay check to Toni to put in the bank. It was the first time he had ever been caught in such a predicament.

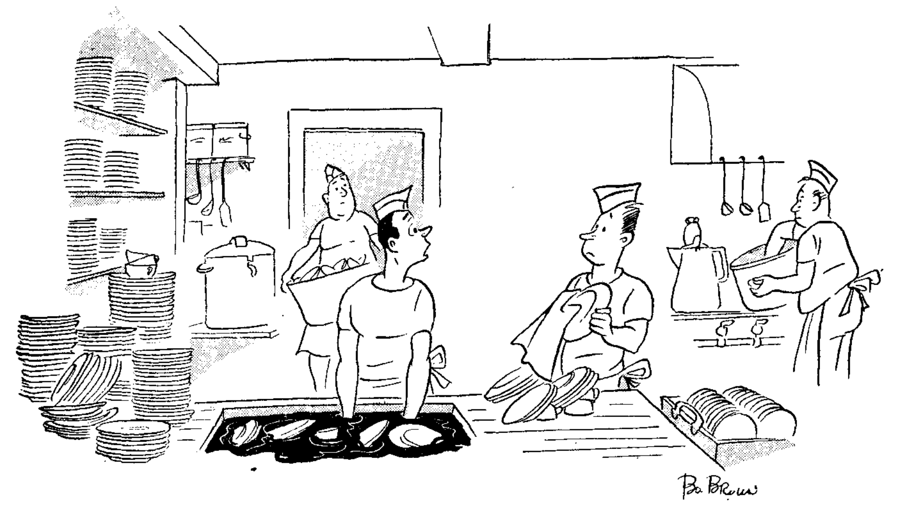
He started to explain, but the bartender said genially, "Forget it, Red. I'll put it on the cuff."

One of the stevedores looked around and shouted, "Did the old lady rob your pockets, Red?"

He started to laugh, and the others joined him. Red reached out with his left hand, pulled the man away from the bar and smashed him across the face with all the power of his right fist. The stevedore's head snapped back, his knees buckled, and he pitched forward, his face sliding across the floor.

The bartender sadly shook his head. "You shouldn't 'a' done that, Red. He was just kidding."

Red knew it, then, when his temper had



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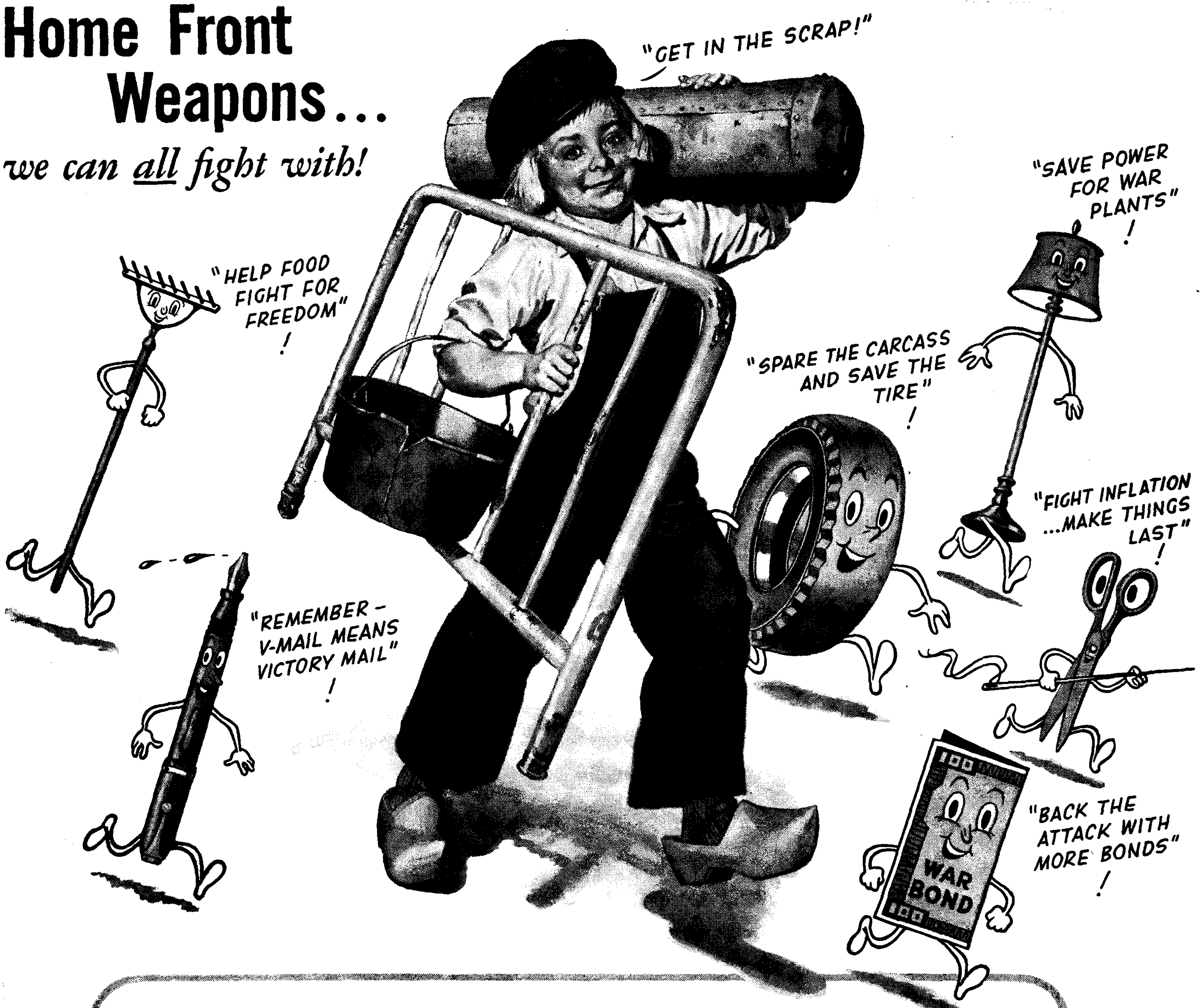
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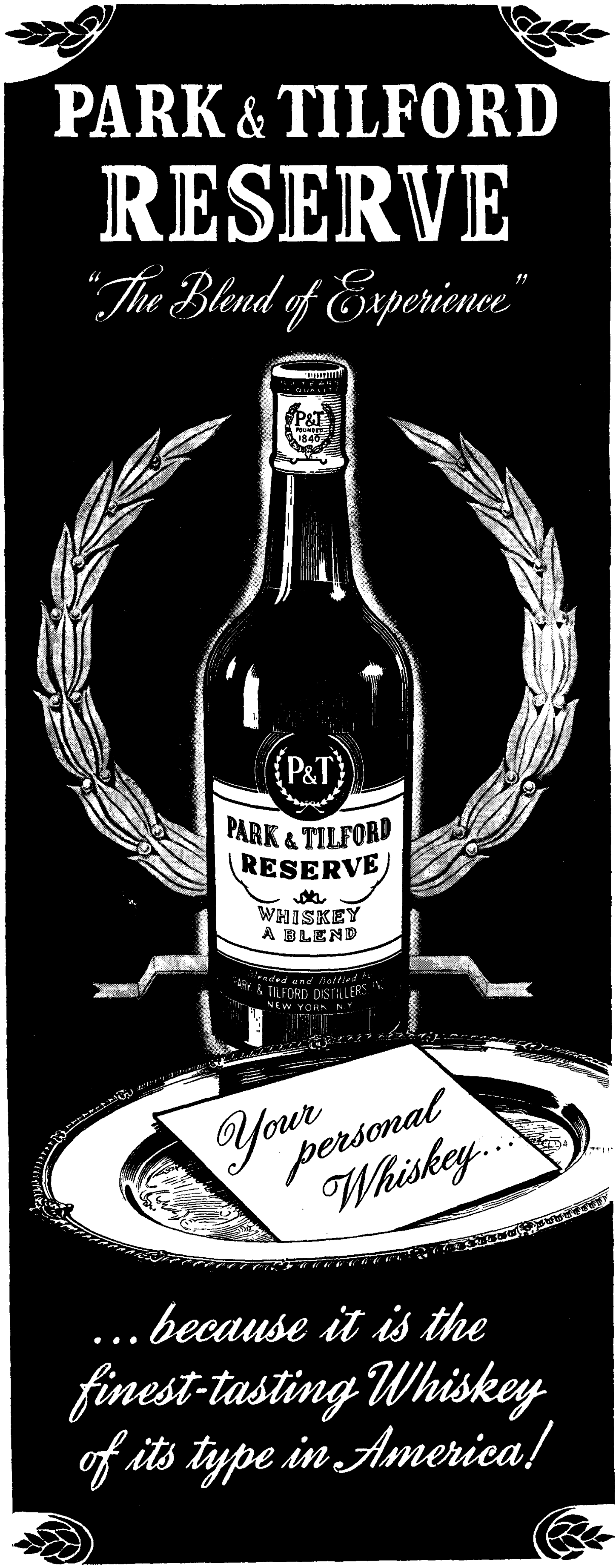
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cooled, and he felt ashamed of himself. His eyes slid away from the hard stares of the other men and he walked out of the room, after telling the bartender to set up another round, by way of apologizing. When he got home, he was in a bad mood.

Halfway through dinner, Toni looked across the table and asked what was wrong. Red shoved his plate away and glared at her. "It's the money in that bank," he said. He explained what had happened at the bar, and added, "I never felt like such a fool in all my life."

Toni started to laugh. "Oh, Red—don't you have a checkbook with you?"

He pulled the book from his pocket and placed it on the table, puzzled. "Sure, but—"

"Then why didn't you write out a check? That's what it is for."

Red's cheeks burned. He felt like a bigger fool than he had before.

Joe chuckled and said, "You were sure dumb, Red. Where you been living all your life? Out in the sticks?"

Red glared at him and snapped, "What business is it of yours? You don't have to stick your nose in—"

Joe's smile faded, and a hurt expression crossed his face. His eyes went down to his plate and he continued eating. Red appraised the tremendous span of his bull-like shoulders and looked away. The old man took a pull at his jug.

Toni motioned with her finger, and Red reluctantly followed her into the galley. Her face was dark and her eyes were flaming. She whispered, "You had no right to say that to Joe."

Red tugged at his collar. "I know. I'm putting my foot into everything tonight."

Toni's features softened. She said, "Then tell him so. He thinks such a lot of you."

RED went back into the other room, but Joe had gone. He went out to the deck and found Joe just getting into the rowboat. He leaned over the railing and said, "Say, Joe—"

Joe's face looked up at him, white in the night. "Yeah?"

"Uh—look, Joe; I'm sorry I blew my top. I guess I got out on the wrong side of bed this morning."

"Aw," Joe grinned, "forget it. I don't hold no grudge."

Red wondered what there was to hold a grudge about, but he said, "Thanks." Then he asked, "Where are you heading?"

"Up on the hill to mind some kids."

Red blinked down at him. "You're gonna do what?"

"I mind kids in the evenings. Didn't you know? I like little kids, and people have such a tough time getting someone to mind them, like when they wanta go out to a show."

Red started to laugh. "Well, I'll be damned! A moose your size minding kids."

"Well, I like 'em."

Joe shoved off in the rowboat, and Red walked away from the railing, shaking his head. How, he thought, did I ever get mixed up in a gang like this? Ordinary laborers, mind kids at night, live on a broken-down boat! What gives? I'll get like 'em myself if I don't watch out.

He stayed out on deck for some time, listening to the small sounds coming across the water, then stepped into the forepeak stateroom.

Toni had just put off her last bit of clothing and was standing with the nightgown in her hand. She gasped when she saw Red, and her face turned crimson. As she started toward the closet dressing room, Red laughed, caught her arm and pulled her to him. She squirmed in his arms, as he tried to kiss her neck, then violently shoved him away and ran into the closet. Red stared at the slammed door, surprised and deeply puzzled.

When the lights were off and they were in bed, she lay silently in the crook of his right arm without moving.

Red finally asked with exasperation, "What the devil's eating you? You'd think I was a strange man coming in the room."

She whispered, "Please, Red—"

"I don't get it at all. Are you afraid of me, or something?"

She was quiet for a little while. Then she said, "I guess—I don't like even you seeing me like—like that."

"What modesty!" he said, and he laughed.

It was the wrong thing to say. She turned away from him, and her small body was rigid.

Red felt the angry blood pounding in his temples and, with one hand, flipped her right back. "Don't," he said between clenched teeth, "ever pull an act like that on me. I don't go for the cold shoulder."

Toni made no reply. Red relaxed and immediately fell asleep. Toni slowly got out of bed and spent the night in her old stateroom.

RED awakened late in the morning and hadn't time to argue about it. He rushed off to the diving barge and spent the day under ten fathoms of cold water. He remembered the incident when he knocked off for the day and headed straight for a bar. He wrote out a large check, signed his name with a flourish, and bought round after round of drinks for everyone at the bar. He took his own whisky neat, following it down with beer chasers. Red had an unusual capacity, but after a few hours he became a trifle unsteady on his feet.

It was close to midnight when Joe came into the bar, looked around and saw Red. Joe grinned, winked at the bartender and stepped to Red's side. Red stared at him through the fog before his eyes, then smiled with delight and threw an arm around Joe's shoulders.

"Good old Joe!" he said. "It's good to see you, Joe, old boy. How y'been, Joe? Have a drink?"

Joe nodded. "Sure. Bottle o' beer."

While Joe was drinking his beer out of the bottle, Red said, "How'd you happen to come in here?"

Joe smiled at him in the back-bar mirror and replied, "Just looking for you."

Red frowned at him. "Me? Whatcha lookin' for me for?"

"Toni was worried. She thought maybe something happened to you."

"Oh!" Red leaned an elbow on the bar and tried to concentrate. Good old Joe! Then he thought of Toni and the reason Joe was standing there. His face suddenly darkened and he pushed himself away from the bar. "What the devil are you," he roared, "my private nursemaid? Since when do I need anybody takin' care of me? You got a whale of a nerve—"

Joe placatingly put a hand on his arm. "Now, Red—"

Red threw off his hand. "Get your paw offa me. It'll take a bigger guy than you to take me home."

"I'm not trying to take you home, Red. I just come around to see if you was all right, that's all."

"Nuts! You're not kidding me. I don't like this. See? You're just waiting for me to turn my back. Well, brother, you'd better duck this one first."

Joe had no difficulty ducking Red's wild swing. He went under the swing, and when he straightened, he cracked Red on the chin, not too hard, but hard enough. Red pitched forward, unconscious, but Joe caught him and lifted him like a baby in his arms.

He looked at the bartender and said, "Honest, I didn't come to take him home. He got me all wrong."

The bartender laughed. "It's just as well. Go on! Beat it!"

"But he won't like me taking him home."

"Go on. We're closing in a minute. You can't leave him on the street."

When Red awakened in the morning, it took him a full five minutes to focus his eyes on the overhead beams of the forepeak. The side of his jaw ached, his mouth was dry and, when he swung his feet to the floor, his head ached. He held his head in his hands and unfolded the previous evening in his mind. It was the first time he had ever been knocked out, and he didn't like the bitter taste of it.

He looked at his watch and saw that he was already an hour late for work. He took a quick shower, hurriedly dressed and crossed the deck to the main saloon.

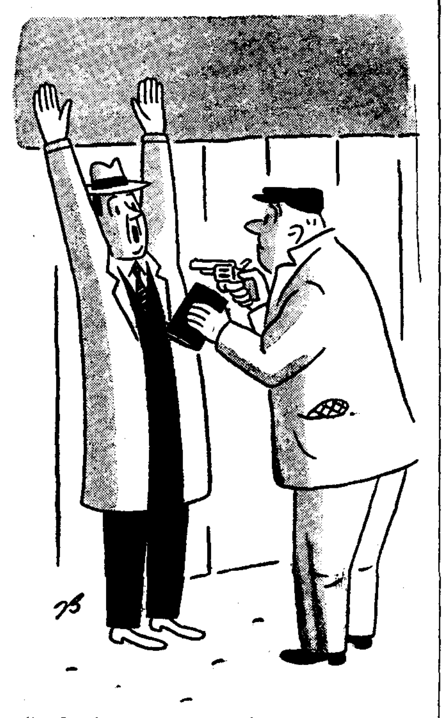
Toni was sweeping the floor but paused and faced him. There were dark circles under her eyes, red from crying.

She asked, "Do you feel all right?"

Red nodded soberly. "Well enough. Where are the others?"

"They went to work. Sit down. I'll get you some coffee."

She disappeared into the galley, and Red seated himself at the table, drumming on the edge with his fingers. After Toni had poured the steaming coffee, she sat across from him, her eyes on his face.



"I don't care about the wallet, but could I have the money back? It was left to me by my grandfather"

COLLIER'S TONY BARLOW

Red said, "I noticed you didn't sleep in our room last night."

Toni bit her lower lip. "I slept in my old room. You were snoring, that's why. Really."

"Yeah. Sure."

"Honest, Red."

"Sure. I believe anything." He sipped at his coffee, then said, "Kind of fed up with me, aren't you?"

A tiny frown crossed Toni's eyes. "I don't understand."

"Don't give me that. We got married in a hurry, and now you regret it."

Toni's hand went to her throat and she cried, "No, Red—"

"Aw, why talk about it? Any time a gal starts sleeping alone—"

She leaned across the table, a plea in her eyes. "I won't do it again, Red, even if you do snore when you're drinking. I know how you feel about it. I did it the other night because I was mad, the way you just took me for granted, like I'd do anything just because you told me to. Now I'm sorry I did it. I love you, Red."

He stared at her, then shoved his coffee aside with a low growl, like a dog over a bone. A bell was ringing in his mind, warning him to drop the subject, but he wanted to worry her.

He said, "Sending your brother after me, that was a fine stunt. Do you think I'm a child? I've been able to take pretty good care of myself, without any outside interference."

"I was worried."

"Yeah. You were afraid maybe I was spending too much. Well, I make it and I can spend it if I want."

The blood drained from Toni's lips. She said quietly, "It's yours to spend."

"It sure is. First time this family's ever seen that kind of money. That dumb brother of yours wasn't being smart when he cracked me on the chin. That's the way to kill the goose laying the golden eggs."

Toni got to her feet and looked coldly down at him. She said, "There's something you don't seem to know, Red. I like men—men like Joe. That's why marriage has always been the big thing to me. I didn't care about anything else." Sudden tears started in her eyes, but she forced them back. She continued, "Ever since I was a little girl, I dreamt of marrying a man like that; making a home for him, sewing his socks, cooking for him. I—I'm not interested in anything else. I thought—when I saw you—" She paused, then, and the tears flowed down her cheeks. But she said, "I guess I was all wrong."

Her hand went to her eyes and she walked blindly into the galley. Red frowned after her, feeling as if he had just been hit in the solar plexus.

THAT afternoon he was trapped in the aft torpedo room of the sunken submarine, under twelve fathoms of water. He had gone down through the conning-tower hatch into the control room, then had worked his way aft to close and seal the aft torpedo tubes through which the crew had escaped. It was the last job to be done before pumping the sub dry and raising it to the surface.

But Red was thinking of Toni and in the dark gloom of the sub's interior he failed, for the first time, to watch his lines. He closed the tubes and screwed them tight. When he tried to leave, he felt a tug at his helmet and knew his diving cable and air hose were fouled somewhere. He felt about the dials and gauges with his hands and tried to release his lines. At the end of an hour of hard, sweating work, he realized he was hopelessly fouled, beyond any chance of extricating himself.

Red was not easily frightened. He had been trapped underwater before. He spoke quietly into the mike inside his huge helmet: "Send down Hansen. My lines are fouled all over the joint. Tell him to be careful he doesn't foul his own."

The helper, up on the diving barge, gasped: "But you can't stay down much longer. You've been down too long now."

Red grinned. "That so? Veree interesting, bub. I'll take it up with the underwater board meeting. Listen, you lame brain; get Hansen down here in a hurry. Send some lights and a cutting torch. But tell him to watch his own lines. Hear?"

"Yes, sir. I'll tell him."

In a few minutes, Red saw a light weaving in the gray-blue gloom of the water, and a moment later Hansen was standing before him, looking like some prehistoric monster of the deep in his diving suit and owlish helmet.

Hansen wasted no time. He traced the course of Red's lines and released them at all points but one—where the air hose had jammed down behind a torpedo cradle.

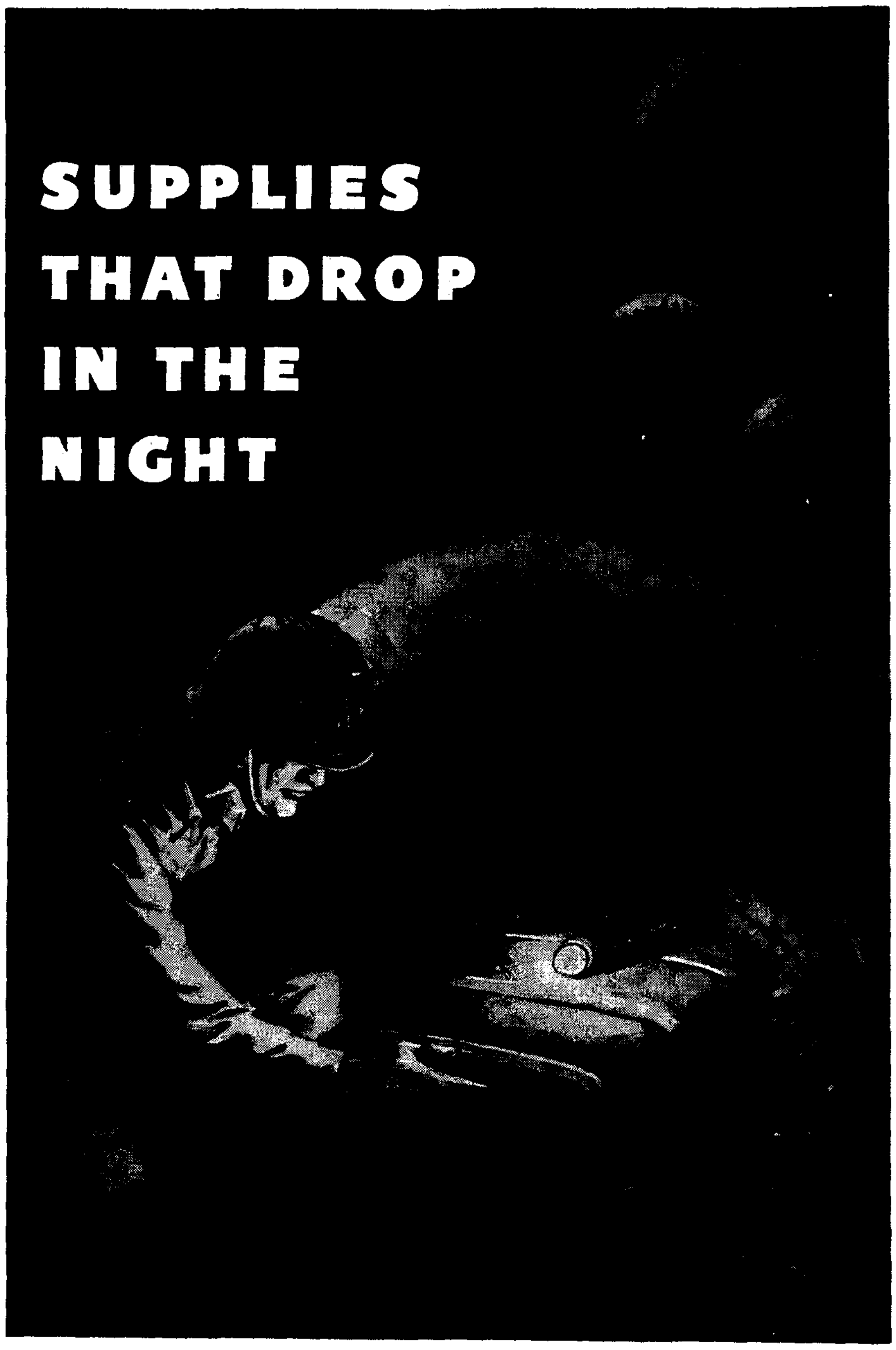
Hansen leaned his helmet against Red's and spoke, his voice amplified by the conductors of water and metal against metal: "Gotta cut you out, Red. Take time."

"Rush it up."

"Yeah. Cut down your air supply. You'll get too much nitrogen in your tissues."

"Okay."

Hansen turned away, and the blue flame



SOME of our fighting fronts must rely upon supplies via air. When time is too short for overland hauls, when such hauls are impossible because of jungle or mountainous terrain, when an island position must be held in enemy infested waters—then there is but one way of supply—by parachute.

Air borne packages of food, water, first aid or munitions may be dropped at night by parachutes. Attached to each is a specially designed Delta parachute light acting as a marker or locator for troops. Various colors of lens often designate package contents.

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Working with government engineers, Delta has provided the skill and experience to devise unusual lighting mechanisms for the Army, Navy and Air Corps. Some are utterly new, involving new designs and techniques which, undoubtedly, will be reflected in Delta peacetime lanterns and bicycle lights.

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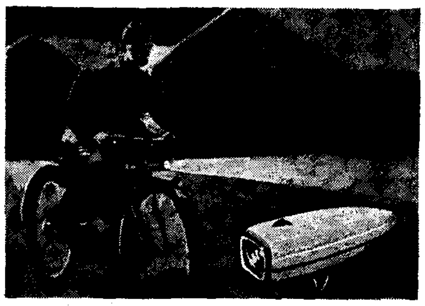
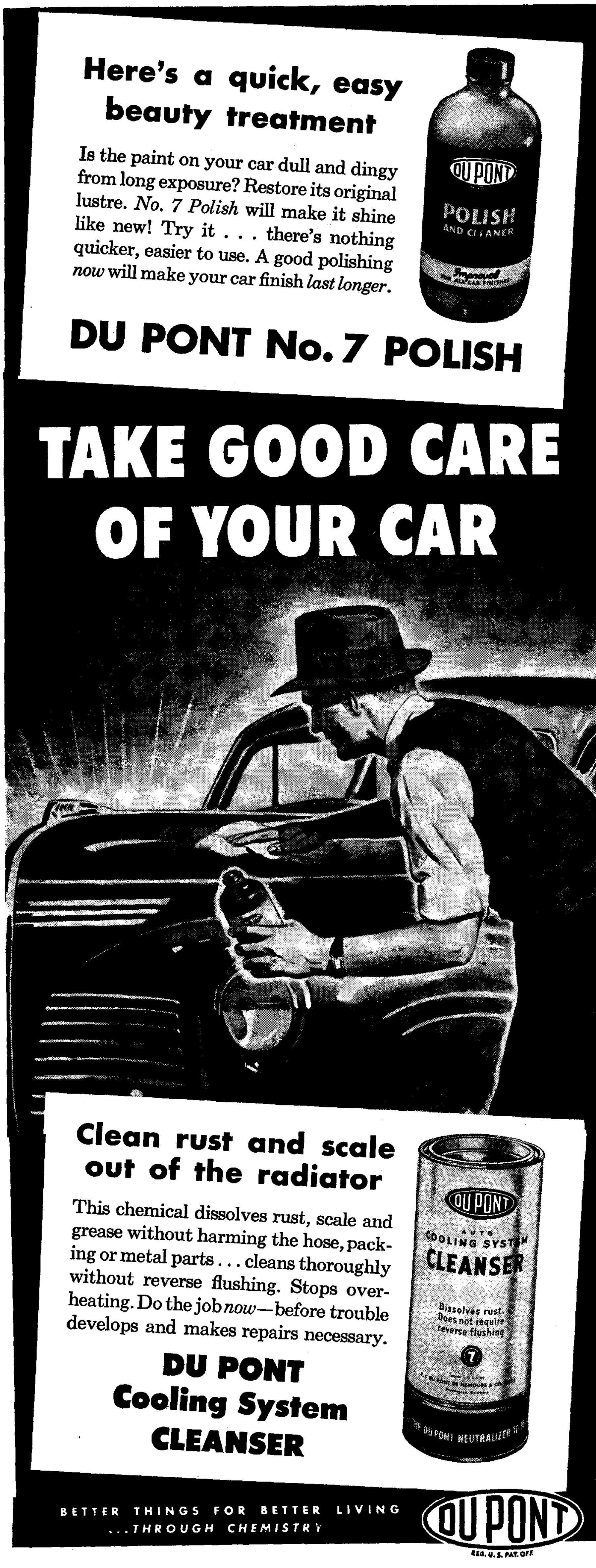


For Army messenger bicycles—at Army camps and air bases here and overseas—Delta head and tail lights are supplied in huge quantities.

Army supply trucks find the sturdy little Delta Wildcat lantern almost indispensable as a handy, always ready, emergency lantern.


Here's a quick, easy beauty treatment

Is the paint on your car dull and dingy from long exposure? Restore its original lustre. *No. 7 Polish* will make it shine like new! Try it . . . there's nothing quicker, easier to use. A good polishing *now* will make your car finish *last longer*.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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of his torch, inside a bubble of air, added to the eerie lights in the water.

Red patiently waited, his eyes fixed on the flame of the torch. After half an hour, he felt a headache coming on and tried to fight it off by valving quick shots of air into the helmet. The headache continued and grew. Then he felt himself getting faint but managed to fight that off and retain consciousness. Once he closed his eyes, he knew, he'd never open them again.

When Hansen finally got him loose, Red had to wait until the other man's lines had cleared the sub before starting out. He staggered his way to the control room, valved in a little extra air for buoyancy and pulled himself up the steel ladder to the top of the conning tower. There he was shot to the surface without further ceremony, the helmet was wrenched from his head and shoulders and he was rushed into a recompression tank.

IT WAS late in the evening when he set foot on shore. He walked slowly toward the Monahan pier and turned over in his mind a thought that had been bothering him. All the time he had been in the sub and all the time he had spent in the tank, but one subject had been in his mind—Toni; the warm lights in her eyes, her slow smile, the way her hair curled at the nape of her neck. . . . He grinned in the dark and muttered, "Good kid!"

The old man picked him up in the rowboat, when he shouted from the wharf, and sculled him to the boat. Red was so impatient to see Toni he paid little attention to the old man. He saw a light in the forepeak, swung himself up to the deck and burst through the door of his room. He stood in the center of the room, looking about with a puzzled frown. The room was as he had first rented it, minus the extra furniture and Toni's personal belongings.

He stepped out to the deck and saw the huge figure of Joe standing near the main saloon. Red approached him and asked, "Where's Toni?"

Joe mumbled, "In her room. She don't wanta see you."

Red leaned against the rail, as a wave of nausea swept over him. Then he walked like an automaton back to the forepeak, packed his suitcase and returned to the deck. Joe stopped him.

"Where you going, Red?"

"I'm leaving."

Joe was silent a moment, then asked, his voice echoing his amazement, "Aren't you even gonna try to see her?"

"No. If she doesn't care to see me, Joe, that's her business."

"Well, I'll be—"

Red turned away from him and started for the rail. Just as he reached it, Joe's heavy hand dropped on his shoulder and spun him about. Red saw that he was taking off his coat.

Joe said, "Red, I'm gonna give you the beating of your life. If you walk out on Toni, it'll break her heart. So you're gonna stay here if I have to make a cripple of you to do it."

Red dropped his suitcase and got away from Joe just before he swung. He ripped off his leather jacket, threw it to the deck and stepped inside of Joe's next swing. He ripped a left and right into Joe's face, ducked under his arms and spun away from him. Joe slowly came after him, his arms wide. Red backed away, knowing that if Joe ever got his hands on him, he would be crushed like an egg. Cold sweat broke out on his forehead, and he knew what it was to taste fear.

Joe reached him once, a crashing left fist that swept him from his feet and rolled him across the deck. He ended in the scuppers and painfully pulled himself to his feet. As he ducked Joe's next swing, he saw Toni standing on deck near the main saloon. He had no time for her. He stepped around Joe, got him off balance with a straight left and hit him with all the power in his right fist. Joe wavered, but he did not go down. He came on, inexorably. Red backed away, his whole face now bathed in sweat. Joe had taken everything he could give.

Then Red thought: The hell with it, and stopped backing away. Joe rushed for him. Red hit him twice on the side of the head. The big fellow slipped and fell to the deck. His head hit the edge of a hatch coaming, and he lay still. Red waited for him to get up, knowing he had only slipped. When Joe failed to move, Red squatted at his side and saw the swelling bump on top of Joe's head.

Red got to his feet and almost shouted, "What luck!"

He turned to look for Toni. She was not in sight. He went down the aft passageway to her old stateroom and tried the door. It was locked. He rattled the knob and shouted, "Open the door."

Toni's voice came through, barely distinct, "Go away. Please. You've done enough damage."

Red's lips thinned. He raised a foot and smashed his heel against the doorknob, breaking it off. Then he threw himself against the door with his shoulder. It splintered and swung open. He fell to his hands and knees on the floor. He got to his feet, to face Toni backed against the dresser.

Red licked the blood from his lips and said, "You're my wife, Toni. You always will be. Nothing will ever change that. You hear me."

Toni's dark eyes blazed at him. "Please go away."

Red shook his head. "Nothing doing. I know I've been a heel and I've got a lot of apologizing to do, but heel or not, you're my wife."

He placed his hands on her shoulders. She tried to wriggle away, but he held her firmly. "Look," he said; "I'm trying to tell you something I just found out. This marriage business is a tough proposition, but there's one thing about it pretty simple."

TONI quieted and looked into his eyes. She whispered, "What is that, Red?"

"Well, maybe I don't know how to say it right, but it's just that a guy has to make up his mind whether he wants to stay married or not. If not," he shrugged, "it's easy enough to break it up. No trick to that. There's plenty to get mad about. But," he grinned, "when a guy makes up his mind he's going to stay with that gal the rest of his life, then all the little things you get sore about don't count, because, you see, they're not important enough against that one big thing."

Toni leaned toward him and asked softly, "Have you made up your mind?"

"Yeah. Joe helped. Only one thing counted with him, and that was you." He looked away from her, suddenly embarrassed, and mumbled, "That's all that counts with me. You—you'll just have to put up with me, because," he chuckled, "I'm bigger than you."

Toni smiled and put her arms about his neck. Red crushed her to him and looked over her shoulder. Joe was standing in the doorway, completely filling it. He raised a huge hand to wipe the blood from his face. Then he sighed and tiptoed away.

In the galley, Joe told the old man, "I guess it's all right now."

Old Monahan said, "Sure, it is. I always said he was all man."

Joe grinned. "I had to take a licking to prove it." He turned on the water in the sink and washed the blood from his face. When he had dried himself, he started out the door.

The old man asked, "Where you goin'?"

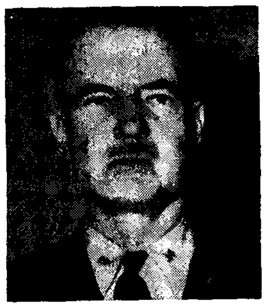
Joe scratched the lump on top of his head. "I gotta go mind some little children. Don't wait up for me."

THE END

Sinking Japs at 8 Miles, After Midnight

THE SPECTACULAR STORY OF "BATTLESHIP X,"
THE *U. S. S. SOUTH DAKOTA* — ONE OF A SERIES

"The Toughest Timing Jobs of the War"



Rear-Admiral Thos. L. Gatch

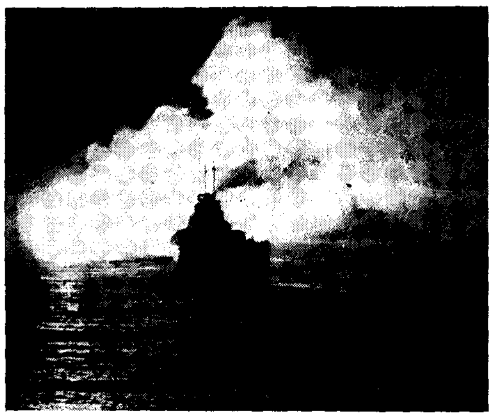
(NOTE: The newly commissioned *U. S. S. South Dakota,* with a crew composed largely of reservist officers and young boots, won lasting fame in her first engagement, October 26, 1942. She ploughed through the heaviest air attack ever launched against a battleship, shot down at least 32 Jap planes, and successfully protected the aircraft carrier entrusted to her care. Her commander, Rear-Admiral Gatch, then Captain Gatch, was dangerously wounded, but was back on the bridge again three weeks later when the midnight battle here described took place.)

TIME? It's a matter of life-and-death in the Navy.

If the enemy beats you to a salvo by a few seconds — and he's accurate — your ship may never fire at all!

When Captain Gatch and his officers started to train a recruit crew for the *South Dakota,* they knew there wasn't time to turn boots into veteran seamen. So they concentrated on making good gunners.

"Get the enemy first, or he'll get you," Gatch told them. Target practice day and night produced a bunch of shooting fools.



The blinding blaze of battle by night

The day the Jap planes jumped the "X" off Santa Cruz was gray and misty with low clouds that cut overhead visibility to less than a thousand feet. Diving directly out of those clouds at terrific speed, Tojo's bombers gave the AA gunners only a couple of seconds to sight and fire. But the Nips were knocked down like ducks — and Gatch was plenty proud of his boys.

Even more spectacular proof of the value of fast, accurate timing was furnished soon afterward in a night battle north of Guadalcanal — this time by the big sixteen-inch guns.

Air scouts reported a Jap fleet of two battleships, eight to ten cruisers, many destroyers and over twenty transports moving in to reinforce Guadalcanal. The American outfit included two battleships and several destroyers. The odds were long against them, but they counted on surprise to even things up.

Starting after sundown from a rendezvous well out of sight of Jap observers, Admiral Lee in his flagship led the way boldly down the left side of the V formed by Guadalcanal and Florida Islands.

It's highly unorthodox to take big ships into such narrow waters. In fact, American PT boats on the prowl that night couldn't believe at first that this was a friendly force.

The Japs were a little late for the party. But soon after midnight, as the American reception committee passed small Savo Island which partially plugs the open end of the V, they spotted the enemy coming around the other side.

In less than a minute, Captain Gatch reported to the Admiral, received his order to fire and relayed it to the gunnery officer. (First in formation, the flagship was also first to fire by a few seconds.)

The "X" whipped sidewise as all three turrets let go together. Nine tons of steel screamed toward the Jap fleet and two tons of powder lighted the heavens with a blinding blaze.

The range was eight miles. The first salvos found the mark and the Jap leader, an old-style battleship, simply disintegrated. Both following cruisers were hit and never really got into action. One star shell — a few splashes nearby — and it was all over in *seven minutes!* American paint wasn't even scratched.

As the "X" swung round Savo, past the sinking ships, the after lookout reported another enemy cruiser dead astern, racing away in the opposite direction and zigzagging furiously.

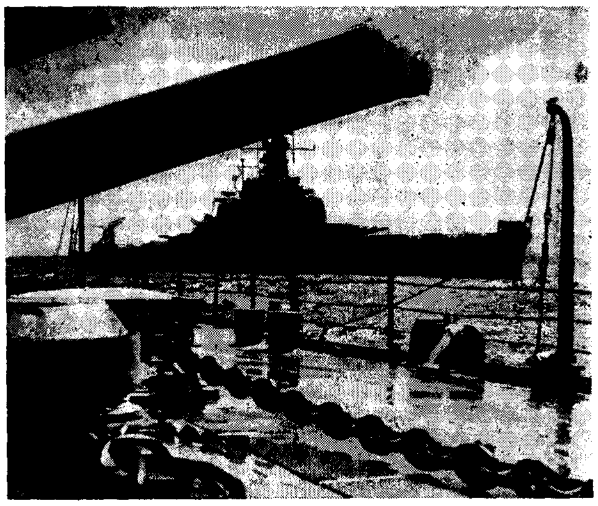
That was a tough timing problem at night, with the range lengthening at the combined speed of the two ships — about 50 knots. But her No. 3 turret solved it quickly. The fleeing Jap cruiser burst into flame and went down stern first.

Now, of course, the American force had lost all advantage of surprise. They could have headed for the open sea and safety. But Admiral Lee elected to hunt down the other half of the enemy fleet.

In the black shadow of Savo Island, the U. S. destroyer screen ran right into a waiting covey of Jap destroyers. The Americans were badly outnumbered, but dished out plenty of punishment. Both battleships were too far away to help at first, but closed in as fast as possible.

Suddenly the "X" was caught in the lights of an enemy cruiser, accompanied by another cruiser and a fourteen-inch gun battleship.

The "X's" five-inch guns put those lights out in less than thirty seconds. Her first sixteen-inch salvos cut the ship in two. But the Japs had a target now!



"Battleship X," the U. S. S. South Dakota

The other cruiser focused four more searchlights on the "X" and the process was repeated. Lights and ship were smashed quickly and accurately.

But all the time the "X" was being shelled in turn, both by the flotilla ahead and by other ships in the distant darkness firing at her flashes. It was a tough twenty minutes.

The flagship, meanwhile, pounded the Jap battleship to pieces without receiving a single scrap of metal aboard. The "X" took two fourteen-inch shells from the battleship and perhaps thirty-five six-inch and eight-inch shells from the cruisers.

These hits messed up her superstructure considerably and started a number of fires. But the first-aid and fire-control parties were as efficient as the gunners. Losses both in men and materiel were surprisingly small.

This brief, sharp battle in the blackness cost the Japs two old-style battleships, five cruisers, and at least two destroyers—probably more. American losses were two destroyers, most of whose men were rescued.

The Japs never knew what hit them that night. That's why the *South Dakota* was so long identified simply as "Battleship X." And it must have been a painful lesson. Nip battleships have been super-cautious ever since.

It all happened, of course, because the United States Navy was in the right place *at the right time* — and fired hardest and *fastest!*

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are not being built now. But millions of them are still delivering dependable time to America. And thousands of Telechron synchronous motors are doing tough timing and control jobs in industry. Guard them well until the war is won. When we've finished making precise equipment for Uncle Sam, we'll be back with superb new electric clocks — ready for the toughest timing jobs of peace. *Warren Telechron Co., Ashland, Mass.*

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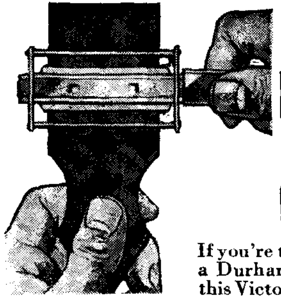
THIS STROP



gives DURHAM blades NINE LIVES

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Send $1 direct for special Durham strop outfit. Can be used only on Durham Duplex Blades. Sorry, No C. O. D.'s.

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JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..

FOR **EXTRA QUALITY** ASK FOR HOOD
RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES

Hood Rubber Co.
A DIVISION OF
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

Blueprint for Bedlam

Continued from page 17

with peacefulness of nations and freedom on earth. Then we join hands in work."

The Global Congress Plan is offered by a gentleman who says that his great-great-great-grandfather helped to organize Robert Owen's Socialist colony at New Harmony, Indiana, in 1824 and therefore knows what he is talking about. He proposes to abolish all existing monetary systems, all national sovereignties and all languages except English. That done, he would set up a Global Congress on an internationalized island in the Atlantic Ocean and let that body rule the world without interference from a chief executive. Whenever a law was needed anywhere, this Global Congress would pass one to fit. The only penalty for disobedience to such laws would be that the transgressor just wouldn't eat. Anybody caught feeding him would be dealt with very harshly. Labor and its products, medicine, science, the arts and about everything else the author could think of would be strictly socialized. His final sentence was: "I am sure that this will fix it."

Several eerie specimens of anti-Semitism lost no time in getting into Mr. Russell's wastebasket. At least three planners argued that inasmuch as the Army and the Navy fought the war it was up to them to fight the peace. And quite a lot of Utopianism appeared. A lady dug up the records of the Reverend Adin Ballou's Hopedale Community which was launched near Milford, Massachusetts, in 1842. She wrote twenty-eight pages to show that it would work if conducted on a national scale. Others wanted us to adopt Mr. Bronson Alcott's Fruitlands idea of the same era. The Reverend George Ripley's Brook Farm experiment in Transcendentalism was offered by a Yankee whose letter announced that OPA, WPB and all the rest of them made him sick to his stomach. Also there was a plea for a revival of the Oneida Community of John Humphrey Noyes, the Perfectionist.

The more you read these plans the greater grows your suspicion that realism is not one of our national characteristics. And yet one gentleman dispenses with all nonsense and demands that we "hire this guy Beveridge, whose report is getting nowhere in England, and it would cost us less than Roosevelt's version." Some think that we're never going to get anywhere worth being until we depose Mr. Roosevelt and one of these goes so far as to say briefly that he has a plan that just can't miss but that he'll be damned if he'll reveal it "and take a chance on it being turned over to Harry Hopkins."

Farewell to the Dollar Sign

A citizen in California contributes the Communistic Interlude. For one year, and only one year, after the last gun is fired, he would "abolish profits, taxes, wages, prices and costs." In that year while industry was getting back to a peace production basis, labor and materials contributed free to that end, we'd all work hard, receive no pay, get our food, fuel and electric power without cost, would ride, play, sleep, be cured or be buried free—all without cost or price of any sort. Then at the end of that simple twelve months we'd all go back to our accustomed ways of doing things and, he adds, be very glad indeed.

Mr. Russell admits that he is somewhat skeptical of an insurance plan submitted by a citizen of Idaho's Panhandle. This gentleman calls himself a Modern Millennialist. We read it and are not quite sure about it ourselves. However, he would have the government issue insurance policies for $100,000,000,000 at the rate of $20,000,000,000 a year. With this money, lent without interest, citizens would "purchase durable goods and finance individual businesses." There are forty-one pages of explanation, but somehow we didn't get it.

And then there's the Stationary Plan, under which every head of every family would be asked to state frankly where in the United States he'd prefer to live. Immediately thereafter he and his family would be moved to that place, given land or set up in business—all at government expense. But the catch enters here. For five years he would not be permitted to travel more than ten miles from that spot nor be permitted to change his place of residence. Unmarried persons would be similarly restricted to communities of their choice. Thus we'd be compelled to "stay home and mind our own business."

A World of Stay-at-Homes

This planner, a State of Washington orchardist, proves by citations that "all of mankind's troubles come from flitting around from one place to another." And he adds: 'I wasn't worth a damn before settling down to a few hundred apple trees. It is true that I can't get my money out of apples just now but that's only because people won't stay home and mind their own business and that goes for everybody from me up and in all countries."

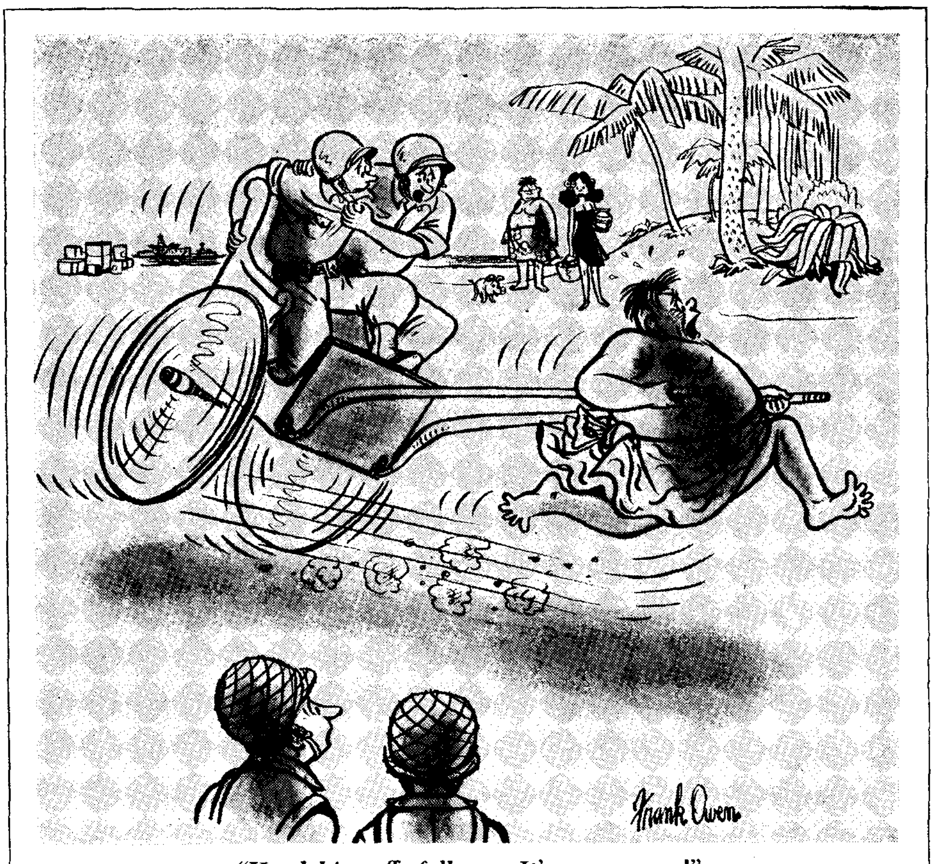
The chances are excellent, of course, that the country will survive anyway. But some of the planners doubt that this survival can be accomplished quickly and with a minimum of pain unless Congress and the White House take a walk. There is a gentleman in Missouri who has revived an old scheme of economic realignment of the country. He does not offer it as a cure for the ills which will beset us immediately after the war is won. But he urges it as a simplification of our current system of subdivision and, with considerable warrant, claims that simplification will do us no harm whatever. He would abolish all current state lines and state governments. He would then gerrymander the country into nineteen subdivisions, each equal with the others in natural resources, in agriculture, in industry and other wealth. Each would be represented in Congress by one senator and two representatives. Thus, sectional politics, pressure groups, blocs and other political influences could be controlled and their influence minimized. "I am sure," writes this citizen, "that there are a great many Americans who are not convinced that national disaster would follow the abolition of about ninety per cent of our political offices. Surely there must be some other way for our present army of public officeholders to earn a living!"

Of course we could go on like this until the cops stopped us. In Mr. Russell's office there are enough gee-whiz fiscal and finance plans to keep the money messiahs who are sure to appear in large numbers during the next three or four years as happy as larks. There is one called the Plan for International Homocracy by Global Subsidy. (Honest, Boss, we tried and tried but we couldn't make head or tail of it.) There's a Work-Learn Plan that's nearer our size. The government teaches you how to do something useful and then you have to do it. The fellow who thought that up only used eighteen pages to get it over.

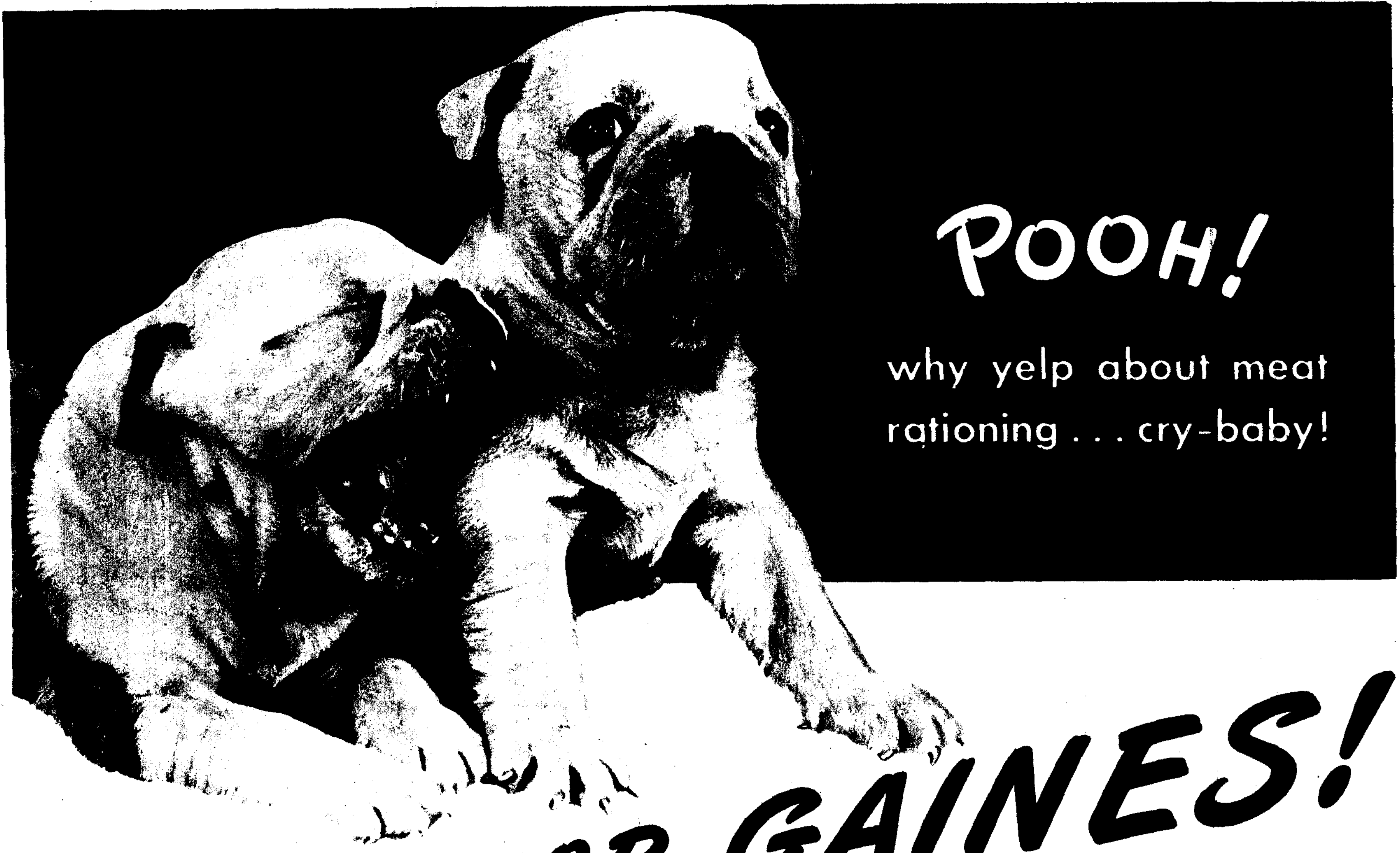
There's another plan under which everybody would get ten thousand dollars a year, just like a member of Congress, no matter what he did. But he'd have to give eight thousand of it to the government, which would lend him money at six per cent if he got into financial difficulties.

Oh, yes, we almost forgot the Nobody's Money Plan. The author of that one would tax you sixteen per cent on every dollar you didn't spend or otherwise dispose of within a month from the moment you received it. And he'd impose a tax of sixteen per cent on every dollar you spent or otherwise got rid of. What you had left he'd regard as your net income—net, mind you—and thereon impose the prevailing income-tax rates. After a dollar had turned over a few times, he explains, there wouldn't be any dollar left. But you can work that out for yourself. As he says, his system "might be a little upsetting at first but it would make people think."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Head him off, fellows. It's a runaway!" FRANK OWEN



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AT DOG DINNER TIME...

his happiness is *COMPLETE!*

Meat scarce? Meet GAINES! It's the meal that tastes so good it makes old dogs act like puppies, and puppies can't keep their tails still when GAINES Meal-Time comes round. 92 out of 100 dogs—according to actual count—gobble up GAINES the very first time a dish is set before them!

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From the tip of that cool, moist nose to the tip of his wagging tail, every part of your dog is nourished for health and strength and glossy coat—*completely* nourished—by GAINES. This is the meal—the identical brand—used by prize-dog breeders, and endorsed by veterinarians and by famous kennels for years!

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Just see what GAINES Meal gives your dog—to nourish him completely. Meat meal, cereals, milk nutrients, dehydrated vegetables, minerals, and vitamins aplenty! To measure, mix and cook such a meal—you'd think it would take you ages. But you take no longer to mix it than your dog takes to gobble it up!

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your joy *COMPLETE!* Here is the news concerning GAINES almost too good to be true. The meal that supplies complete nourishment, the meal that dogs just love, the meal prepared so quickly, the meal that's used by breeders of famous show-ring dogs, the largest selling dog food in all America—is sold on a money-back guarantee, and actually COSTS YOU LESS!

Keeps him fed right
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THE *COMPLETE!* ANSWER to your dog food problems

1. A complete meal. A balanced formula combining meat meal, cereals, dehydrated vegetables, milk nutrients, minerals, vitamins A, B_1, B_2, B_6, D, E, niacin and pantothenate . . . tested for adequacy, digestibility and easy assimilation.

2. Dogs like it, and don't tire of it. America's biggest-selling dog food!

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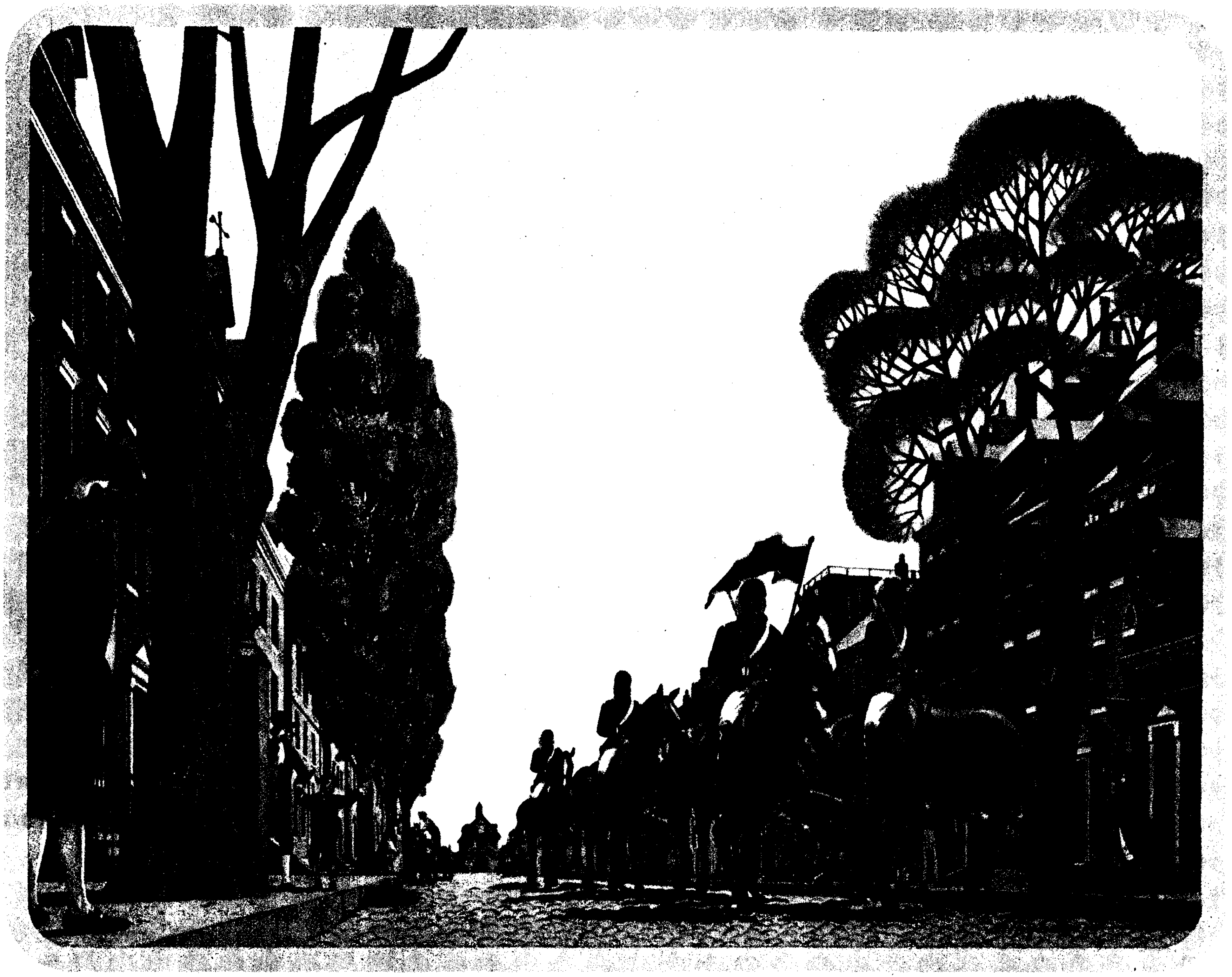

Parade in High Street, Philadelphia . . . from an old print circa 1800.*

PHILADELPHIA
Heritage of Hospitality

Philadelphia
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Remarked Benjamin Franklin of the occupation of Philadelphia during the Revolution: "Howe has not captured Philadelphi . . . Philadelphia has captured General Howe!"

Such was the luxury and generous entertainment of this first city of the Colonies, that its reputation for expansive hospitality spread even to the Old World. Little wonder, then, that the name "Philadelphia" has stood since Colonial Days as a symbol for the good things of life. A "heritage of hospitality" today proudly upheld by Philadelphia Blend, a whisky you might ordinarily reserve for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend, regularly and often.

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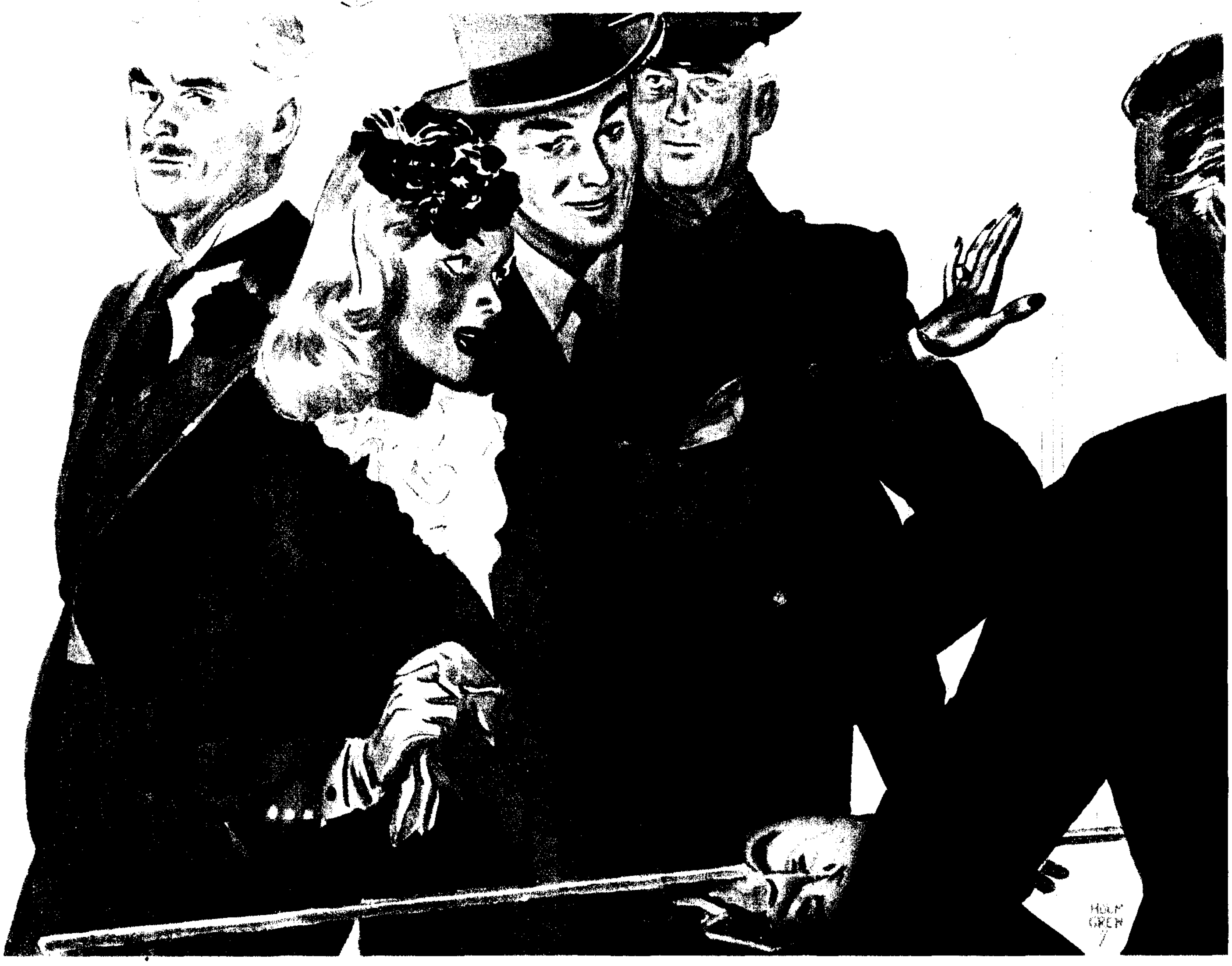
*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894

NOTHING BUT THE Best

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



Marj kept staring at the diamond. "Do you think that will do?" I asked. "Uh . . ." Marj swallowed. "I'll . . . have to think it over"

I WAS sore when I went into the restaurant on 42d Street next to the Club Gaiety. I had been in love with a girl for several years, and this day she had told me she was going to marry someone else.

I stood at the bar drinking beer and absent-mindedly emptying the pickle bowl. When the bartender rapped my knuckles with the wooden fork, I looked around to see if anyone was watching.

In the mirror I saw a girl was smiling. She sat at a table, finishing up a sandwich. She looked very pretty and normal when she smiled. Normal, I say, because I never think of hostesses in cheap night clubs as being normal.

"You're Marj Martin. I've seen you at the Gaiety often," I said. Something in her eyes made me say it. "You're all right. You're graceful in a very delicate way. That's really *something* on a dance floor."

She laughed. "Why do you go to joints like the Gaiety?"

This was a rather startling question. "The French like a little grossness in their lives. It makes the flowers grow."

"You like flowers?" she asked.

"Sure . . . I mean: I can take them or leave them."

"I like them . . . when they're growing some place." She looked wistful, and the blue of her eyes deepened almost to violet.

"They don't grow around Times Square," I said, "but there's a neat little patch of jonquils up at the Plaza, if you care to race me. Last one there is an old maid!" I wasn't smiling when I said this. I was still sore and I didn't care much how she took it.

She looked at me for a moment with a faint grin on her lovely face; presently she wiped her small, red mouth with a paper napkin and got up.

"Come on," she said softly. . . .

When we got over to Fifth Avenue and she took my arm, I was very proud . . . proud like a man with a new suit and a flower in his buttonhole. Not happy, not in love . . . but beginning to pick up. Maybe it was the odd way she would look up at me and squeeze my arm, and smile.

We looked in a lot of windows, mostly jewelry stores. In one place we looked at diamond engagement rings up to $12,500, and I began to feel sore again.

"Sister," I said, "if I could love somebody *that* much, I would not feel the way I feel today."

"I wonder," Marj said, looking at me thoughtfully, "how it would be to have someone love *me* that much? I wonder how it would feel to wear a ring worth $12,500." She was like an eager child, but you could see she was a smart child, too.

"We'll find out," I said. The way I was, it didn't matter one way or the other, so I took her arm and we went into the store. A clerk came up to us, rubbing his fat hands.

Very casually I said, "Please show us the engagement ring in the window."

THE clerk looked me over carefully; I got by. He brought the ring on a velvet platter, blue-violet like Marj's eyes had looked in the restaurant. The ring lay on top and sparkled as the world might have shone the first, pristine day it was created.

"Oh, golly!" Marj exclaimed, breathlessly. I was afraid she was going to faint.

She was so sincere, I said solemnly, "You want it?"

"No. No, thanks," Marj replied. The clerk's face dropped.

"Go ahead," I urged. "What the hell! We can get a better one when Papa's estate is settled."

"You think I should?" Marj asked. Her face was flushed, and her eyes were almost as bright as the diamond. "I really can't make up my mind," she murmured. "There's one in Cartier's . . ." She looked at me in a cute manner.

"Well, let's go and look at it," I suggested.

"Thank you very much for your trouble," Marj said to the clerk, as if she were the Duchess of Windsor. Then she smiled at him, and he almost forgot about losing a $12,500 sale.

We walked up the Avenue on the other side, still looking in windows.

When we got to Cartier's, three clerks waited on us, while a detective stood by. This time we looked at a $20,000 diamond, the biggest, sparklingest diamond I ever hope to see.

Marj kept staring at it with her lovely mouth half open. Finally, she had to grasp my hand tight, to keep from swaying.

"Do you think that will do?" I asked huskily.

"Uh . . ." Marj swallowed hard. "I'll . . . uh . . . have . . . to think it over."

We thanked the clerks and the detective, and left Cartier's in a trance.

We were still a little in it when we got to the Plaza. We sat down under a statue and looked at the jonquils in silence.

There was a nice, long, restful shadow stretched across us . . . and I kissed Marj gently on the back of the neck. Her hair was golden-red and felt soft against my mouth.

She turned around suddenly and I kissed her on the lips. It was a strange, soft, warm kiss . . . as if we had kissed each other many times before and knew each other's kisses well.

I began to have a tender, affectionate feeling for this girl and I began to dream about how it would be to be kissing her like that every day and every night for a long time.

Suddenly a disillusioning thought came into my head.

"Haven't I read something odd about you somewhere? I mean isn't there something? It just seems to float around in the back of my mind . . . something in a Broadway column."

Marj's eyes narrowed a little and she bit her lip. Then her expression changed and she said very gaily, "People who are in the mood to look at engagement rings usually take a ride in a hansom."

So we hired a cab for a while. After we had driven down the Avenue for about ten minutes, I kissed her again. If you have never kissed a beautiful girl in a horse-drawn cab, with a late spring afternoon sun dripping golden light over you, then you haven't lived. I say that without fear of contradiction. After a while, we turned and drove back.

We left the Plaza and walked to 42d Street in silence. Marj was sighing and smiling aimlessly like someone who has just been walking in a warm, April shower.

WHEN we got to the Gaiety, I was a little dizzy. I guess she was, too.

"I hate to leave you," Marj said quietly, and the shine in her eyes told me she meant it.

"I hate to have you leave," I answered. I thought of all the bald-headed dopes who would be leering at her and dancing with her. Suddenly I felt cold and lonesome. "I'll be seeing you," I said abruptly.

"Wait a minute," she said. "I have to tell you something."

"Maybe it's none of my business." I had just remembered what it was I knew about her.

"It is now . . . maybe." She turned her head away. "I'm married to the M.C. who works here. He drinks too much and he's fifteen years older than I am . . . but I love him. I do. I mean, in a certain way. He's been kind to me. He only drinks because he thinks he ought to be a musical-comedy star . . . or a movie star."

"I know," I said aimlessly. "I remember now."

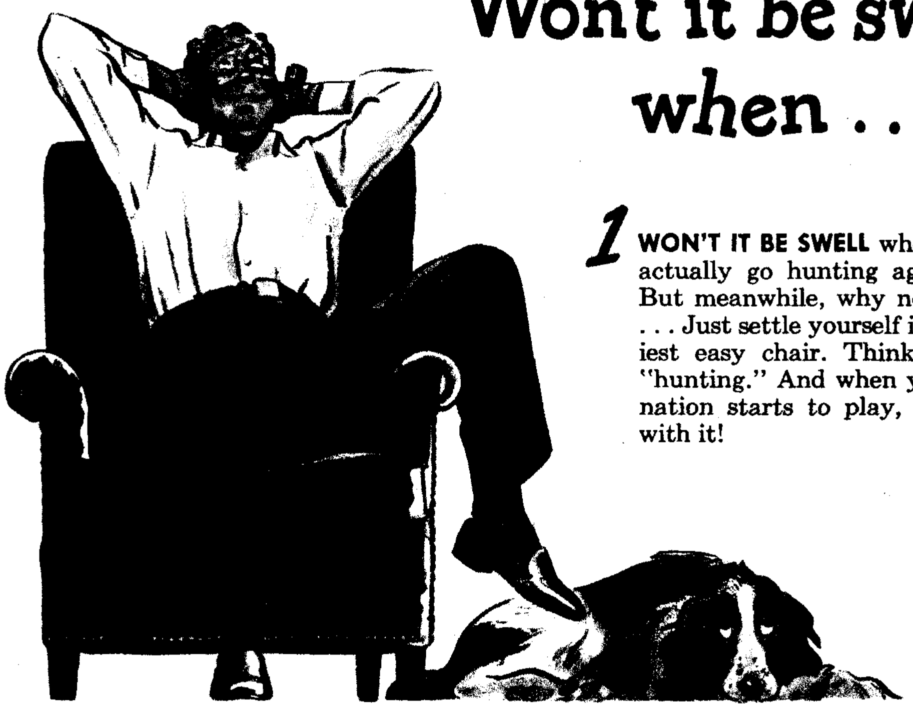
She looked at me very carefully until her eyes became moist. "I never *dreamed* about anyone giving me a $20,000 diamond," she said very earnestly. "I wouldn't know what to do with it."

I smiled faintly.

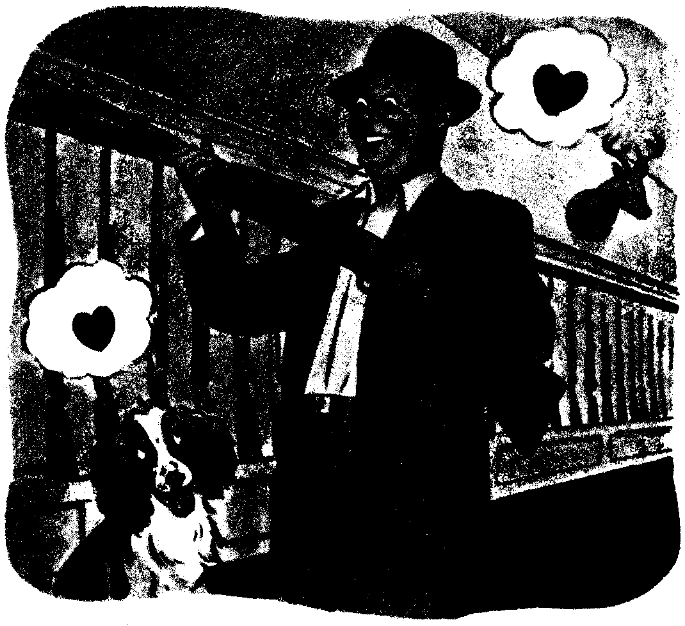
She went on: "What I dreamed about all my life was meeting someone, someday, who would think I was *good* enough to *have* one!"

Then she walked into the club. I went back into the café where I had met her and I discovered I wasn't sore at anyone any more. I figured if there was such a girl as Marj in the world, something good was bound to happen sooner or later.

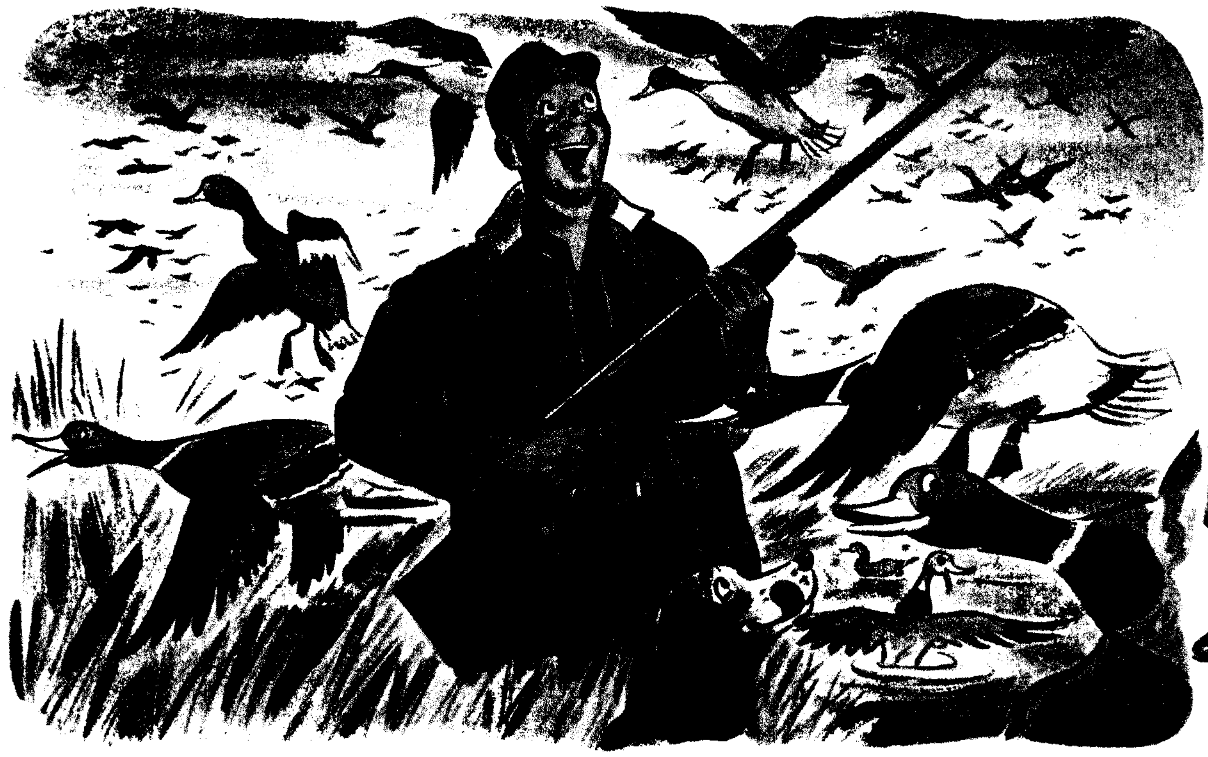
"Won't it be swell when ...."



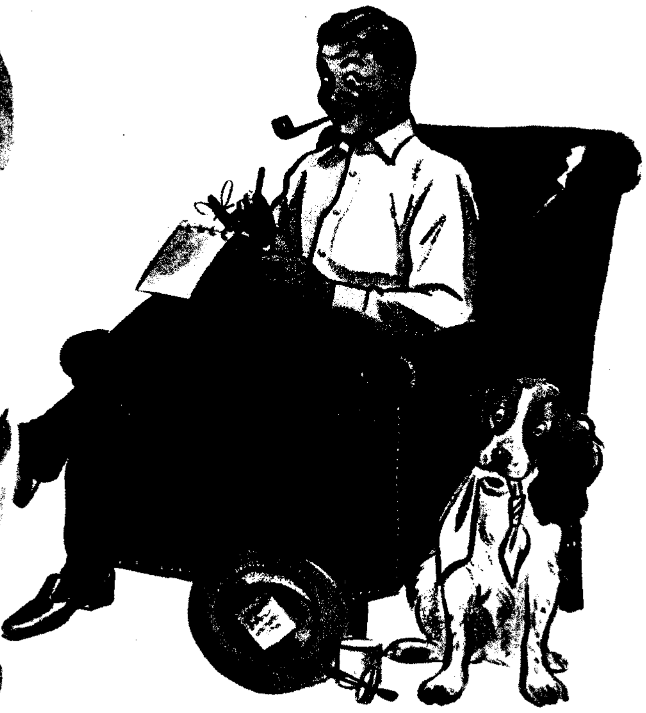
1 **WON'T IT BE SWELL** when you can actually go hunting again? Sure! But meanwhile, why not do this? . . . Just settle yourself in your easiest easy chair. Think the word "hunting." And when your imagination starts to play, play along with it!



2 **PRESTO!** No more war shortages, and you're in a store chock-full of fine guns. Look at that Remington Sportsman. Snap it to your shoulder. Fits like part of you, doesn't it? Points as easily as your finger—fires three shots as fast as you pull the trigger! Want it? It's yours!

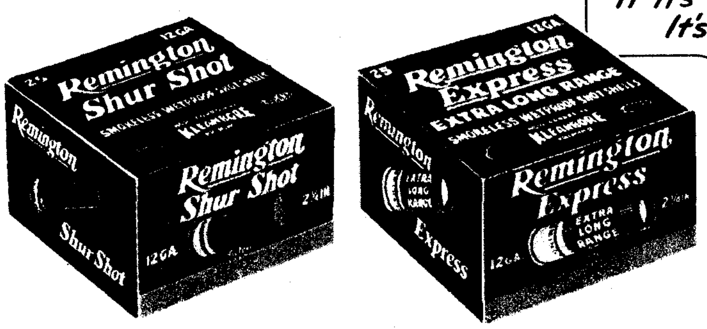


3 **NOW FOR SOME DUCKS**—on a marsh that's alive with 'em. Your pockets are full of Remington Express shells—powerful, long-range loads. And you're making the toughest shots look easy. (Wait till you tell the boys about that double you got at 60 yards!) What? You've bagged your limit already? Never mind, mister. You can come out again some other day! Good sport, isn't it? Even only imagining. Maybe before long you'll be doing the real thing!



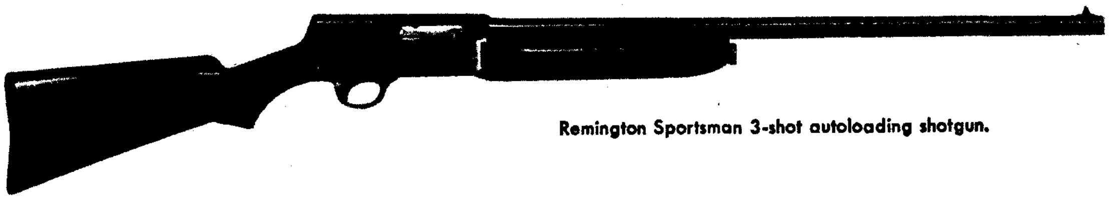
4 **SO**—right now—make a note. Tie a knot in your handkerchief—tie a string around your finger—write on your calendar pad—paste in your hat: *Remington means America's finest sporting arms and ammunition.*

NEW! Looking toward the day when we can again supply essential civilian ammunition, we've designed these new, easier-to-recognize packages for two of your old Remington friends.


Remington Shur Shot
Remington Express Extra Long Range

If it's Remington It's Right

▶ Remington has produced vast supplies of military arms and ammunition for our armed forces. For months on end we produced 30,000,000 rounds of military small arms ammunition—*per day!* We also produced—*per day*—more than enough military rifles to equip an entire infantry regiment at full fighting strength! And soon—we hope—we will once more be able to furnish sportsmen with Remington shotguns and rifles, Remington Express and Shur Shot shells, Remington Hi-Speed .22's with Kleanbore priming, and Remington big game cartridges with Core-Lokt bullets. *Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.*



Remington Sportsman 3-shot autoloading shotgun.

Remington

DU PONT

"SPORTSMAN," "EXPRESS," "SHUR SHOT," "HI-SPEED" AND "KLEANBORE" ARE REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.; "CORE-LOKT" IS A TRADE MARK OF REMINGTON ARMS CO., INC.

Troubadour

Continued from page 21

"Not on my money," said Big Un. Bridge building wasn't too profitable a profession in Illinois just then. "If you want to go on your money, nobody's stopping you."

Burl agreed pleasantly: "I'll go on my own money." This fortune amounted at that moment to exactly fifteen cents.

Within another hour or so, he was striding cheerfully along the road out of Newton, bearing no satchel or knapsack, but merely his little banjo with Burl Ives, the Vagabond Lover, painted on the drum.

He got a ride, and the ride landed him in the town of Danville, and by that time he was hungry. He strolled into the nearest restaurant; people looked up from their hot dinners, and the proprietor looked up in some amazement, too.

"Tell you what," said Burl. "I'll trade you some songs for a steak. You've probably got a lot of steaks, and I'm just loaded down with songs."

The astonished proprietor might have refused, but Burl didn't give him time. Big fingers struck across the strings. The mellow throat shivered.

Lord Thomas rose early one morning in
May
And dressed himself in blue . . .

began to mingle with the odor of fried potatoes in Danville atmosphere. In good order, the brown girl's head was dashed against the wall, and successively a murdering cowboy was trailed through the mesquite, and hell was raised at Cumberland Gap.

Burl Ives sat down to a well-fried steak. From the Danville restaurant, Burl went chanting into the nomadry which has carried him all over the Union, across Canada, down into Mexico, over to Florida and New York and always somehow or other back to Illinois again.

That first carefree summer he found himself riding the boats of the Hudson River Day Line, singing sea chanteys and spinning songs and Irish lullabies while the boys and girls of New York held hands and listened. He visited also the ancient Eastern mountains for which he had yearned; gaunt people in shabby Allegheny cabins heard the resounding lore of the big Middle Westerner who carried a message they could understand. They gave him every old song of their treasure; he is adding eagerly to his encyclopedic collection as the years go by.

The Call of the Open Road

He ambled through another year and a half of college and then, one day late in the winter of 1930-31, Burl Ives suddenly stood up, there in the English classroom of E.I.S.T.C. and realized that he must be traipsing along. Not another moment of school for him, even though he would graduate if he stayed until June. He walked out of class and never went back.

"My clothes and things were in the fraternity house, but I didn't want to bother with them," he says. "I just went off down the road."

It was not exactly aimless wandering, then or since. Ives was hunting something. One of his songs goes:

The bright stars up above me,
The green grass on the ground—
I've been looking for something
That I have never found . . .

This may well be the most honest statement of his course in life.

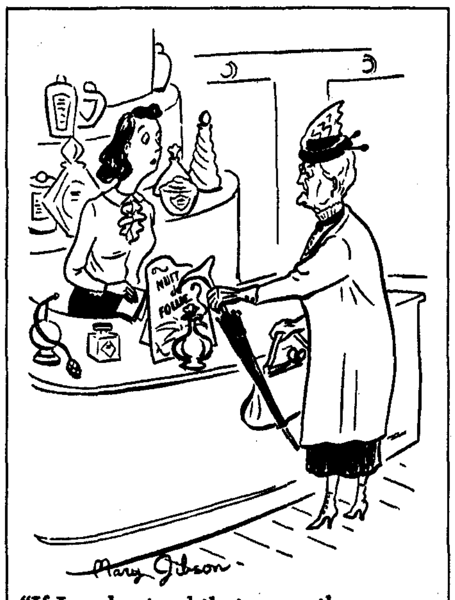
He settled down a while in Terre Haute, Indiana, after another year or two of wandering. There was a radio station where he had a part-time job; he also played professional football. He prospered momentarily, what with ballads and line smashes, and bought a motorcycle on which he roared lustily up and down the prairie.

Then Burl Ives came under the influence of a talented woman named Mrs. Clara Bloomfield, and became acquainted with the great books and the great music of the past. He listened to symphonies by the hour.

"I believe she has been the most important single influence in my life to date," he says.

For the next five years and more, New York was his main headquarters. He sang on upper Broadway. He sang in bar after bar, in Greenwich Village night clubs, in homely cafés where he was the first and only musician. He wandered into the realm of the *lieder* singers and tiptoed out again. But the broad American continent beckoned constantly, and he went trailing away to deserts and steel mills and logging camps whenever the mood ruled him.

Sometimes he was hungry. Once for a time he was a featured psalm singer with the Reverend J. Frank Norris' collection of traveling evangelists. He was not at all hypocritical. Burl Ives believes in the God of his Campbellite youth, and he loves to voice the frontier gusto of Promised Lands and black sheep gone astray.



"If I understand that correctly, young woman, you ought to be ashamed!"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

There were brushes with the bitter edge of existence: he has a small scar on his face, and a larger one on his red fist.

"Knife?"

"Yes, in a boxcar."

"What happened?"

"Oh—got in a fight with a fellow."

In 1938, when George Abbott was about to produce The Boys from Syracuse, Richard Rodgers spotted Burl Ives as a natural.

"That was my first experience on Broadway. Dickie Rodgers wanted to write in a part where I'd sing some songs, but I ended up by playing the tailor's apprentice."

Next came I Married an Angel, in which Ives played a pompous general; and then the Group Theater's presentation of Heavenly Express. There's a laugh in this latter story—at least for the thousands who now regard Burl Ives as the greatest interpreter of musical folklore, living or dead.

It was not Ives but John Garfield in the cast of Heavenly Express who sang the ballads; when the Group sent its company on tour, they had to send along a vast amount of expensive equipment, so that folk-song recordings of other singers could be played in a musical prologue.

"Certainly," says Burl, "I'd have enjoyed singing. But nobody asked me to."

Heavenly Express did not further the Ives ballad career, but his association with the company gave Burl two new friends: Harry Carey and Henry Morgan, now a screen star (the wounded Westerner in The Ox Bow Incident, the returned sailor hero of Happy Land). When Burl goes to California these days, he is apt to be found either at Harry Carey's ranch or Henry Morgan's home in the valley.

Sigmund Spaeth met up with the Wayfarer about this time and couldn't rest until he had him singing for NBC.

Just for the Joy of Singing

It is all one with Burl. He just likes to sing. He has sung to a jam-packed Madison Square Garden, and he has sung in the White House. Guitar in hand and glass of refreshment handy, he is unperturbed and bountiful with song—whether it is in Vice-President Wallace's parlor in Washington, or out on the huge, soggy barge that Burl acquired a few years ago.

He's moored the barge safely behind a Long Island jetty until peacetime will let him fit her out the way he wants to fit her out. "Then," dreams Burl Ives, "I'll go places. I haven't got any power on the barge, but she can be towed. She can go anywhere a boat wants to take her."

He entered the Army in April, 1942, but didn't get to see much soldier life before Ezra Stone hustled him off to Camp Upton and This Is the Army. Burl stayed with the cast throughout its nationwide tour, doing among other things a female impersonation that left all observers stunned. He tired of road-show life by the time the cast went to Hollywood and got himself transferred to the Air Corps with the idea that he might thus be shipped to foreign shores—songs, guitar and all. A lynx-eyed Army surgeon happened to spot a physical defect never apparent before, and Ives became a civilian again last fall.

Since then, he has been reeling out the mayhem and murder, the cradle ditties and love murmurs of six centuries, on early-morning CBS programs. He was glad to get that spot and at that hour. Lonely farm dwellers in the vast interior blackness of wintry America like to hear his songs when they are cooking breakfast in their kitchens. Burl Ives' fan mail says so; and his fan mail is prodigious.

Burl doesn't get to answer many of these letters. As we go to press, we find him alternately ferrying over to Halloran Hospital to sing bawdy ballads for the boys there, or jaunting up to the OWI for a series of patriotic recordings, or lumbering off to inscribe on disks a series of Russian folk songs at the request of our allies. The Asch Recording Studios have just issued a new Ives album to the public.

In betweentimes he keeps countless private evening audiences spellbound with the bloody demise of Fair Eleanor, or the oncoming threat of old Dan Tucker.

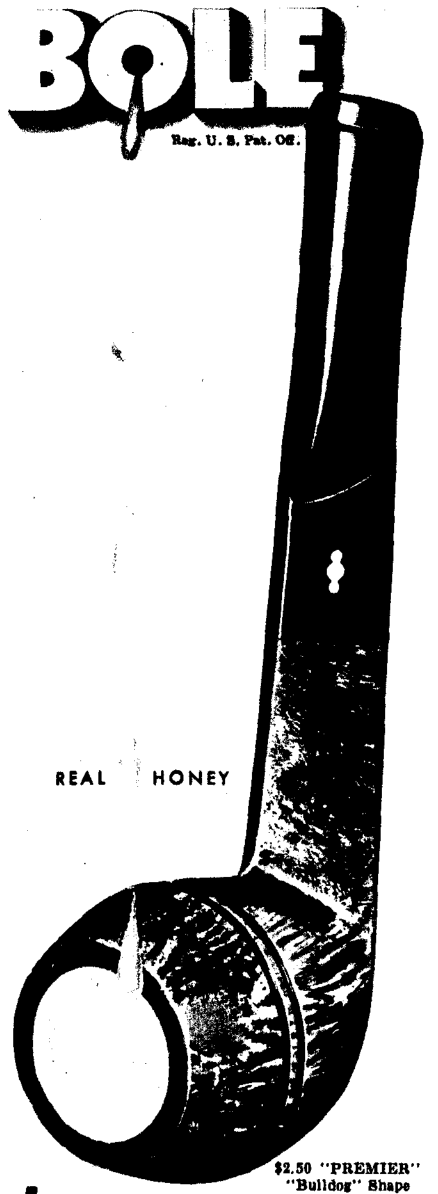
He stands with one foot on a chair, his face glowing, blue eyes filled with mystery, his fingers and vocal chords aquiver.

"It's a satisfaction," I told Carl Sandburg the other night, "to bring together the most rioted living ballad singer born in the nineteenth century—yourself—and the mightiest ballad singer born in the twentieth—Burl."

Carl stared back and pushed up the white lock that hangs over his hickory-nut face. "Burl Ives," said his calm voice, "is the mightiest ballad singer born in *any* century"

THE END

YELLO-BOLE
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



$2.50 "PREMIER"
"Bulldog" Shape

the
honey-cured
smoke

There's real honey in that yellow lining. Of the proper thickness, it cures your smoke of any trace of harshness the *first time you light it*—no "breaking-in" is necessary. Honey keeps penetrating and flavoring the pipe, as you smoke it, so it's always mild, fragrant and agreeable. Look at Nature's beautiful pattern on the pipe-bowl—the real thing, *not* artificially painted. If you don't find Yello-Bole at dealer's, remember, please, that men fighting all over the world want them, and are getting them, first. Your dealer will have *his* shortly.

YELLO-BOLE ∞ PREMIER $2.50
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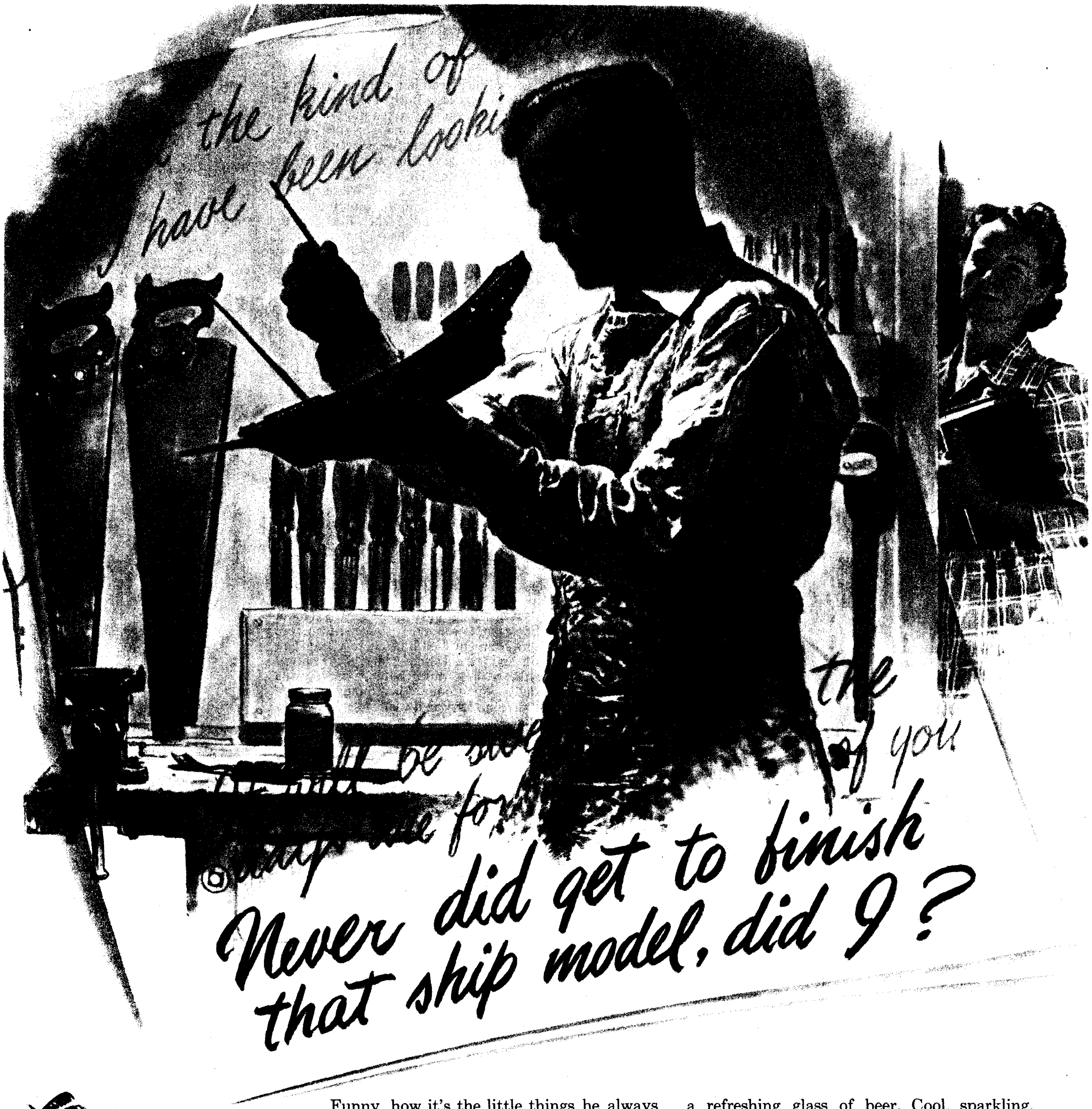
YELLO-BOLE ◎ STANDARD $1

YELLO-BOLE....A NAME TO REMEMBER,
WHEREVER YOU ARE and WHEN YOU COME HOME



Never did get to finish that ship model, did I?

Men of the United States Marine Corps say letters keep up morale . . . Write that V-Mail letter today.

Funny, how it's the little things he always writes about so far from home . . . the little things that seem important to him . . .

"Is Johnny keeping my tools in shape . . . Do they still pitch horseshoes back of Kelly's? . . . Sure miss those picnics that we used to have with Mary at Birch Grove . . ."

But maybe it's not so funny when you stop to think of it. For isn't it the little things that help mean home to all of us?

It happens that to many of us these important little things include the right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer. Cool, sparkling, friendly, beer is a sigh of satisfaction . . . a smacking of the lips . . . a forehead wrinkle erased . . . a firm-set mouth relaxing into a friendly smile.

How good it is . . . as a beverage of moderation after a hard day's work . . . with good friends . . . with a home-cooked meal.

A glass of beer or ale—not of crucial importance, surely . . . yet it is little things like this that help mean home to all of us, that do so much to build morale—ours and his.

Morale is a lot of little things

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

Lady in a War

Continued from page 12

shrugged. "I'm awfully busy this morning."

"Merciful lady, I plead with you. If you have a drink about the premises, I may live to lunch again."

She watched him clearly, but she smiled a little. "Stop it, Rand. It is no mere rumor that you have the constitution of an ox, impervious alike to hang-over and heartbreak."

"Lies," he murmured, following her inside. "All of them, lies. I am constantly misinterpreted. I am a paragraph in Esperanto, with legs."

He sank into a chair and sent a lazy glance over the room, a glance which missed nothing. "So this is the scene of the crime. How did you get rid of the bloodstains?"

She said lightly, "I ran a hose through here this morning."

She busied herself with the drink, her back to him, but it seemed to her that her frantic cleaning of the room was visible everywhere, that it lay on the room like a blush on a cheek, that Rand must surely see it. But he didn't press the point.

He said politely, "By the way, awfully nice party last night."

"Thank you so much. So glad you suffered."

"Where did you get your guest list? The Home for Aged Incompetents?"

"No, I just called Central Casting. Told them I was thinking of producing The Lower Depths."

"Charming—"

"Wasn't it?"

Rand was getting impatient, but it was, as always, firmly under control. He waited until he had sipped his drink, until she was seated near him, before he said, "I particularly admired the way you got rid of me. So exquisitely simple."

SHE sat very still, until she realized the stillness was revealing. Then she reached for a cigarette, and the gesture was nervous and even more revealing.

"Your sudden, delicate weariness. The enchantingly hostessy manner in which you disposed of us all, all in one big angry group. To the very end, I expected you to remark that you had a *splitting* headache."

She said transparently, so that he would be sure to know she was lying, "As a matter of fact, I did."

He put down his glass and stood up, decisively. "To coin a phrase, my dear, this can't go on."

She looked up at him, laughing carefully. "Shouldn't a nerve in your cheek twitch a little with passion? In pictures, Spencer Tracy always twitches."

He pulled her to her feet, holding her lightly but strongly, and she was deliberately awkward. The hand that held her cigarette she placed on his shoulder, and the smoke moved mincingly across his face.

"It can't go on because I'm not going to let it go on. And, more importantly, because you don't want it to go on."

She said, "I'm a weak, vacillating, helpless woman? I'm the poor victim of timeless emotions?"

Rand was clever enough to employ even the truth, if a lie wouldn't serve as well. He said baldly, "Yes."

In that moment she almost admired him. She almost liked him. For the answer *was* "Yes." Yes, I am weak and I know no safety and I am sick to death of the loneliness. Yes, Rand is an emotional opportunist, and his charm is slick and professional. Yes, this thing that is going to happen is cheap and worthless and merely destructive. *Yes, it is inevitable.*

She felt an impulse to admit it verbally, to match his honesty with her own, but he gave her no opportunity. He was quick to press his advantage. He kissed her lingeringly, skillfully, and then a sound pulled them apart like a giant hand. The shrill, ridiculous, commonplace sound of a doorbell hit them, and they were guiltily apart, their faces startled and foolish.

Rand thrust his hands deep into his pockets and snapped petulantly, "I *hate* mornings."

It seemed awfully, wildly funny. "Saved," she giggled. "Saved by the bell." She thought once more as she went to the door that she almost liked him. In moments like this, Rand had a kind of magnificent smallness, a nearly exquisite lack of size.

She was still laughing softly when she returned, her fingers automatically opening the telegram. Rand still sulked where she had left him and for a time she was more conscious of him than of the words she read. Then the phrases came to her in terrible flashes of meaning: . . . regret to inform you . . . Captain Alan Graham . . . missing in action since . . .

She said quite politely, "Go away."

Rand came toward her. "Now *really*, darling. You can't think that after this I'm going to—"

She did not know him, and it must have been on her face. She did not know anything in the world but the words she had just read, that she would be reading over and over again for as long as she lived.

"Go away," she repeated nicely, like a child who is saying what she has been told to say. "And there is absolutely no use in your ever coming back again."

SHE could not get over the idea that she had killed him. She had thought of him as someone who had died long ago, and so now he had died. She had let him slip out of her mind, into remoteness and unreality, and in so doing she had doomed him. She had doomed him to move, as slowly and hopelessly, out of the living.

She tried to remember . . . Wasn't it Plato? Wasn't it a Platonic theory that reality existed only in our minds, that things were real only because we *thought* they were real? It was true, but she did not need to go to Plato to know it was true.

IT WAS true that the telegram had listed him, technically but without hope, as "missing." It was true that he had been missing for too long a time, in too dangerous territory, for there to be more than the barest hope of his survival. But she needed to know none of these things to know that he was dead.

She knew out of the love she remembered now, that she had once forgotten. She knew because she had forsaken him, because she had let him die.

She lost all sense of time. She lived, she sat or moved or sometimes slept, with her guilt. Her mind recognized only the words, the same words over and over again; the language of the letter she had written that was her life and herself; the sharp phrases of the telegram in which her life had somehow resulted.

Rand came to see her once, and she told him, as she had not been able to tell him before. He stared, frightened, at her still face and went away again. Friends came, full of kindness and sympathy, telling her that she must hope or that she must forget and fill her life with other things.

She thought them very odd. She did not know them.

She was never to know exactly how long was the time of her numbness, but one day it was broken. Her mind turned for an instant from herself, and she saw the absoluteness of death, the enormity of loss. She saw Alan's death for what it was, the destruction of a man, and then her grief was real and she could fight it.

At first she could not think what to do, and then she remembered work; she thought of patriotism and Rosie the Riveter. She enrolled in a course of assembly-line instruction. She worked long hours at the canteens. She served on welcoming committees and at information booths. She handed out tickets and sandwiches and all the charm she possessed. She was very grateful to patriotism; it kept her sane.

Frequently she found notes or flowers from Rand, but she was never at home when he called.

One night as she entered the hall of her apartment she could see that there was a light burning in the living room. She went in, wondering at it wearily, and from a dim, still-shadowed corner of the room, a man rose to meet her. She could not see him very well; she was tired and she wondered how he had got there.

"Yes?" she said huskily, automatically. She was too tired even to be alarmed.

"I hope I didn't frighten you," the man said gently.

His voice was reassuringly familiar, but she couldn't for the moment think to whom it belonged. "No, of course you didn't, but I'm afraid I—"

She knew then that his voice was an impossibility, but he came slowly forward into the light, verifying it. They stood staring at each other, her expression incredulous, stupidly, heavily unbelieving; his, searching, quick with terror. After a long time he asked, "You remember me?"

"I remember."

She could hear the sound of his breath. "I was afraid, Annie. I *am* afraid."

She had a name again. She was once more a person, an entity. She was Mrs. Alan Graham. She was Annie, wife of Alan.

She held out her arms to him, and Alan came into them. They held each other delicately, silently, their bodies still unable to believe, like new and timid lovers.

IT BECAME a ritual with them. She would rise very quietly from bed in the mornings while he pretended to sleep and she pretended to believe him. Carefully, softly, she would move about the room, dressing, brushing her hair and doing her mouth, while he watched her through close-lidded, attentive eyes. She would go to the kitchen and put the coffee on, turning the flame high to hurry it.

Then he would leap from bed, fresh from his mock sleep. He would make a great splashing in the bathroom and shout domesticities at her.

"It had better be good this morning. I can get better coffee at the corner drugstore, at the pill counter." Or: "I want *eggs*, woman, many beautiful eggs." Or, very crossly: "Can't you ever buy any soap that doesn't stink?"

Then he would come into the kitchen, his hair still damp and his face still shiny from the soap, wearing an old pair of slacks and a shirt that had been his long before the uniform. "Gracious me!" he would murmur, looking at her. "Aren't we pretty this morning!"

"I've been up for hours," she would answer demurely.

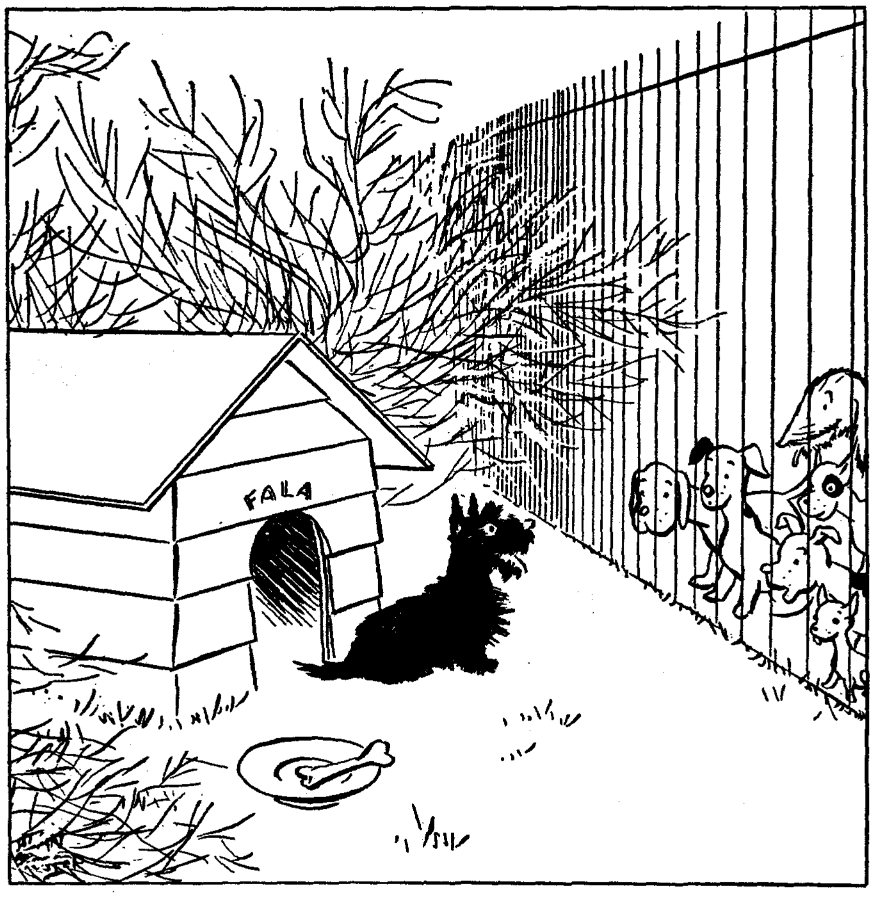
His expression was always bland, his voice indifferently polite. "Really? You ought to get more sleep."

He would be acidly critical of her cooking, but only in the classic, comic-strip manner; he was the patient groom enduring his bride's first biscuits. They always managed to skirt the real reason for her ineptitude—that she knew nothing of cooking because she had never cooked, that before the war, there had always been a housekeeper.

It was a game they played most carefully, a picture they cautiously drew. They built a caricature of marriage, an absurd

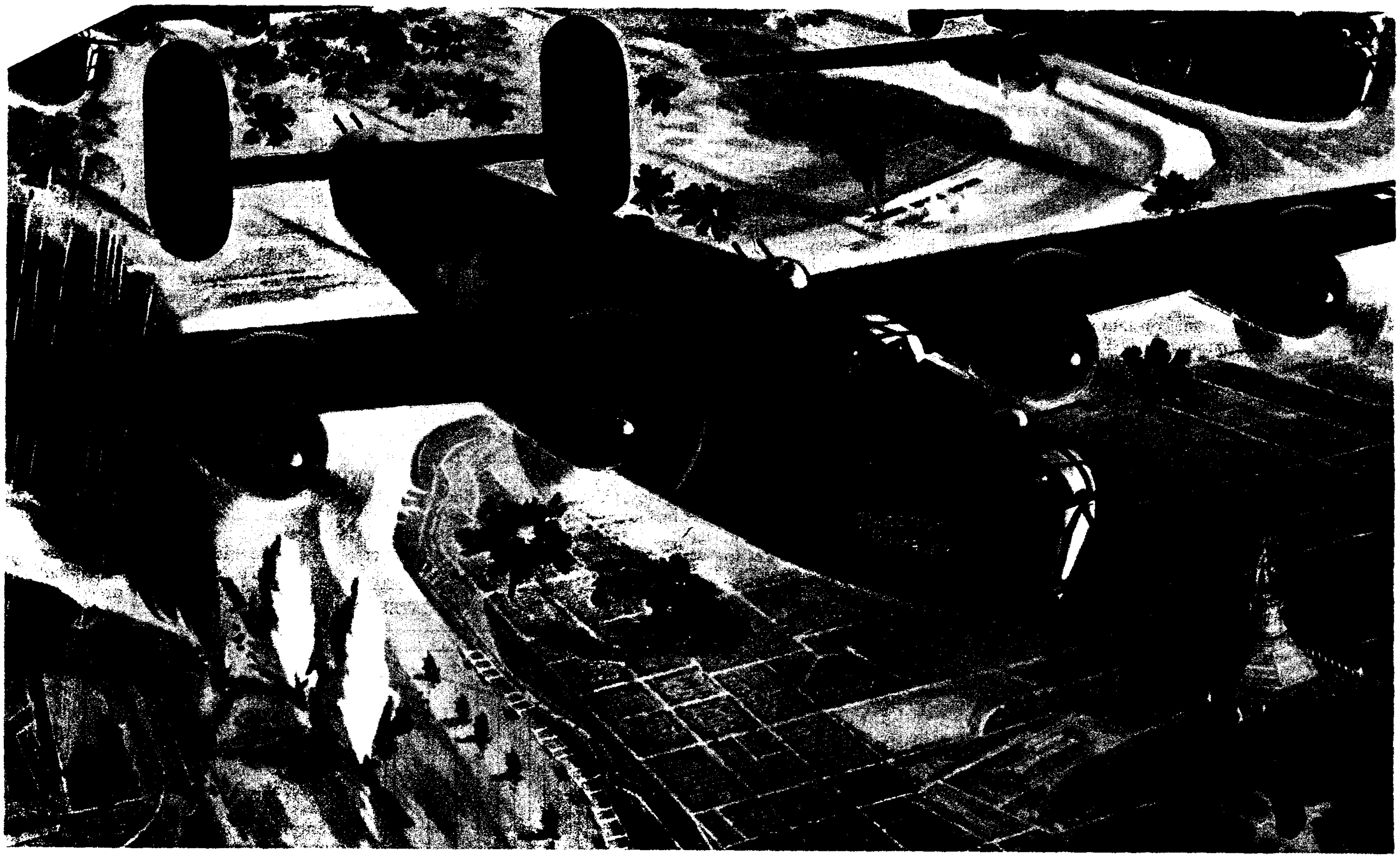
MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



"Frankly, gentlemen, I haven't decided yet about renewing my lease"

COLLIER'S



The "Rambler" Roars into Rangoon

This morning you're flying with the crew of the famous "Rangoon Rambler" . . .

Crouched in the glassed-in nose beside you, Lt. Guy Spotts, the navigator, studies a map spread across his knees, checks off landmarks as they slide past underneath. Suddenly he peers ahead . . . speaks into his throat-microphone: "Pilot from navigator. There she is, Rote. We can see the target now. Alter course to three-three-zero."

"Roger!" Capt. Raymond Rote, the pilot, eases the big B-24 around and straightens out on his new course.

Then *you* see it . . . a splash of flame against the green horizon . . . the great, gold-domed Shwe Dagôn Pagoda that towers over Rangoon. You're getting close . . . and the crew gets set. Lt. Robert Currie, the bombardier, fiddles with the knobs on his bombsight. Capt. Gordon Wilson, co-pilot, gives the instruments a last-minute check.

Now you're over the target . . . a flock of pot-bellied Jap cargo ships squatting there in the river's bend. The "Rambler" lurches and bucks as she ducks through bursts of ack-ack and goes into her bombing run.

Your heart pounds hard. Then Currie comes in on the intercom . . . cool as if he were ordering cokes at the Assam Officers Club: "Pilot from bombardier. Bombs away! Let's get out of here, pal!"

Looking back and below, you watch the formation's bombs bullseye the target. A freighter goes up in a blast of fire and black smoke. The ship beside it explodes. Flames break out from a third. And a fourth. Currie and the other bombardiers were "on the beam" today.

Rote banks the Lib around steep, and you high-tail for home. You're congratulating yourself when . . . "Fighters at four o'clock—high!" somebody yells. You look up and see a formation of Japs sweeping out of the sun.

Now it's the gunners' turn. And between squirts of their big, twin-50's they keep up a running pep-talk:

"There goes his wing down! He's coming in! This one's *my* meat, Salley!"

"Hey, skipper—kick her over a little. I want a good shot at this guy."

And two Japs spiral down in flames, and the rest decide to quit. That's all for today. You look around at the crew, relaxing now, shooting the breeze, adding up the score. You think of the ribbons each man has won for flights like this.

And it makes your chest puff out with pride to be flying with guys like these . . . to be wearing the wings of the A.A.F.—the "greatest team in the world!"

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

THE "RANGOON RAMBLERS": Standing: Sgt. Ferdinand Knechtel, gunner; Capt. Raymond Rote; Capt. Gordon Wilson; Lt. Guy Spotts; Lt. Robert Currie; Sgt. Joseph Willis, gunner. Seated: Sgt. John Craigie, Sgt. Carl Paak, Sgt. Adolph Scolavino, Sgt. Edward Salley, gunners.

MEN OF 17

. . . if *you* want to fly on a team like the "Rangoon Ramblers" . . . as Navigator, Bombardier, Pilot or Gunner . . . go to your nearest Aviation Cadet Examining Board . . . see if you can qualify for the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve. If you qualify, you will receive this insignia . . . but will not be called for training until you are 18 or over.

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ARMY AIR FORCES

and tender extension of all marital joys and sorrows; because they had been married in the past and it was the past that was desirable; because it was imperative to pretend that the present was, and the future would be, exactly, ordinarily and happily, the same.

How could there have been a housekeeper before the war, when there was no war in their time?

Only occasionally did they slip. One morning Alan, glancing through the back pages of the paper, said, "The stock market. For Pete's sake, what's been happening to the stock market?"

"From what I hear, just about what you'd expect."

He shook his head in amazement. "Think of Graham, that astute financial genius, not knowing what's happened on the market."

"It's just as well. That astute financial genius always lost his shirt."

Before he thought, Alan had said, "And don't think it wasn't a pleasure, dearie."

They looked at each other, and it was between them across the table, everything they had been so careful to avoid, their present and their future. Ann remembered then that there was something she must tell him, but her mind ran from it and she said quickly, foolishly, "I've always loved you. I love you now."

Alan's expression became swiftly severe. "If there's anything I hate," he said, "it's a woman who *doesn't* bury herself in the newspaper each morning."

But that was wrong, too. They both knew why she didn't read the newspapers, why every paper seemed to be folded to the sports' section or the gossip columns.

Furiously Alan said, "Hand me some more of that sodden toast. What do you do—bathe it every morning?"

He seldom left the apartment. His uniform hung in the closet, and as long as he stayed in the apartment, it could hang there peacefully, but Ann clung with a kind of desperate stubbornness to her own activities. She gave up volunteer work, but she continued with her classes, and she embarked on many a foraging expedition, armed with ration books and persuasion. One day she returned to find him hung precariously over a chair, surrounded by half a year's literary output and wearing a look of deep dissatisfaction, which he instantly removed.

"Mrs. Kidd? How's business?"

"The seas run high, sire, and so does the loot. Nevertheless, I've got two steaks."

He arched an eyebrow at her extravagantly. "By the way, a party called in your absence. He said he was Rand. Is that a name or a cough?"

That was what she wanted; to talk about him, to laugh at him, to secure his unimportance. Then later, with the laughter between them, to explain it all to Alan, quite easily and sanely.

She said, "Darling, if you only knew. He's fastidious. He's impeccable. He's ever, ever so right."

"Oodles of charm?"

"Loads. Just loads. And he's witty, too. Everything George Kaufman ever said, George Kaufman said first."

He rose suddenly and came to her. He put his cheek against her hair. "I don't care," he said tightly, "what anybody says."

"Alan? Alan, how long have we?"

"Ten days."

"From now?"

"From the beginning."

That was five days ago. She didn't say anything, she just held him closer, but Alan said, "Darling, *shut up!*"

THEY found and rented a house at the beach, a shabby little house, long tormented but as yet unbeaten. It had survived other tenants and it would survive them.

It was there that for the first time she really saw the wound on his leg. His bathing trunks were old and shrunken, and Alan didn't fit them any more; they wouldn't cover the place on his leg, and so he just went out to the beach and got it over with. She looked at him and then she lay back with the sun on her face and her eyes tightly closed.

Finally she said, "That was it?"

He laughed at her. "You want more?"

"Where were you?"

"I don't know exactly. But I didn't want to be there."

"And—how did you get back to where you wanted to be?"

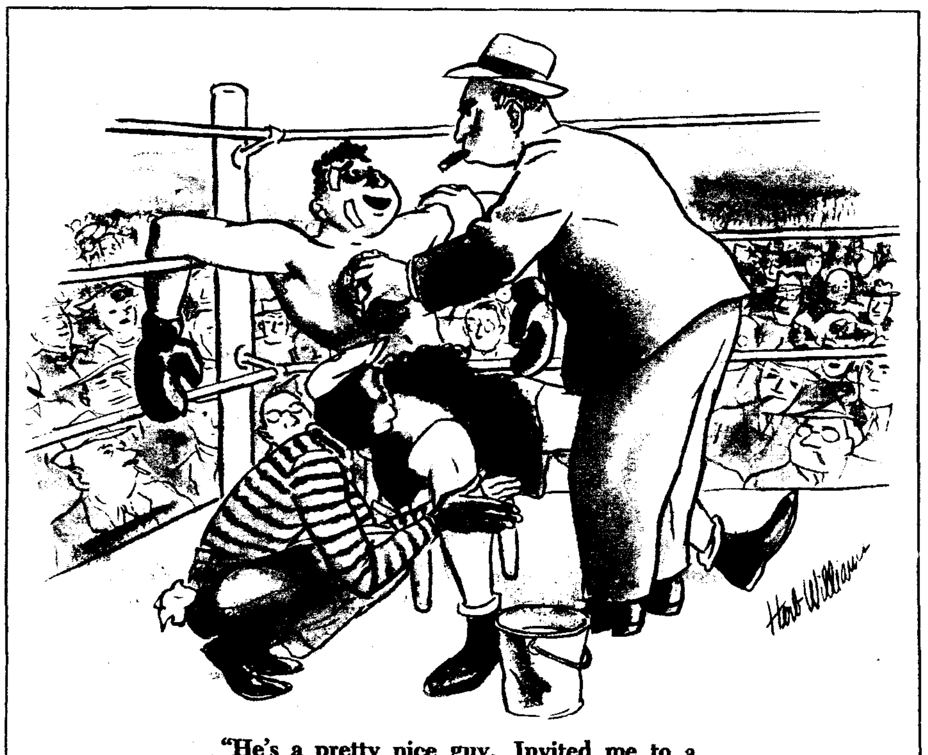
"The natives helped me. *Some* of them."

"You—walked?"

"No," he said thoughtfully. "It was more of a conga. For a while I had an excellent, natural conga step."

Convulsively, with a quick, mad, wriggling motion she moved to him across the sand, until they lay side by side under the hot sun, until their shoulders touched and her legs stretched protectively toward his injured one.

She said urgently, "Make me know what it was like."



"He's a pretty nice guy. Invited me to a victory dinner he's having after the fight"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

"It was a war, Annie. It *is* a war. I had never realized it fully before, but I'm a peaceful guy," he said slowly, with care, almost with apology. "Men of peace must always be lost in a war. They can train us, and we'll learn to do our jobs and we'll do them. But if we are peaceful men and if there is a war, inside of ourselves we are always a little lost."

She thought: And yet you're going back. Why, Alan? *Why* do you go back? But she didn't say it because there wasn't any use.

He got up with a complete, solid movement, a gathering-together of himself. "How do you feel about swimming?"

"Usually, fool, I feel wet."

He looked amused. "When people asked me, I always said I loved my wife because she talked so sweet. You've changed, Wife."

She couldn't say: Yes, Alan, I *did* change. I changed terribly. Let me tell you about it.

She couldn't say it. There was too much to lose. There was entirety to lose; the running, vanishing time, Alan's presence and his love, the clear, unshadowed look of his eyes. She couldn't say it now. Not now.

The letter was still in her desk at home, and she would show it to him. Before he left, she would show it to him, because she must, because it was vital to their marriage, because she had to have faith in herself. But—*not now.*

They went swimming. She didn't even say, "Be careful of your leg, Alan. Please, my darling, be very careful of your leg." She went swimming.

THEY came back to town for their last evening, to celebrate. They celebrated thoroughly and with great concentration. Ann wore her most formal prewar evening dress, gaily ignoring the stares of more appropriately gowned women, and she used the last, treasured drops of her best French perfume. They drove in state to the spot that currently boasted the loudest reputation, and they considered drinking nothing but champagne and they considered eating nothing that was not reverently served.

They had never had such a celebration. They had never before had need of one.

Ann kept her eyes roving, with a great show of animated interest, over the room. In the best places, one could expect to see the people who thought them the best places, and presently she saw him come in. He stood in the doorway, his glance moving from table to table, from party to party, judiciously weighing social values. Then he saw her.

"Darling," Rand cried, "it's high time you came out to play."

His ceaselessly curious gaze moved to Alan and for a moment it was almost puzzled, almost shocked. "This can't be . . . This isn't . . ."

"Yes," she said. "My husband, Captain Graham. Rand Bolton, Alan."

Rand's expression smoothed. "I suppose you know what we thought," he said easily to Alan. "I personally was in charge of the wake. I can't tell you how glad I am that it proved unnecessary."

"Thanks," Alan said. "So am I."

"I don't suppose you could tell me what happened."

"No. I'm afraid I couldn't."

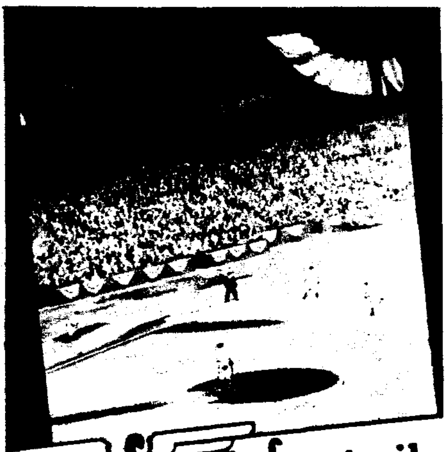
"Oh, well—" Rand shrugged, smiled.

Alan drank his champagne, looking gracious, looking social and a little bored, and Ann hoped very much that she looked the same way. She hoped she didn't look tense, that her smile wasn't rigid.

Suddenly Rand said, "But there may be something I can tell you. In fact, I'm sure there is. You see," he concluded engagingly, "I'm in love with this angel, your wife."

Too quickly Ann protested, "Rand, really—"

"She doesn't believe that I am. As a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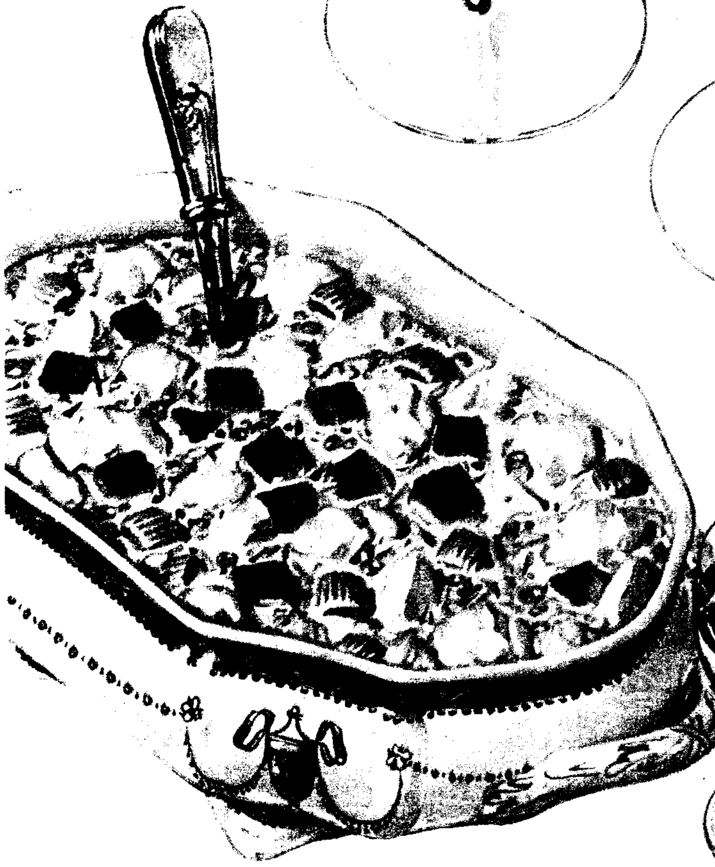
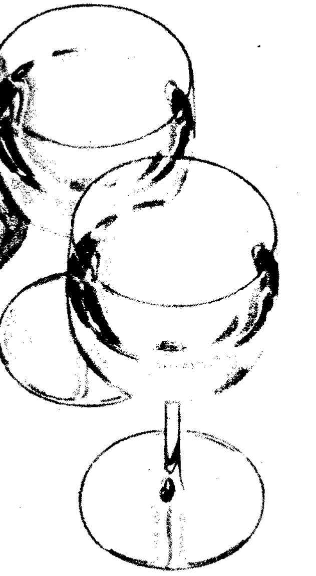
Have friends over often these war days. Serve them low-ration-point dishes like these, and moderate glasses of good wine. Such simple foods become "company fare" when made and served with wine

Burgundy Beans make lips smack! For each 4 or 5 servings, wash 1 lb. (2 cups) small white beans, soak several hours, drain, cover with fresh water, simmer until skins break. For each lb. of beans, add 2½ tsps. salt, ½ tsp. dry mustard, ¼ tsp. pepper, ⅓ to ½ cup molasses, and 1 cup Burgundy wine. Pour into bean pot, stirring in ¼ lb. fat salt pork, cubed. Add a peeled whole onion, and boiling water to cover beans; cover pot. Bake in very slow oven (250°) about 8 hours without stirring. Add hot water as needed. Uncover last half hour to brown. Serve with moderate glasses of California Burgundy

WINE adds savor to the simple foods of war





Wine Fish Chowder, main dish for a hearty meal. Cook 1½ lbs. fresh or frozen fish in 2 cups water until tender (about 10 min.). Flake fish, removing bones and skin. Strain liquid. Slice large onion and saute with 1 cup coarsely chopped celery 5 minutes in 3 tbsps. bacon drippings or butter in heavy kettle. Add fish liquid, 4 cups coarsely diced raw potatoes, 2 tsps. salt, and just enough boiling water to cover. Boil until potatoes are nearly done, then add flaked fish and 2 cups hot milk. Season to taste with more salt and pepper, and cook until potatoes are very tender. Add ½ cup California Rhine Wine, heat again. Serve sprinkled with croutons and chopped parsley. Makes 2 quarts (2 big bowlfuls apiece for 4 or 5 persons!). Serve with glasses of chilled California Rhine Wine

THE COMPANY OF FRIENDS around your own dinner table grows even more welcome as the war goes on. There's relaxation in it, and good morale.

What's more, there's still tasty food to be had for precious few ration points. Give a careful look, for example, to the main dishes on this page. Simple—yet real "praise the cook" eating! Try them.

Note that for extra flavor these war dishes are made with a little wine. Then at table the same good wine is served, in moderate glasses all around. You'll find that wine *in* the main dish and *with* it is a happy discovery—steps up food flavor, and food enjoyment, to the full.

To bring more of these tempting wine-made dishes into your life, the wine growers have prepared a booklet full of low-ration-point menus and recipes. For your *Free* copy, write today to Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco 5, California.

• There's a welcome in the moderate glass of Sherry that's served before the meal begins. Sherry, like the Table Wines, and the after-dinner glass of Port or Muscatel, is *a natural companion of food*

Before all else—BUY BONDS

matter of fact, I didn't believe it myself until—" Sweetly, chattily he ran on, "You'll never imagine how I knew. It was the way she looked when she told me about you, that you were missing, probably dead."

"She looked well?" Alan inquired.

"She broke my heart. I wanted her to look that way for me. At first I couldn't believe what had happened to me, but then," he finished triumphantly, "I knew."

"Well," Alan said.

"You're going out again?"

"Yes."

Rand offered his hand. "In that case," he said, "I'm glad I told you. Good luck to you."

"Good luck to you, too," Alan said.

With a final, tender smile for her, Rand moved on to another and a very good table.

ANN leaned back in her chair, trying to relax, trying to smile, but there was panic in her. She thought: He means it; Rand *is* in love with me, as much in love as he is capable of being. If I couldn't resist his love-making, how can I resist his love? Alan will be gone again, and the loneliness will be there again and—

Desperately she turned to him. "Alan—"

"Yes, Angel?"

His cool voice stopped her and then she knew—that she must never tell him, that he must never see the letter. Because this —yes, that was it—was *her* war, her own private battle, and she must fight it alone, without Alan's knowledge or understanding, without the help he would surely have given her. Alone, and with the strength that she now knew was sufficient to the task.

She said, "He is—Rand is—well, he *is*, isn't he?"

"He is, indeed," Alan agreed. "Now drink your wine, Angel. It'll get cold."

She stood by the door in the gray light of morning and watched him put on his coat. He buckled the belt firmly and picked up his cap.

She said again, like a child who is too young to go to the party, "I wish you'd let me go to the station with you."

"I don't want to remember you in a station, looking sleepy, with your lipstick on crooked. I want to remember you here, looking sleepy. with no lipstick." He put his hands on her shoulders and kissed her carefully, a kiss to remember. He said, "Thanks a million, Mrs. Graham. For everything."

Then Alan was gone. He was gone for an unknown length of time, to an unknown destination, and she was alone again.

She had planned to do it. She had planned that as soon as he was gone, she would go to the desk and get the letter. She would read it slowly, intently, seeing clearly the time of which it was written, resolving firmly that such a time would never come again. With the room still warm with Alan, with her hands still knowing the feel of him, she would read the letter and then she would destroy it. There would never be, never again, any need for it.

But she did not destroy it.

She read it through, on to the end, beyond the end. Because there were words there she had not written. Sometime when she had been gone, when Alan had been hunting for a match or a postage stamp, he had found the letter.

Alan had written across the bottom of the page:

"Even then, Ann, we were together. Didn't I tell you that I, too, was lost? But for both of us, for all of us, the darkness will lift."

They would never speak of it again. But she would always keep the letter.

THE END

The Case Against the Flea

Continued from page 14

Fleas spread the disease from rat to man. Suppose you brought a louse into the picture? Suppose a man who contracted this mild American typhus happened to have body lice? Everything indicated that the microbes would become more violent by passing through the louse's body; and that this infected louse might become an agent for spreading the staggeringly destructive typhus of Europe. The idea wasn't a pretty one, but it didn't cause too much alarm.

People in the South wear light clothing which doesn't provide a comfortable home for body lice. But in poor districts in the North, body lice are more or less common. And typhus was headed north. Starting in such cities as Charleston, South Carolina, and Mobile, Alabama, it went a bit farther north each year—to Nashville, Norfolk, Chattanooga. A few isolated cases even appeared in Washington, D. C., and Cincinnati.

While the research men were puzzling out this picture, with all its threatening implications, typhus was increasing by leaps and bounds. In 1931, there were only 350 reported cases. By 1935, this had grown to 1,195; by 1938, to 2,700; by 1942, to 3,700. Last year, there were 4,500 cases. At first glance, this might not seem to be cause for any great concern. But many qualified men think that there are at least ten cases for every one reported.

Many physicians incorrectly diagnose typhus as typhoid fever, malaria or measles; and many cities refuse to report cases —thinking it blackens their good name. One Southern city, for example, reported only 40 cases in its entire county. Yet hospital records showed 100 acute cases for that same year—which didn't include the mild cases that stayed in bed at home.

There are several explanations for this increase. One is better recognition of the disease. Another is the fact that the South is diversifying its agriculture. Where it used to grow only cotton, today it is growing food crops—peanuts, soybeans, vegetables. Rats can't eat cotton, but they increase enormously when food crops are plentiful. There is a third factor: In the past decade, the South built thousands of miles of new highways—and rats always spread along main commercial arteries: highways, railroads.

Four Out of Five Had It

Checks indicated that the rat population had increased enormously and that typhus was widespread among these rodents. In some cities, four out of every five rats trapped at random had typhus. Surveys of forest animals showed that nearly all wild animals except the fox are potential carriers. If a flea from a sick animal happens to hop aboard a human being, there is another case of typhus.

As we have noted, typhus over-all death rates aren't too high. Typhus kills from 2 to 5 per cent of those stricken. With the young, it is apt to be a mild sickness, but in the older group, it is serious. It kills a third of those stricken who are over sixty-five. Its great danger lies in the possibility of the violent European typhus developing from it.

Then there is the economic cost of the disease. Each case costs an estimated $150—in time lost from work, and in doc-

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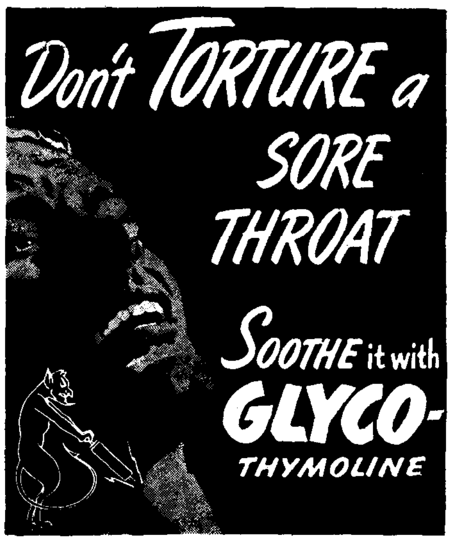
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The DASH that makes the DISH

tor and hospital bills. If we have ten cases for every one reported—45,000 cases—that means that typhus is costing us nearly $7,000,000 a year. Typhus is a miserably prostrating sickness. People often require six or more months before they fully regain their strength after an attack. In some rural areas in the South, physicians consider typhus a greater problem than malaria.

All of these facts combine to make endemic typhus—as opposed to the epidemic typhus of Europe—a Grade A health problem. A year ago last July, the United States Public Health Service declared war on typhus. With an appropriation of $150,000, it set up headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia.

To a large extent, the problem of typhus is a problem of rats. Get rid of rats and you get rid of typhus. This was demonstrated in 1934 when the old CWA put on an antirat campaign, destroying 7,000,000 rodents in the South. Typhus took the only appreciable drop it has ever taken as a result.

Still, this campaign had little permanent value. Rats reproduce at an almost explosive rate. Destroy them one month and they are back the next. A female rat is sexually mature at four months, can produce a litter of 5 to 15 rats in three weeks' time, and an average of six litters per year of eight animals each.

To control rats—and typhus—sustained effort is necessary. To handle the job in the South, the Public Health Service chose a man experienced in this work—Doctor Clifford R. Eskey, a veteran rat fighter. Since he joined the Service in 1916, Doctor Eskey, lank and lean, has spent the better part of his time fighting another rat-spread sickness: bubonic plague. He has had a world-wide beat, working in India, Hawaii, the Philippines, Peru, Ecuador. In Guayaquil, Ecuador, his war on rats was so effective that not a case of plague occurred for six years after his campaign was over. While on this job, Eskey himself contracted plague—fortunately a mild case.

Eskey knew the rat story by heart and started preaching it in the South. These pests eat $2 worth of food a year and destroy $20 worth of property. Thus it costs $22 to maintain a rat for a year. Estimates of the rat population vary but most experts agree that there are one to two rats for every person. Thus, on a national scale, rat damage is measured in billions of dollars. So Eskey's rat-destruction program had commercial appeal.

Eskey had a file filled with case histories. Thirteen cases of typhus were traced to a rat-infested South Carolina chain store. Trappers found 235 rats in the building! In one Arkansas cafeteria, they found 1,200!

Center for Infection

A feed store in Austin, Texas, was the center of another typhus outbreak. Every single employee in the place got the disease, as well as two men employed to rid the place of rats, and three customers who bought chicken feed there. The typhus among customers was particularly significant. These cases indicated that it isn't necessary to live in the same building with infected rats to get the sickness.

A similar case occurred in a Southern Army camp. The camp was clean, orderly, and almost completely free of rats, yet six cases of typhus appeared among troops. They were traced to a rat-infested road stand. Evidence supplied by these cases indicates that a fleabite may not be necessary to transmit typhus. The intestinal discharges of rat fleas are rich with the microbes of the disease. The microbe may survive for at least 40 days in this material. So it seems likely that this is an important source of infection. How it gets into the human body, no one is sure. Possibly it is breathed into the lungs as dust, consumed with contaminated food, or it may enter the body through a cut or abrasion.

Eskey's preaching about the menace of typhus was convincing. Cities and towns cocked attentive ears. How could they stamp out this health menace? Eskey outlined the attack.

Communities that wanted to co-operate in the rat-eradication campaign would have to pass a special city ordinance requiring business property to be maintained in rat-free condition, and impose fines for failure to comply. The city has to set up a revolving fund of $2,000 to $10,000 to pay the cost of ratproofing, trapping and poisoning. Perhaps the job in an individual store will cost $50. The fund pays this, then the merchant repays the fund. The city must also employ one or more men trained in rat-extermination work. Once these conditions are met with, the Public Health experts move in, and war on rats begins. Experts work systematically through the city, a block at a time.

Little Orangeburg, South Carolina, is a case in point. Residents became alarmed after 30 cases of typhus appeared. They demanded action. The city passed an ordinance, created a revolving fund and invited the Public Health Service in.

To get an idea of how the work is done, take the case of an Orangeburg grocery store. Rat extermination begins outside of the building. Carpenters and masons seal all places where rats enter the building. In the case of the grocery store, they found that rats were burrowing under the building. This called for a thin curtain wall of cement extending down two feet; rats seldom burrow deeper than this.

Once this work was completed, the crew got busy inside. The first step is to estimate rat population—by examining rat runs, nests, gnawings and other signs. If the building construction is simple and open, the exterminators may decide on fumigation—with cyanide gas. The Service has trucks equipped to pump this gas into a building, but in the grocery store such a blitz was impossible. There were too many rat harbors that the gas wouldn't penetrate.

The next step was to see what rats had been eating. These creatures have sharp food preferences and will go to any length to get the food they want. They have been known to dip their tails in catsup bottles, then lick the catsup off their tails. They will push breakable packages—say peanut butter in glass jars—off grocery shelves. When the jar smashes on the floor, the rats scuttle down for a meal.

There are four basic baits having the characteristic flavors of meat, fish, molasses, peanuts. Beyond this, the exterminator must use his imagination. If a theater is infested with rats and has produced scattered cases of typhus, the expert first examines the floor. The chances are rats have been feeding on peanuts and popcorn left behind by patrons. The exterminator will leave poisoned packages of peanuts and popcorn for the rats.

In the Orangeburg grocery, rats had been feeding primarily on fresh vegetables. The exterminator, in addition to his basic baits, left poisoned fruits and vegetables. These baits were used in the grocery store, in the hope that they might be tempting. Altogether, a dozen baits were prepared. Each was wrapped in a different colored paper, so exterminators could see which was most effective.

De-ratting the Store

Rats have to have water, and examination of their drinking places was the next step. The store had several leaky pipes. These were repaired to cut off their source of water. Then the exterminators placed pans of poisoned water about. Trappers placed a dozen unbaited steel traps along rat runs. Meanwhile, the masons and carpenters had moved along to buildings farther down the block.

After two weeks, all signs of rats in the grocery had disappeared. Seventy-six dead animals had been recovered. As a final check, the exterminators sprinkled flour over rat runs and at other spots in the building. When no new tracks appeared, it was safe to assume that the building was free of the pests. Now the proprietor could keep his building rat-free with a moderate amount of effort.

In the Orangeburg campaign, a total of 354 buildings were ratproofed—at an average cost of $17 each. One merchant whose ratproofing cost $25 said it saved him $1,000 a year in rat damage. But more important than this, typhus disappeared from the town. Since the work was completed, there hasn't been a single case of typhus.

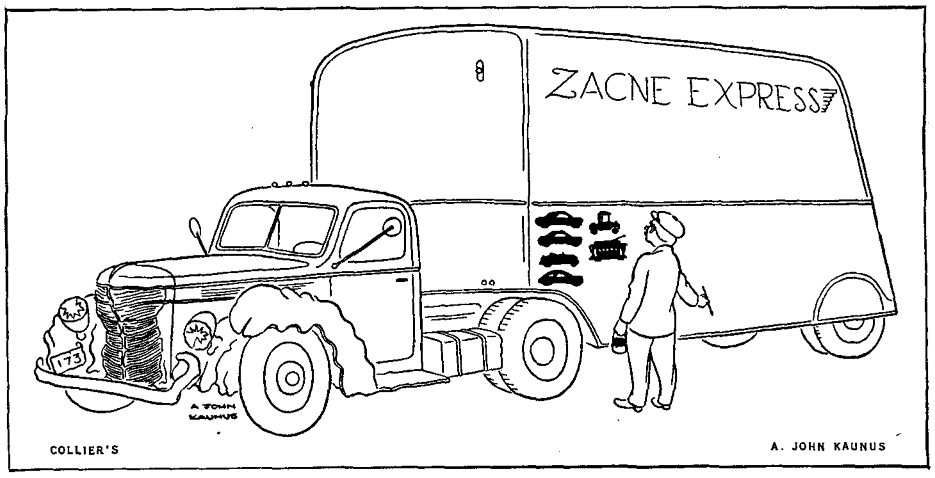
Although the work is barely getting under way on a large scale, sixteen cities already have antirat ordinances. Examples: Houston, Dallas, Texas; Charleston, South Carolina; Tampa, Florida.

There is no assurance that typhus will stay bottled up in the South. Scattered cases have appeared in Iowa, California and elsewhere. The disease is a potential hazard wherever there are rats. A small outbreak in Washington, D. C., a few years ago was traced to a garbage dump where dining cars from the South disposed of their refuse. Typhus could ride trains to other Northern cities.

There are, of course, emergency measures which can be taken when an outbreak becomes really serious. These measures consist of killing all rats in the area immediately surrounding the focal point of the epidemic. A few years ago, Nashville, Tennessee, took such steps to stamp out a threatening typhus outbreak.

The safest procedure, however, is to destroy the rats before the epidemic appears. A rat-eradication program looks like one of the most promising programs for making jobs in the postwar era. Such a plan would have a double-barreled effect: It would save millions of dollars in rat damage, and it would keep a tight control on a pressing disease problem.

THE END



COLLIER'S A. JOHN KAUNUS

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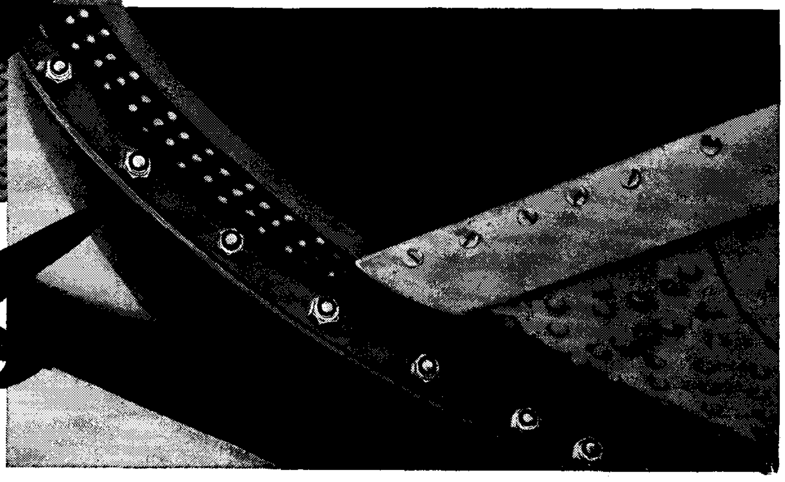

THE KIND OF JOB ELASTIC STOP NUTS ARE DOING

This is how the wing of a DC-3 transport plane is fastened on—with Elastic Stop Nuts, the nuts with the red collar so familiar to the aircraft industry. The tons of plane, crew and pay load depend on these nuts for their security. All told, this type of plane uses as many as 35,000 Elastic Stop Nuts.

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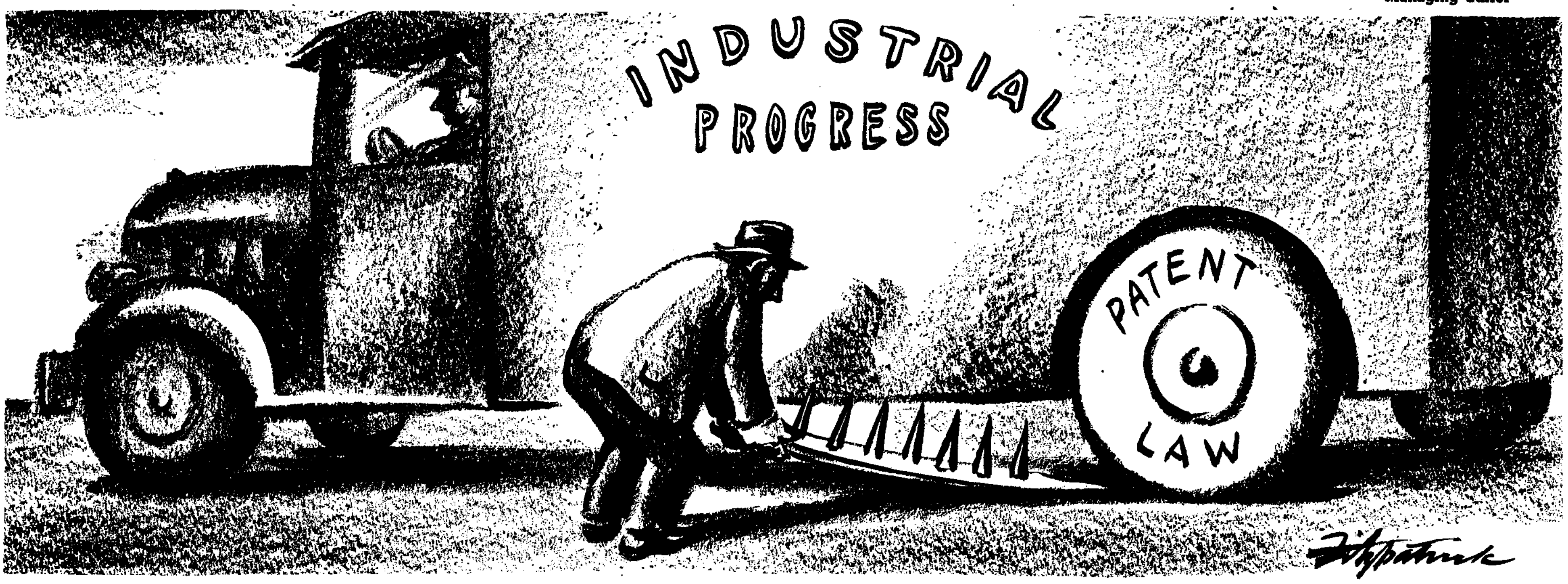

UNDERMINING THE PATENT LAW

ARTICLE I, U. S. Constitution, says flatly that Congress shall have power "to promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for *limited times* to authors and inventors the exclusive rights to their respective writings and discoveries."

From that constitutional clause stem our patent and copyright laws. The idea is to encourage invention in science and industry, and creativeness in the arts by guaranteeing the originator a monopoly for a while, so that he can make some money out of his product.

Of late, however, the United States Supreme Court has taken to watering down this principle as regards patents, and in a way which looks dangerous to our whole patent and copyright system. The high court is enthusiastically backed up in the matter by the District of Columbia Court of Appeals, which contains, among other adornments, that peculiar economic thinker Judge Thurman Arnold.

Here is the background of the newest judicial attack on the patent laws: It is well known that American industry spends tens of millions of dollars a year on research, and that this research is carried on by large groups of research workers—*500* in the case of General Motors. Failures are many, discoveries few in proportion. Yet discoveries and improvements are numerous enough to justify the failures, *if* the concerns maintaining the research organizations can go on making back their research investments via the patent laws.

Jurists on the above-mentioned courts are now pushing this proposition: That unless a "flash of inventive genius" ushered some new gadget or process into the world, no patent can issue. If it was produced by a group of research workers deliberately, coldly and scientifically sifting possibilities from impossibilities and at last determining the best and most desirable possibility, then it seems no "flash of inventive genius" occurred.

In our opinion, whoever coined that phrase had a flash of anything but inventive genius. We'd call it a flash of legalistic nonsense. The effect of this doctrine, if it takes root in our laws, can only be to break up or drastically cut down industrial research in this country. Why should an industry maintain a research staff when it cannot make its money back? And when we're thrown back to dependence on individual inventors working with inadequate equipment and little or no capital, and bringing in, say, one lucky discovery for ever 1,001 tries, what happens to our industrial and scientific progress?

American industry has astounded the world in peace and in war by its colossal ability to produce for either peace or war. Freedom of research and patent protection for the products of research have been two enormous factors in this enormous achievement.

We suggest that Congress turn its attention promptly to this effort by judges to make some more laws not contemplated by the Constitution, and put a stop to it by whatever legislation may be found necessary.

GO IT, HUSBAND; GO IT, B'AR!

WE FIND ourselves unable to join in the whinnies and whiffles of alarm emitted by some observers over the running fight between White House and Congress which was thrown into the limelight when Senator Barkley revolted against the tax-bill veto. Our feeling, rather, is like that of the lady in the old frontier yarn who, finding her husband in a fight with a bear, joyfully yelped, "Go it, husband; go it, b'ar!"

Like the current squabbles in the supposedly packed Supreme Court, this fight between President and Congress is democracy in action. This country was founded on the proposition that the Executive, Legislative and Judicial branches of the government are all living parts of that government; and that the people, through their elected representatives, must run their own show. The philosophy behind it all is that, though the people inevitably will make mistakes, they will do a far better average job of running the country than any one-man or one-clique government can do. The whole theory has served us well since 1789.

The shudderers and viewers-with-alarm tell us that *this* time things are different; that we're in a desperate war, and that bickering between the Executive and the Legislative branches can only endanger our chances of winning.

As a matter of fact, we are in two very serious wars. But we are not doing so badly; and many an impartial observer feels that one big reason why we haven't done even better has been the Executive's unwillingness to take Congress and the people into his confidence.

Congress is now up on its hind feet at last and is demanding its proper share in running our two wars. The long-range results, we believe, can only be healthy.

Those who deplore this development, we further believe, fall mainly into just two categories: (1) persons who have not yet learned the facts of American political life, and (2) persons who have designs against the American democratic system.

ARE YOU A KAKISTOCRAT?

THE other day, Representative Lyle H. Boren (Dem., Okla.) dived into the Oxford Dictionary or some such tome and came up shaking a splendiferous word between his teeth. The word is "kakistocracy"—meaning: "government by the worst men."

It starts you thinking; chiefly about such growths as the late Huey Long, the eclipsed Gene Talmadge of Georgia, the gangsters who ran large areas of local government in prohibition times, and similar kakistocrats.

A democracy that is ruled by its people is in more danger of degenerating into a kakistocracy than is any other kind of government. It behooves us all to know of this danger and to roll that word "kakistocracy" around our tongue from time to time.

To name names and point fingers, we wish the word and its meaning could somehow be siphoned deep into the intellects of the reported 3,000,000 devotees of the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, Detroit rabble rouser expertly dissected in Collier's a few weeks back by Walter Davenport.

1A
59
John Howard

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